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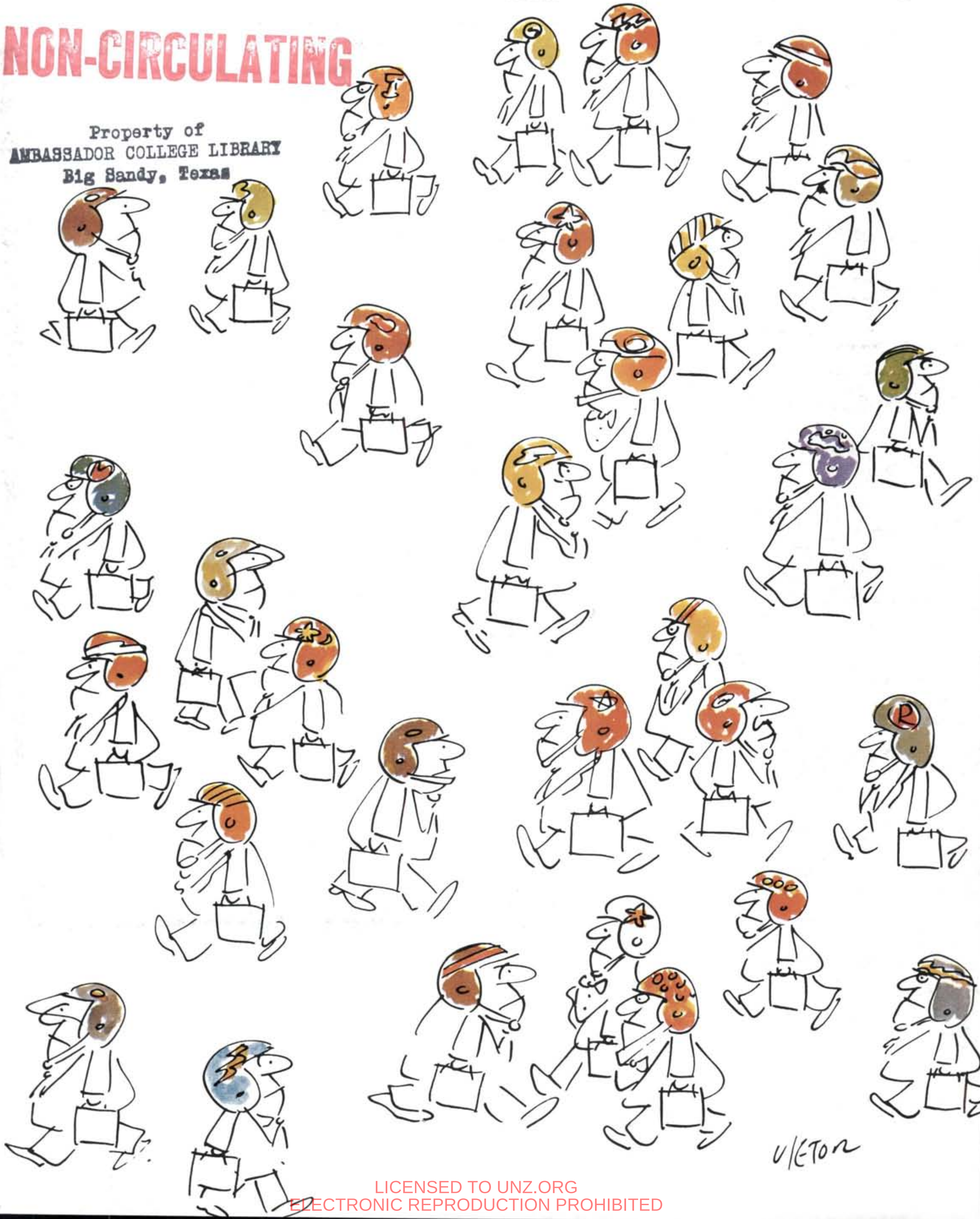

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ah, Wilderness!—Geraldine Fitzgerald in Eugene O'Neill's 1933 play, directed by Arvin Brown. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 18, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—A musical with a book by Bill Solly (who also did the music and lyrics) and Donald Ward. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 17. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Mondays, and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dance With Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Stubby Kaye, Rita Moreno, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rubbers and **Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh**—The management has extended the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 21.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Treemonisha—A six-week engagement of the Houston Grand Opera Association production of Scott Joplin's 1915 opera. Staged by Frank Corsaro, with Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 23-24. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,409 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:**

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DRAWINGS: *Barney Tobey, Robert Weber, James Stevenson, Stan Hunt, Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Joseph Farris, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Edward Frascino, Charles Addams, Louis S. Glanzman, William Hamilton, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Al Ross, Arnie Levin, Charles Barsotti, Donald Reilly, Sam Gross, Lee Lorenz*

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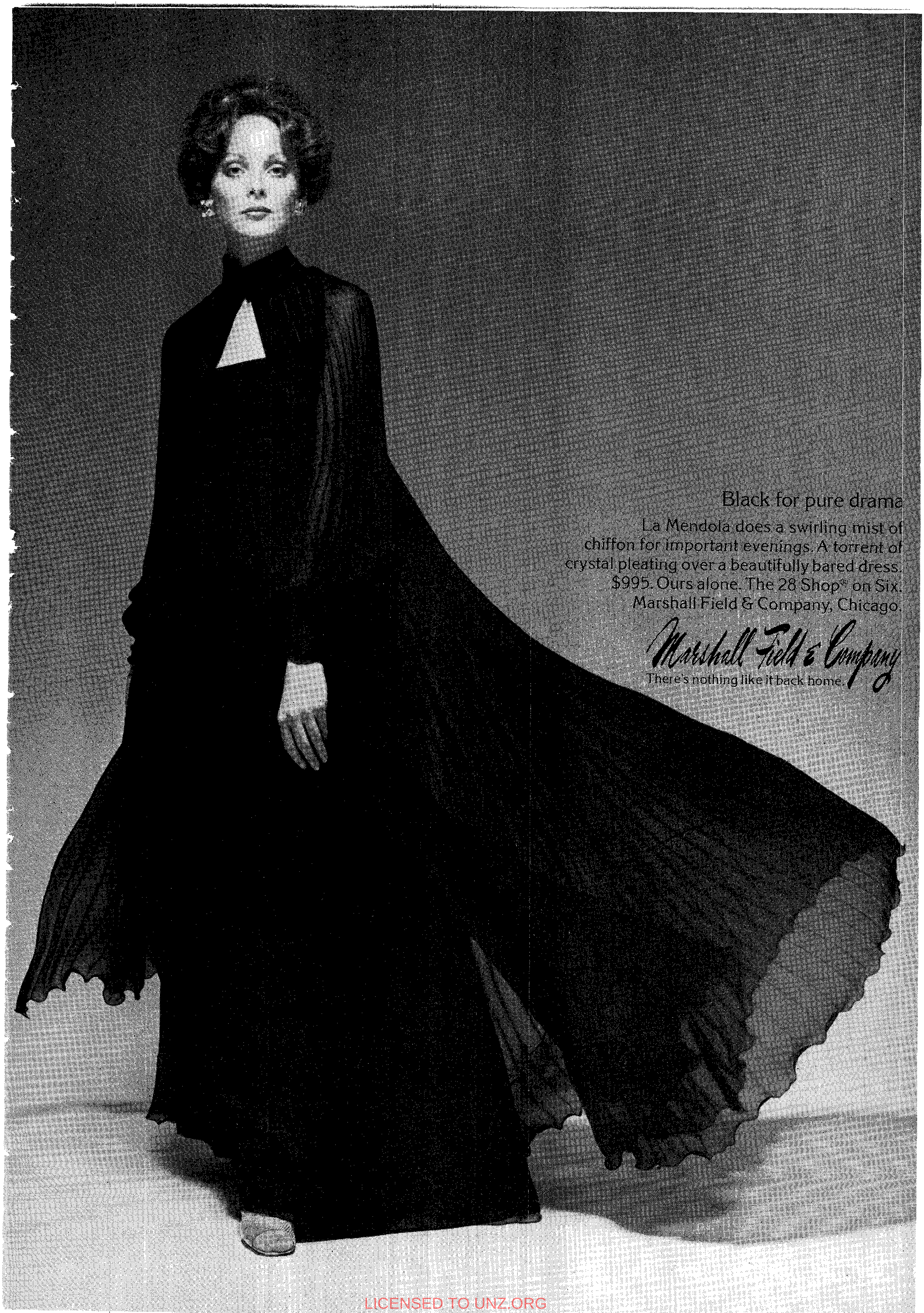

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE BOOTH THEATRE
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Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Irving Lee, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** The great detective is played by Robert Stephens, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays *at 2, and Sundays at 3.)*

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Friday, Sept. 19, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 5. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11:30.)

DANCE

NANCY HAUSER DANCE COMPANY—A modern-dance group from Minneapolis, appearing here for the first time. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Beginnings," "Partapartita," "In a Garden," and "Dal-A-Bye."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Beginnings," "Dal-A-Bye," "Moose Lake," and "Temporary Site." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS—Two programs by the dance-mime and her company. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Onetime Basie trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN**, *who plays straight-ahead, main*stream stuff, is present with his quartet through Saturday, Sept. 20. **KENO DUKE'S CONTEMPORARIES**, a quintet led by drummer Duke which features saxophonists George Coleman and Frank Strozier, works on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 22-23. On Wednesday, Sept. 24, tenor saxophonist Junior Cook, who was with the Horace Silver quintet in the shining late fifties and early sixties, arrives with a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Geoff Muldaur, a former member of the Jim Kweskin Jug Band and Paul Butterfield's Better Days, and a former husband of Maria, dabbles in blues, thirties jazz, and country music on Wednesday, Sept. 17. Barbara Cook, who does old standbys and some of the songs she sang in her numerous Broadway roles, trades sets with Gotham, an exuberantly campy but quite mediocre male singing trio, Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 18-21. On Tuesday, Sept. 23, saxophonist Grover Washington, Jr., a pioneer jazz-turned-disco player, will arrive with his band for a six-night run. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Piano-and-bass duos provide the music here every night; large numbers of patrons provide the conversation. Cedar Walton performs with bassist Sam Jones through Saturday, Sept. 20; beginning Monday, Sept. 22, Bobby Dorough and his bassist, Bill Takas, will take up residence for a week. The Sunday-night slot is currently filled by Barry Harris. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH** and his youthful, galloping band have reëstablished themselves in these ritzy metal-and-glass quarters. Singer, scatter, pianist, conductor, and wisecracker **MEL TORMÉ** joins in through Saturday, Sept. 20. Urbane bluesman **JOE WILLIAMS** comes in on Monday, Sept. 22. Although Williams' best work materialized *during his six incredible years with* the Basie band in the fifties, he remains today an appealing, disciplined showman. In mid-set, he's been known to say, "Never mind the pleasant expression on my face, folks. I'm an evil man." Shows at nine-thirty and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a lovely pastel-hued time capsule: just step in and thoughts of Albert Shanker, municipal bonds, and subway-fare increases give way to strains of "I Happen to Like New York" or "On the Sunny Side of the Street." **BOBBY SHORT** and *his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and* drummer Dick Sheridan, perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. ... ¶ Starting Monday, Sept. 22, keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** will be on hand in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is here (but only through Wednesday, Sept. 17), with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Morris Edwards on bass. Songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** begin alternating with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist, **MICHAEL MOORE**, on Thursday, Sept. 18. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, the musical director for the New York Jazz Repertory Company and an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Sept. 23, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting at seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. **CLARK TERRY**, *who still mugs and mumbles, and whose* solos on trumpet and flugelhorn still seem to skid on ice, rides herd on his fiery, impressive young quartet on Sunday, Sept. 21. The three other members—pianist Ronnie Matthews, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Ed Soph, who seems most comfortable at double the fastest tempo Terry can come up with—form a stunning rhythm section that plays as though it just can't wait to be unleashed. They begin at eight.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Modest and functional, with absolutely no frills, this club has presented some of the most important contemporary jazz in the world in the last few months. *Currently, saxophonist* **CHARLES ROUSE** is heading up his Latin-jazz sextet. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American food.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here on Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, with pianist Hal Galper. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with *the Odd Trio—pianist* **BROOKS KERR**, *who at* twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. The trio is not to be missed. **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, performs alone from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by Sam Brown, an interesting guitar soloist, and bassist Jamil Nasser from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Four well-known traditionalists—Peanuts Hucko, Marty Napoleon, Milt Hinton, and Bobby Rosengarden—work out Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist **GORDON EDWARDS** and his little rhythm-and-blues group are as much of a hit in Woodstock—they have appeared at Joyous Lake, a nightspot in the heart of the counterculture belt of the Catskills—as they are on the upper West Side, where they perform Sundays through Thursdays. On Fri-

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days and Saturdays, the ROY HAYNES quintet is onstage. Ten to three are the music hours. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—JEAN-LUC PONTY, an exciting electronic, free-jazz-rock violinist, alternates with folk and blues singer Garland Jeffreys Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 18-21. Mondays and Tuesdays have been deemed jazz nights: on Sept. 22-23, two combos—one led by guitarist Joe Beck, the other by out-there pianist and composer Andrew Hill—will be featured. On Wednesday, Sept. 24, RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT, who looks more like an aging beatnik than a ranch hand, will amble in, deliver some sleepy, alpha-wavelike monologues, and play and sing in a gravel-voiced, kindly manner. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The SY OLIVER orchestra plays for dancing, listening, or just gawking out the windows through Saturday, Sept. 20. The JONAH JONES band, which features Cozy Cole on drums, will be performing from Wednesday, Sept. 24. Music from seven. Dinner. The room will be dark Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 21-23.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Tom Waits, a young white folkie who comes on like a fast-talking black hipster, trades sets with singer Beverly Bremers through Saturday, Sept. 20. Soul and pop singer Alaina Reed begins a week here on Tuesday, Sept. 23. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sunday, Sept. 21, singer Laura Kenyon goes on at eight-thirty and eleven. On Wednesday, Sept. 24, BLOSSOM DEARIE begins presenting concert-style sets from five-thirty to seven, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—CHET BAKER and his quartet call this popular little bar home on Mondays and Tuesdays; on Wednesdays and Thursdays, the LEE KONITZ nonet sets up shop. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, vibraharpist David Samuels leads a quartet; and on the following Friday and Saturday (Sept. 26-27), Roland Prince, who usually plays guitar with Elvin Jones' quintet, will work with a trio of his own. Sundays, as always, are reserved for CHUCK WAYNE and JOE PUMA guitar duets. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Extra tables have been jammed in to accommodate more customers at this formerly spacious and subdued music room, and some of the newer patrons are overly talkative. Pianist Kenny Barron and his bassist finish up on Sunday, Sept. 21. On Wednesday, Sept. 24, pianist Mike Nock and bassist Rick Laird take over. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—ELLIS LARKINS has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays, assisted by Wilbur Little.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Joe (Bidewell) and Blake (Travis), a jazzy rhythm-and-blues duo from St. Louis, make a lot of music—Joe plays electric piano and harmonica, and Blake plays congas and oboe, and they both sing and scat. These two young performers are here on Sundays and Thursdays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, a stomping, three-part harmony white r.-&-b. quintet called CAKEWALK performs inspired versions of classics like "Brown-Eyed Woman" and "Mama Said (There'd Be Days Like This)," and some original flagwavers, too. On Fridays and Saturdays, good jazz abounds: CECIL MC BEE, a very fine bassist, is in charge of a rousing sextet—saxophonist Ron Bridgewater, trumpeter Tex Allen, pianist Dom Salvador, drummer Allen Lewis, and Lawrence Killian, on congas—on Sept. 19-20; flutist LLOYD MC NEILL returns Sept. 26-27, to work with McBee, Salvador, and a drummer. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Drummer ART BLAKEY's latest collection of JAZZ MESSENGERS is onstage in the bright lights, playing some lively material Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two. On Tuesdays, Hellman's Angels—harpist Daphne Hellman and her trio—work the Terrace, on the ground level, at nine and eleven.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—ARCHIE SHEPP, who seems to be in circulation again, winds up a week with his quintet on Sunday, Sept. 21. Heavyweight bassist RON CARTER and his quartet follow the Shepp group in on Tuesday, Sept. 23. The THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS big band has returned for its Monday-night sessions. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Closer to the docks than to the boonies, this dark, sawdusted café is still cashing in on the late-sixties soul-food bonanza. Pianist Joanne Brackeen and her bassist are here Mondays through Wednesdays; Thursdays through Sundays Chuck Fowler works with bass accompaniment. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, the Warren Court—an outfit that includes former Basieite Earle Warren, Taft Jordan (his gigs were with Chick Webb and Ellington), Dill Jones, and Jackie Williams—is in session. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

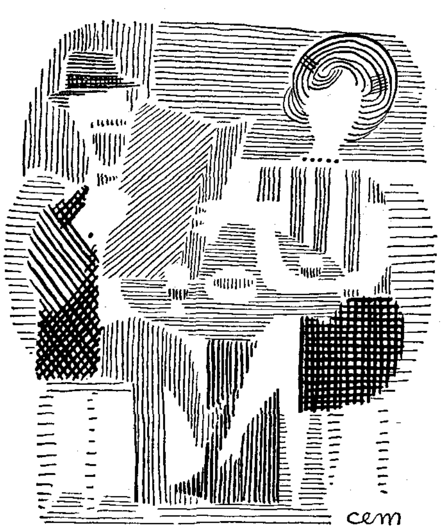
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, and **Frank Sinatra**—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 8 and at midnight. Closes Saturday, Sept. 20.

Larry Coryell (with Steve Khan), Ralph Towner, and **The Barney Kessel Trio**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8.

Fairport Convention (with Sandy Denny) and **Caravan**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8.

Benefit Concerts—Sunday, Sept. 21, at noon: Gil Scott-Heron & the Midnight Band, Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House, the Brecker Brothers, Jon Hendricks, Anthony Braxton, and Urszula Dudziak. . . . Sunday, Sept. 21, at 7: Barry Manilow, Melissa Manchester, Loudon Wainwright, Patti Smith, Eric Carmen, and Linda Lewis. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.) . . . ¶ Mongo Santamaria's Orchestra, Irene Reid's Trio, and George Coleman's Octet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)



Shirley Bassey—Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 25-28, at 8.

Paul Anka—With Odia Coates and an orchestra conducted by Johnny Harris. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Thursday, Sept. 25, through Sunday, Oct. 5, except Monday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Karel Appel—Abstract oil paintings on canvas, plus four small ceramic sculptures. Through Oct. 4. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Harry Bouras—Sculpture reliefs in cement slabs. Through Oct. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Stan Brodsky / Jean Olds—Abstract oils and pastels based on the sea. / Box constructions of found wood and metal objects, as well as metal sculptures and paper collages. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Hector Escobar—Semi-abstract oils, many of nudes, by a Colombian painter; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 7. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Kaffe Fassett—Paintings and drawings of intricately patterned table china, seashells and fabrics. Through Oct. 4. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—The latest examples of this painter's abstract watercolors, this time with the pigment poured on paper. Through Thursday, Sept. 25. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Koren—The fuzzy creatures who inhabit the private world created by this artist are seen here in large, sometimes colored, drawings (one series of which has them visiting French hotels) and in free-standing wooden cutouts. Through Oct. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Antonio Marra—Sculptures, most of them bronze torsos; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Stephen Polin / Harold Sclar—Surrealist paintings. / Abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hannah Wilke—Female genitalia are the subject of three large wall sculptures and some smaller representations made of chewing gum and kneaded rubber. Through Oct. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Master Paintings from the Hermitage and the State Russian Museum—A selection that includes thirty European paintings from the Hermitage (among them "The Lute Player," by Caravaggio, "Saskia as Flora," by Rembrandt, and "The Painter's Family," by Matisse), as well as thirteen paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Russian artists from the State Russian Museum. Through Oct. 29. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 17-21, from 10 to 6; Monday through Friday, Sept. 22-26, from 10 to 8; Saturday, Sept. 27, from 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the ACQUAVELLA, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Kenneth Noland, Isamu Noguchi, and others. Through Oct. 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in a variety of mediums by gallery artists Lynne Drexler, Lionel Gilbert, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibit (entrance fee $1) of ancient Ecuadorian pottery on loan from public and private collections. Through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by nineteenth-century Americans, including Eastman Johnson, Asher B. Durand, and George Inness. Through Oct. 25. . . . INGBER, 3 E. 78th St.: One work by each of fifteen gallery artists. Through Oct. 4. . . . KRASNER, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works in various mediums by Dubuffet, Miró, Picasso, and others.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Oct. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, William Glackens, Leonard DeLonga, and others. Through Friday, Sept. 19. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.). . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Dali, Calder, Maillol, and others. Through Oct. 11. . . . **PHOENIX,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: All the members of this artists' coöperative are showing examples of their work. Through Friday, Sept. 19. . . . **WASHBURN,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Early paintings by Byron Browne, Balcomb Greene, Ralston Crawford, and four other artists. Through Friday, Sept. 26.

SCULPTURE—Bronze and marble pieces mostly, by Archipenko, Arp, Moore, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

HELÉNE AYLON—Oil-stained paper applied to Plexiglas. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Also at Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Through Sept. 30.)

HERBERT FERBER—Geometric color-field paintings by an artist who often shows sculptures. Through Oct. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Thirty-six hand-painted ceramic tiles (about half of her show at the Guggenheim last spring), mounted singly. Through Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE GRANT—Built-up constructions that look like frosted cakes but are made with brick, wood, and plaster; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 20. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

PAT LASCH / ANNE HEALY—Metallic threads stitched on stretched muslin. / Colored-chiffon wall pieces. Through Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROSS BARBERA—Realist paintings of water surfaces; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MARGUERITE BORCHARDT / FRANK PAGNATO—Realist landscapes, some of them done in France. / Paintings of Central Park trees. Through Oct. 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JAMES HAVARD—Abstract paintings with some three-dimensional aspects. Through Oct. 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

KEN JUON—Wood-and-leather Minimal sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.).

ARNULF RAINER AND DIETER ROTH—An exhibit of photographs of the two artists together that have been altered by black ink and color drawings, plus drawings and watercolors, all the joint efforts of the two men. Through Friday, Sept. 26. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

EDWIN RUDA—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Oct. 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by gallery regulars Natalie Bieser, Don Nice, and others. Through Oct. 9. . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Frank Roth, sculptures by Jay Wholley, photographs by Mark Feldstein, and a photographic documentation of burned objects by Mary Shaffer. Through Oct. 4.

PHOTOGRAPHY

RICHARD AVEDON—Portraits made between 1949 and the day before yesterday of famous writers, painters, actors, and politicians, and of a few unknown persons; three oversize group pictures (the Chicago Seven, the Mission Council, and members of Andy Warhol's Factory); and twenty-five pictures of the Manhattan Project doing its manic "Alice in Wonderland." Through Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

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ROSAMOND WOLFF PURCELL / HIROJI KUBOTA—Black-and-white and color Polaroids, some of them enlarged. / American culture as seen by a Japanese photographer. Through Oct. 5. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

JERRY N. UELSMANN—Multiple-image prints that have a dreamlike quality. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: Black-and-white prints by women photographers. Through Oct. 12. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.). . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Conceptual photographs (arranged objects or figures) by Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sunday, Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Picture Puzzles" is a show of about forty conceptual photographs. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Seventeen drawings, by Matisse, Willem de Kooning, Giacometti, and others, that were recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist, showing here for the first time. Through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About twenty portraits in the folk-art tradition by Sheldon Peck, a nineteenth-century Vermont portraitist who divided his time between painting and farming. Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A display of American folk art, including quilts, weathervanes, and wood carvings, from the collection of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Starts Thursday, Sept. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A letter to a young boy written by Beatrix Potter and embellished with drawings of her pet rabbit Peter and the only known manuscript of "Mother Goose" are two highlights of an exhibit of early illustrated children's books. . . . ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentennary includes first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, William McDonald, and Spiro Malas; conducted by Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, David Griffith, and Alan Titus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Olivia Stapp, Alan Crofoot, and Edward Pierson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2: "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Elizabeth Haley, Nancy Shade, Patricia Craig, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 1: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 21, at 7: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Sandra Walker, William McDonald, and Richard McKee; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Thomas Jamerson; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Eleanor Bergquist, Tullio Pané, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Diana Soviero, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Olivia Stapp, Richard Kness, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

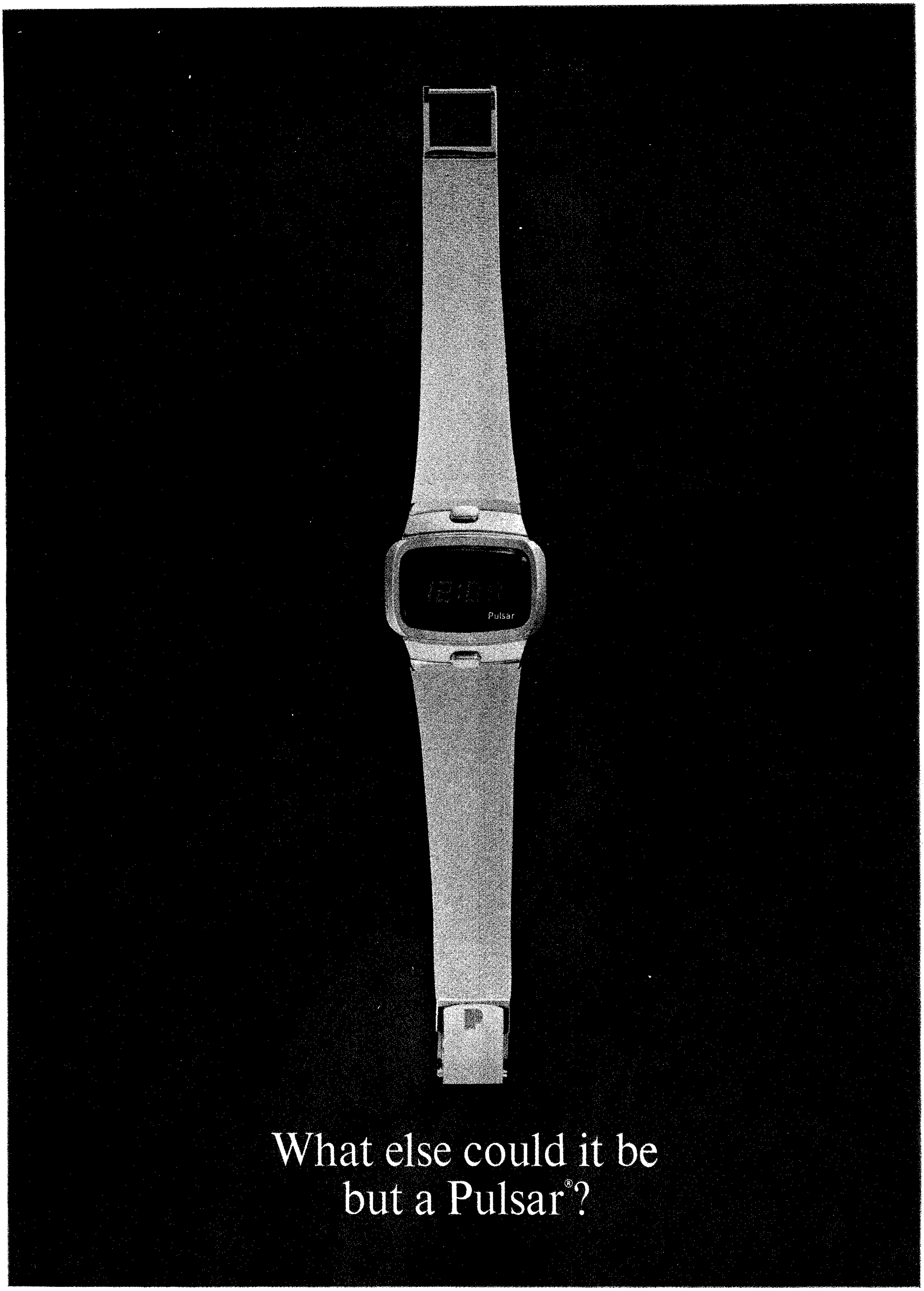
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 26, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 3.)

RECITALS

EUGENE CONLEY AND MARIA POWELL—Tenor and soprano, in a recital postponed from April 15. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

DONALD MCCALL AND WALTER PONCE—A recital of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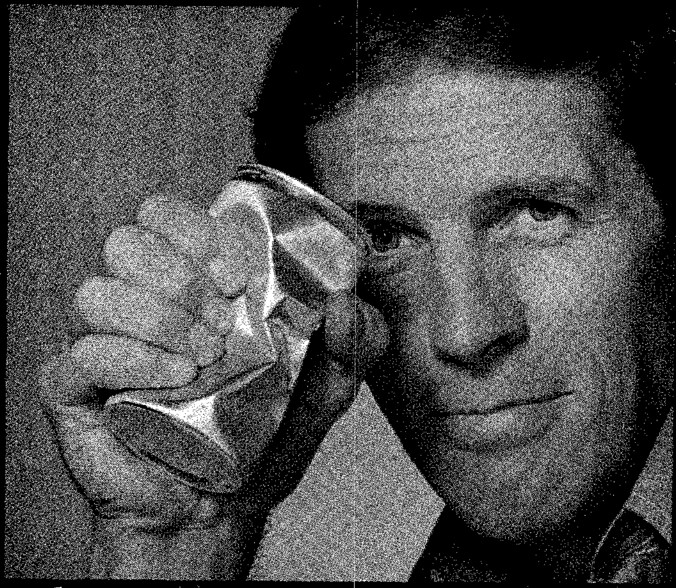

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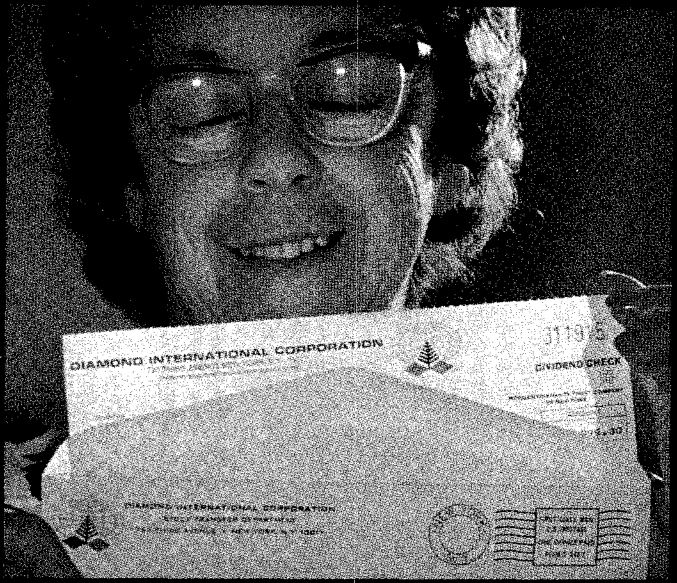
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brahms' three sonatas for cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2:05. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Boston, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 22-24, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 26, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2.

College Football—**saturday, sept. 20:** Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point, at 1:30, and Rutgers vs. Bucknell, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . **saturday, sept. 27** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Villanova, at West Point. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 21: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

Hockey—Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, exhibition game. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 8:05.)

Karate—North American Kung-Fu Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, Sept. 21, at 2.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 20, and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

Yachting—The ninth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, run over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Sept. 20 (rain date Sunday, Sept. 21). A spectator boat will embark from the Whitehall Ferry Terminal, foot of Whitehall St., at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 766-9020.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Walking Tours—Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of Central Park on Saturday, Sept. 20. It will meet at Central Park W. and 79th St., at 11. For information about tickets, call 673-3930. Wednesday through Friday. . . . ¶ "East Side," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 21, starting at the northwest corner of 51st St. and First Ave., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8: Ninety paintings, drawings, and sculptures, donated by artists who live in East Hampton, in an auction for the benefit of Guild Hall. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including works by Alfred Stieglitz, Margaret Bourke-White, and Walker Evans; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, and ceramics; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 19.

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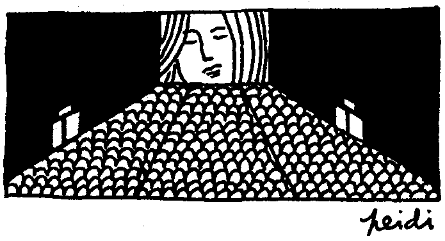
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 23: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Sept. 24: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 20: "Daddy Long Legs" and "Invitation to the Dance."
Sept. 21-22: "Million Dollar Mermaid" and "Second Fiddle."
Sept. 23-24: "Madame Curie" and "Blossoms in the Dust."
From Sept. 25: "For Me and My Gal" and "Meet Me in St. Louis."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 23: "Once Is Not Enough" and "Don't Look Now."
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 23: "A Safe Place."
From Sept. 24: "Lenny" and "Little Big Man."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 23: "Once Is Not Enough."
From Sept. 24: "And Now My Love" and "Stavisky."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 23: "Funny Face."
From Sept. 24: "Farewell, My Lovely."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Lion in Winter."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 18: "Coonskin."
From Sept. 19: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Brief Vacation."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Help!," "A Hard Day's Night," "Yellow Submarine," and "Let It Be."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Exorcist."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Sept. 23: "Tidal Wave."
From Sept. 24: "Walking Tall, Part 2."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Sept. 18: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).
From Sept. 19: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Jr."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Sept. 20: "The Day of the Locust."
From Sept. 21: "Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Fortune."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A.."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 23: "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Sept. 24: "Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 23: "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From Sept. 24: "The Wind and the Lion."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 23: "The Drowning Pool."
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 23: "The Fortune."
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 23: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance."
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Lion in Winter."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Sept. 23: "Bug."
From Sept. 24: "Farewell, My Love."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 18: "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."
From Sept. 19: "The Exorcist."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 23: "Tidal Wave."
From Sept. 24: "Walking Tall, Part 2."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 18: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 17: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."
Sept. 18: "Wild Strawberries" and "Ivan the Terrible, Part II."
Sept. 19: "Pygmalion" and "Wild Strawberries."
Sept. 20: "Richard III" and "Pygmalion."
Sept. 21: "Marius" and "Fanny."
Sept. 22: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Innocence Unprotected."
Sept. 23: "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."
Sept. 24: "The Stranger" and "Senso."
Sept. 25: "Murmur of the Heart" and "The Fire Within."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Coonskin."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 18: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
Sept. 19-20: "Elvira Madigan" and "The Garden of the Finzi Continis."
Sept. 21-23: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "The Two of Us."
Sept. 24-25: "Scenes from a Marriage."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 23: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).
From Sept. 24: "Love and Death."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 23 at one or another of the theatres: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Take the Money and Run"/"The Fortune" and "The King of Marvin Gardens"/"S.O.S." (X-rated)/"Naked Came the Stranger" and "Teenage Cheerleaders" (both X-rated).
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 17: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Hospital."
Sept. 18: "Macbeth" and "Repulsion."
Sept. 19-20: "Mean Streets" and "Boxcar Bertha."
Sept. 21-22: "Little Big Man" and "Dr. Strangelove."
Sept. 23: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
Sept. 24: "The Lady from Shanghai" and "Touch of Evil."
Sept. 25: "Fat City" and "Beat the Devil."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 23: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From Sept. 24: "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 18: "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York." (Performances at noon and 2 P.M. only.)
Sept. 19-23: To be announced.
From Sept. 24: "The Day of the Locust."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 23: "Once Is Not Enough" and "The Gambler."
From Sept. 24: "The Great Waldo Pepper" and "The Paper Chase."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 17: "La Salamandre" and "Le Retour d'Afrique."
Sept. 18: "Purple Noon" and "Strangers on a Train."
Sept. 19: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "Monkey Business."
Sept. 20: "Five Easy Pieces" and "California Split."
Sept. 21: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and "Suddenly, Last Summer."
Sept. 22: "Genevieve" and "Passport to Pimlico."
Sept. 23: "This Man Must Die" and "Death of a Cyclist."
Sept. 24: "The Awful Truth" and "Theodora Goes Wild."
Sept. 25: "Cleo from 5 to 7" and "Les Créatures."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Just Before Nightfall."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death." (The theatre will be closed all day on Wednesday, Sept. 17.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 18: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).
From Sept. 19: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 20: "The Best Years of Our Lives."
Sept. 21-23: "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" and "The Princess and the Pirate."
From Sept. 24: "Dead End" and "Dodsworth."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 23: "The Lion in Winter."
From Sept. 24 (tentative): "The Front Page" and "The Great Waldo Pepper."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Tidal Wave." From Sept. 19: "The Exorcist."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 23: "Bug." From Sept. 24: "Walking Tall, Part 2."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 23: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance." From Sept. 24: "The Day of the Locust."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 23: To be announced.
From Sept. 24: "The Day of the Locust."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 23: "The Drowning Pool" and "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins."
From Sept. 24: "And Now My Love" and "Happy New Year."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Sept. 18: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).
Sept. 19-23: To be announced.
From Sept. 24: "Love and Death."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 23: "Once Is Not Enough" and "The Gambler."
From Sept. 24: "Le Chat" and "Les Violons du Bal."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by John Ford: Sept. 17 at 2: "Doctor Bull" (1933), with Will Rogers and Marian Nixon. . . . Sept. 19 at 2 and Sept. 20 at 3: "Judge Priest" (1934), with Will Rogers and Henry B. Walthall. . . . Sept. 20 at 5:30: "Doctor Bull.". . . Sept. 21 at 5:30: "Steamboat Round the Bend" (1935), with Will Rogers and Anne Shirley. . . . Sept. 22 at 2: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen. . . . Sept. 22 at 5:30: "The Lost Patrol" (1934), with Victor McLaglen and Boris Kar-

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loff. . . . Sept. 23 at 5:30: "Steamboat Round the Bend.". . . Sept. 24 at 2: "The Lost Patrol.". . . Sept. 25 at 5:30: "The Informer." . . . ¶ Other, non-Ford, films scheduled during this period are: Sept. 17 at 5:30: "The Wild Girl" (1917), directed by Howard Estabrook, with Eva Tanguay and Tom Moore. . . . Sept. 18, four Czech comedies (in the original language, with no English subtitles) written by, and starring, George Voskovec and Jan Werich—at noon, "Face Powder and Gas" (1931), directed by Jindrich Honzl; at 2, "Heave—Ho!" (1934), directed by Martin Fric; at 5:30, "The World Belongs to Us" (1937), directed by Martin Fric; at 8, "Your Money or Your Life" (1932), directed by Jindrich Honzl. . . . Sept. 19 at 5:30 and Sept. 20 at noon: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), directed by William Wyler, with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. . . . Sept. 21 at 12:30 and 3: "Peck's Bad Boy" (1921), directed by Sam Wood, with Jackie Coogan. . . . Sept. 23 at 2 and Sept. 24 at 5:30: "Wild Girl" (1932), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Charles Farrell and Joan Bennett. . . . Sept. 25 at 8: "The Brutalization of Franz Blum" (1974), in German, directed by Reinhard Hauff; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"The Tooth of Crime," Ken Kobland and James McCarthy's film of the Sam Shephard play, done by the Performance Group under Richard Schechner's direction. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Bresson, Cocteau, Gillette, Dovzhenko, Chaplin, Cornell, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings Sept. 17-19 at 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 20 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 21 at 8; and Sept. 23-25 at 6, 8, and 10.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Art; starting Sept. 24.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story. The man (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking. The girl (Marthe Keller) is rich but also honest. They meet at the end because they have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/7/75.) (Gramercy, and Symphony; starting Sept. 24.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Elgin; Sept. 25.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)—A hefty (almost three-hour) piece of moviemaking that seemed to satisfy the public's desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture. However, episodes and details stand out and help to compensate for the soggy plot strands, and there's something absorbing about the banality of its large-scale good intentions; it's compulsively watchable. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler from Robert E. Sherwood's adaptation of MacKinlay Kantor's material. (Regency, through Sept. 20.)

Blossoms in the Dust (1941)—Greer Garson gowned by Adrian, coiffured by Sydney Guilaroff, and at her most sickeningly prissy. She plays a widow who battles for the legal rights of the homeless waifs of Texas; with her nostrils flaring and her eyebrows poised near her hairline, she enunciates such virtuous sentiments as "There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents." Anita Loos, to her shame, wrote this high-minded prattle, and Mervyn LeRoy directed, in a dreary, inspirational style, for M-G-M. Walter Pidgeon is the husband who dies early; with Marsha Hunt, Felix Bressart, and Cecil Cunningham. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23-24.)

Boxcar Bertha (1972)—With Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Elgin; Sept. 19-20.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a resentful, beaten-down factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Fine Arts.)

Bug—A science-fiction story, with Bradford Dillman and Joanna Miles. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 23.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema, Sept. 23.)

Le Chat—The futility and sorrowfully malevolent invention possessed by a hermetic couple—played by Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret—are chronic and consuming. Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Olympia; starting Sept. 24.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 23.)

Coonskin—Full-length animated-and-photographed film by Ralph Bakshi (of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic"). Made in lewd honor of Manhattan, in the guise of a version of a Brer Rabbit story: full of mocked stereotypes of every sort. A certain vindictiveness is handed out to blacks, homosexuals, the Mafia, tarts, and Wasps alike. Visually fascinating, especially when the movie does things quietly. (8/25/75) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Sept. 18.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a pregnant wife (Catherine Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Daddy Long Legs (1955)—This story of a May-December romance between an adorable orphan and her benefactor was published in 1912; it became a 1914 play starring Ruth Chatterton, a 1919 silent movie with Mary Pickford, and a 1931 talkie with Janet Gaynor. By the time Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire made this Fox Cinema-Scope musical version, the accumulated adorableness was overpowering. Besides, the love match hardly seems to be made in Heaven, since when the little French orphan grows to womanhood she's a ballerina, not a hoofer. Phoebe and Henry Ephron did their best to update the material, and Jean Negulesco directed; Roland Petit choreographed the far-from-original dream sequences. Johnny Mercer did come through with a new song, "Something's Gotta Give." With Thelma Ritter, Fred Clark, Larry Keating, and Terry Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 20.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Festival, Loews 83rd St., and New Yorker; starting Sept. 24.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Regency; starting Sept. 24.)

Death of a Cyclist (1955)—The bored young wife of a wealthy industrialist and her university-professor lover run down a bicyclist, and, fearing exposure of their relationship, leave the victim to die. In the aftermath, the hit-and-run accident destroys them both. This attack on the Spanish upper classes, which was condemned in the Falangist press, took the Critics' Award at Cannes. However, the director, Juan Bardem, is weak in his handling of the performers: the beautiful Lucia Bose doesn't seem to have enough imagination to commit adultery, and her husband and her lover are as alike as two wax grooms on a wedding cake. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 23.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Elgin; Sept. 21-22.)

Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife, longing to be enriched by life in Europe, was a foolish horror. Sidney Howard made a play of Lewis's novel, and Walter Huston gave a legendary performance as the hero. The movie version was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. There's only one trouble, really, but it's central: Sidney Howard also did the screenplay, and the movie follows the stage version too closely. It looks overprogrammed and underpopulated, though in an elegantly stylized way. (Rudolph Maté was the cinematographer.) Ruth Chatterton plays the wife; Mary Astor is the woman who appreciates Dodsworth's real value; and the cast includes María Ouspenskaya as a Viennese antique, Paul Lukas, David Niven, Odette Myrtil, Spring Byington, and John Payne. (Regency; starting Sept. 24.)

Dog Day Afternoon—With Al Pacino, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Sept. 21.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 23.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (6/30/75) (Juliet 1, and Symphony; through Sept. 23.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 19-20.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Coronet. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 19.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Demazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 21.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Loews Tower East; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné; starting Sept. 24.)

Far from the Madding Crowd (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 23.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Elgin; Sept. 25.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Fresh from his Broadway success in "Pal Joey," Gene Kelly made his movie début here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War): he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform, and become a hero. The story is naively patriotic and sentimental, but Kelly is amazingly fresh; his grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair. A good score, and some neat comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Busby Berkeley directed; with George Murphy and Marta Eggerth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 25.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema; through Sept. 23.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon, but with only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer, and Audrey Hepburn as a Village intellectual he uses as an offbeat model, in a big Stanley Donen musical that isn't all it should be. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The script is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and whose terrible idea was it to make a Sartre-like thinker into the villain—a philandering phony? Still, the color is lovely, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and Kay Thompson does an agreeable turn as a hardboiled bitch editor. And the familiar Gershwin songs are lighthearted in just the right, summery way. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 23.)

The Gambler—A grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (Playboy, and Olympia; through Sept. 23.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 19-20.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 19.)

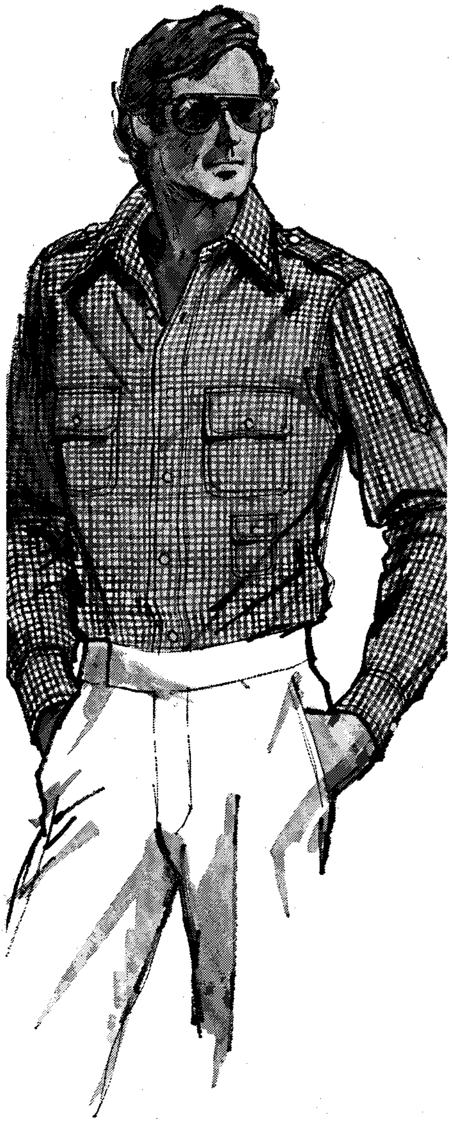
Give 'Em Hell, Harry!—A film version of Samuel Gallu's play about Harry S. Truman. With James Whitmore as Mr. Truman. Directed by Steve Binder. (Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 24.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Playboy; starting Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 24, tentative.)

Happy New Year (1973)—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Symphony; starting Sept. 24.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Plaza.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo.



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In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Plaza.)

The Hospital (1971)—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Elgin; Sept. 17.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

Innocence Unprotected (1968)—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslav film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—an underground melodrama made in 1942 and featuring an acrobat—by bringing the character up to date. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Invitation to the Dance (1956)—This picture bollixed the career of Gene Kelly, who directed and choreographed it, and probably broke his heart as well: practically nobody saw it. The film consists of three ballets, with some pantomime and also some animated-cartoon work. "Circus," set to Jacques Ibert music, features Igor Youskevitch as a high-wire artist, Claire Sombert as a bareback rider in love with him, and Kelly as a clown in love with her; "Ring Around the Rosy," about a bracelet that goes through various hands, has an André Previn score, and the dancers include Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Tommy Rall, and Kelly; "Sinbad the Sailor" features Carol Haney as Scheherazade and Kelly as Sinbad. The film was beset by difficulties. It had to be made in England because that's where M-G-M had frozen funds, and, with interruptions for Kelly to do other jobs, the work spread over three years. He was further hampered by front-office directives—for example, the second ballet was danced to a score that the M-G-M brass didn't like, so Previn had to write a new score to the already filmed dancing. Then the studio put the film on the shelf for another year. There should be an ironic kicker: the picture should be a neglected marvel. But it isn't. It's merely a labor of love gone wrong. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 20.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to the throne. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema. Part I; Sept. 17. Part II; Sept. 17-18.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Just Before Nightfall—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol, who may be more serious in his seeming conceits about holy idiots than he has ever wanted us to believe. In French. (8/4/75) (Paris.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 23.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Elgin; Sept. 24.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—There has never been anything else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Cinema Studio, and Thalia; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 23.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema Village; starting Sept. 24.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Plaza.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 23.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Elgin; Sept. 21-22. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting Sept. 24.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; unfortunately, a cut version has been scheduled here. The cutting (thirty-four minutes are omitted) seriously damages the play's structure and removes many of Robards' crucial scenes. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 21.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Art; through Sept. 23.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the

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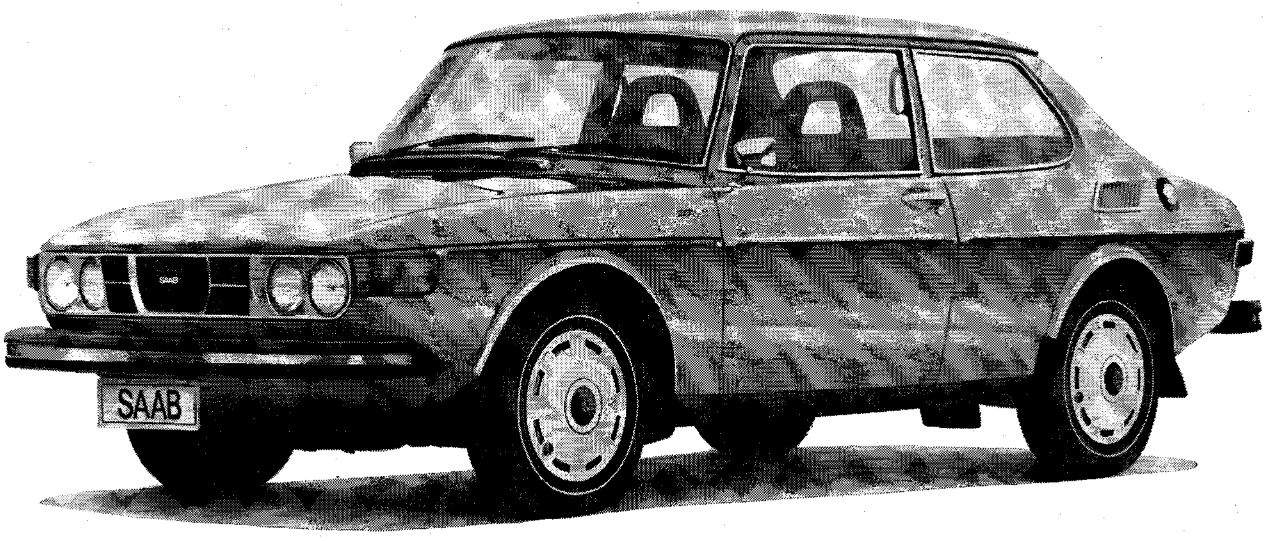

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epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, and Beekman. . . . ¶ Paramount. The theatre will be closed all day on Wednesday, Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Thalia; starting Sept. 24.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Elgin; Sept. 18.)

Madame Curie (1943)—Mrs. Miniver (Greer Garson) returns as the famous scientist, with Mr. Miniver (Walter Pidgeon, sporting a beard now) in attendance once again as her partner-in-science husband, Pierre Curie. Greer Garson is an actress who turns restraint into a cover for obscene self-assurance; when she discusses laboratory formulas she manages to invest every syllable with sanctity. Adapted from Eve Curie's biography of her mother, the movie is a product of simplification, distortion, and dullness of mind. The Curies are scoffed at by the authorities, surmount insurmountable obstacles, and, finally—bang!—they isolate radium. An atrocity from M-G-M, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with James Hilton serving as narrator. The enormous cast includes Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Van Johnson, Albert Basserman, Margaret O'Brien, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23-24.)

Marius (1932)—Static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseilles café owner. The story involves César's son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), who longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 21.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (10/8/73) (Elgin; Sept. 19-20.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 25.)

Million Dollar Mermaid (1952)—Esther Williams was a great advertisement for the one-piece bathing suit; still, centering a story on the invention of the thing leaves a lot of dead space in a movie that goes on for 115 minutes. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, is not known for his sense of pace. In this M-G-M musical splasher, Esther Williams plays Annette Kellerman, the Australian swimming champ who went into show business; Walter Pidgeon plays her father, Maria Tallchief plays Anna Pavlova, and Victor Mature is the American promoter who discovers first Annette and then Rin Tin Tin. The picture's only claim on one's attention is in the two sequences staged by Busby Berkeley, which were excerpted for "That's Entertainment!" Berkeley used smoke pots and sparklers, and put Williams, wearing a chain-mail bathing suit made of thousands of gold flakes, at the top of a geyser. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21-22.)

Monkey Business (1952)—One of the rare movies in which one feels embarrassed for Cary Grant. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, he is required to act so frolicsomely juvenile that he loses his elegant charm. (It's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids.) As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking childishness. This boisterous, labored whimsy, which also features Marilyn Monroe and Charles Coburn, was scripted by Ben Hecht, I. A. L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer, and directed by Howard Hawks. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 19.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Little Carnegie.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through Sept. 23.)

A Pain in the A . .—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. The topic of hotels is the most interesting one to think about here, because of its value to French farce; the film allows one time to muse, though it is comic enough, especially in the lugubriousness of Lino Ventura about the tenacious friendship of Jacques Brel. In French. (9/1/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Playboy; starting Sept. 24.)

Passport to Pimlico (1949)—British comedy with a fine flavor, though the whimsy is rather self-congratulatory. An ancient royal charter ceding Pimlico to the Dukes of Burgundy is unearthed in a London shell hole, and the people of Pimlico are "just British enough to fight for our rights to be Burgundians." Margaret Rutherford is the historian who gives scholarly sanction to an independent Pimlico; Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne are the protocol-ridden bureaucrats trying to handle the crisis; Stanley Holloway and Hermione Baddeley are shopkeepers. The ingenious author, T. E. B. Clarke, got the idea from a wartime newspaper item: the Canadian government transferred title to the room in which the exiled Princess Juliana was about to bear a child to the Netherlands; in this way the child would technically be born on Dutch soil and thus be a legal heir to the throne. Henry Cornelius directed; music by Georges Auric. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 22.)

The Princess and the Pirate (1945)—The elaborate Technicolor romps that Bob Hope did with Virginia Mayo aren't the best settings for his casual wit; the situations are too strained, the fooling around too buffoonish. Kids probably enjoy these Hope movies more than adults do. This one is set in the early nineteenth century. Hope is Sylvester the Great, a quick-change artist, Mayo is a princess travelling incognito, and they get kidnapped by pirates. Victor McLaglen and Walter Slezak are the sinister villains; David Butler directed. (Regency; Sept. 21-23.)

Purple Noon (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller (taken from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley") in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girl friend. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

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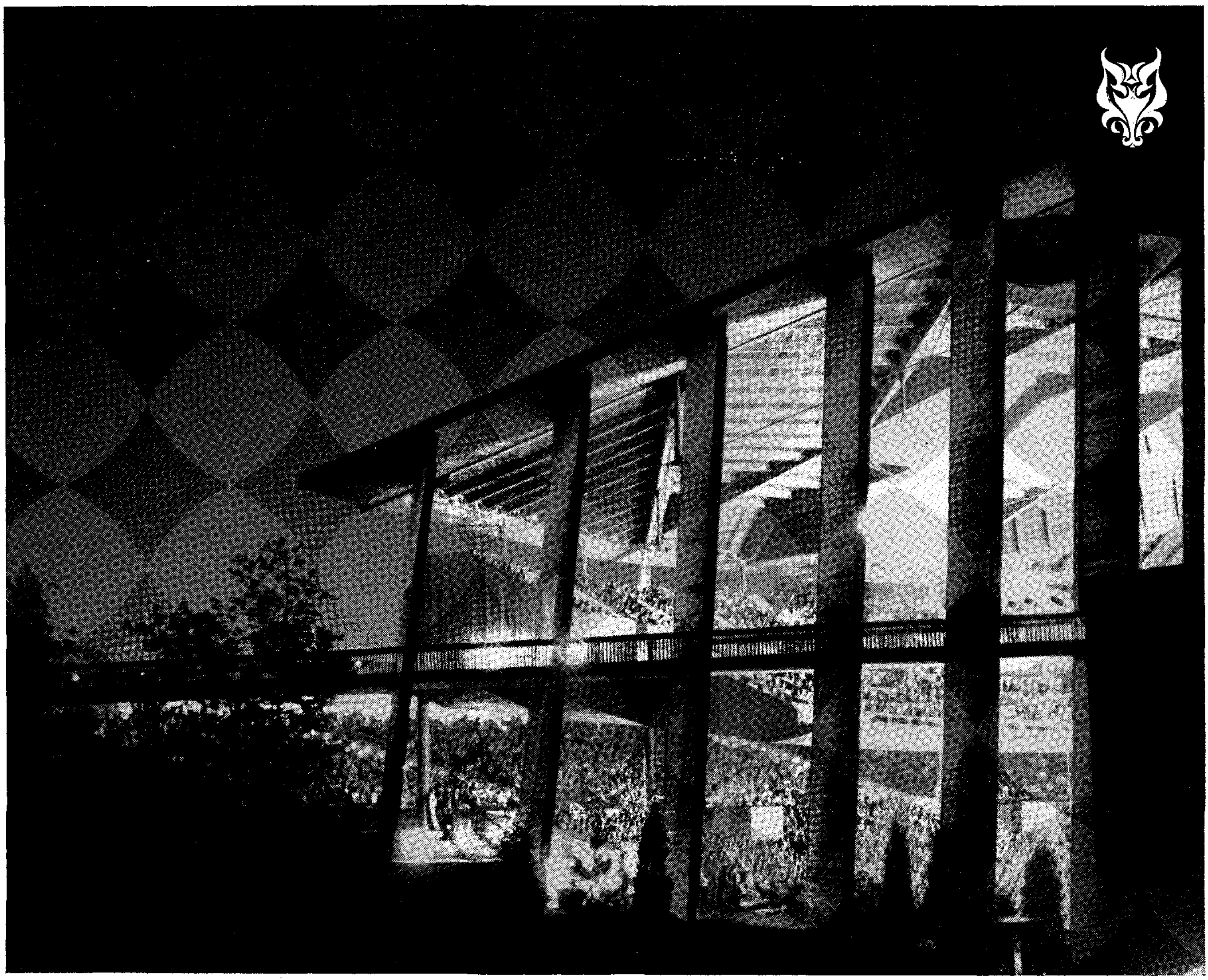

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and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 19-20.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Art; starting Sept. 24.)

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins—A charmingly inconsequential film with a sidewise vision that sneaks up on you. Two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona; the film is about how they begin to care for each other. The script, by John Kaye, is slight, and the situations are familiar, but the director, Dick Richards, has a feeling for momentary encounters; he's a very companionable sort of director, and the humor is based not on desperation but on affection. Well acted by the three principals (Alan Arkin loosens up, for a change), and also by Alex Rocco as a scrounger who attaches himself to the scruffy trio, and by Harry Dean Stanton. (2/3/75) (Symphony; through Sept. 23.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Elgin; Sept. 18.)

Le Retour d'Afrique (1973)—A gaunt, droll story, set in Geneva, about a couple starting out on a journey to Algeria that is never actually taken, though it changes the two of them politically. The picture has a subdued gaiety and a firm intellect rare in films. Produced, directed, and written by Alain Tanner, who directed "Charles Dead or Alive" and "La Salamandre." In French. (9/17/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Sept. 19.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 20.)

A Safe Place (1971)—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Cinema Village; through Sept. 23.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

Scenes from a Marriage (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 24-25.)

Second Fiddle (1939)—Mary Healy steals the picture clean away when she sings "I'm Sorry for Myself." Then we're left with Sonja Henie skating and pouting and making pretty little faces to show that she's thinking. It's a padded little nothing about Hollywood life and publicity trickery, but the cast (Tyrone Power, Edna May Oliver, and Rudy Vallée) and the Irving Berlin songs keep it from being as lethally offensive as the Sonja Henie-John Payne movies. Sidney Lanfield directed, in his routine, straightforward manner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21-22.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (1947)—Worse than there's any excuse for, considering that the James Thurber story seems like simple, foolproof movie material. But this was to be a big Sam Goldwyn production, and somebody decided that it wasn't enough simply to show the extravagant daydreams of a timid, harried man (Danny Kaye), so a plot was invented that plunges him into a string of adventures that are as unbelievable as any of his dreams. Kaye is often very funny—fantasizing himself as a grim-faced captain battling a typhoon or as an eminent surgeon saving a patient's life—but when the picture gets derailed and he starts chasing crooks, it's tedious. The scriptwriters, Ken England and Everett Freeman, don't do too well by the domestic episodes, either. The cast includes Boris Karloff, Florence Bates, Virginia Mayo (she's not much help), Ann Rutherford, Reginald Denny, and Fritz Feld. Norman McLeod directed; Sylvia Fine provided two patter numbers (which seem rather inappropriate). (Regency; Sept. 21-23.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife venegfully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Art; through Sept. 23.)

Senso (1955)—Luchino Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York—From Gail Parent's novel. Clumsy and easily flustered Sheila (Jeannie Berlin) comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider); it isn't until she becomes a successful career woman that he extricates himself from an involvement with her roommate (Rebecca Dianna Smith) and proposes. The film says that her finding herself entitles her to a first-class fella. It's a shoddy conversion of women's liberation; now the libbers get the princes. Jeannie Berlin, understandably, has nothing to express but bewilderment, and frequently she looks open-mouthed comatose. Sidney J. Furie directed. (2/3/75) (86th St. East; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Festival; Sept. 17-18, noon and 2 P.M. performances only.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. *With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine,* and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Elgin; Sept. 23.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Gramercy; starting Sept. 24.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's liveliest American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon, and Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 21.)

Swept Away—With Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato, directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 23.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 21-23.)

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (Trans-Lux East; starting Sept. 19.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

Three Days of the Condor—With Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Cliff Robertson, Max von Sydow, and John Houseman. Directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews Tower East; starting Sept. 24.)

Tidal Wave—A Japanese-American film, with the Japanese dialogue dubbed into English. Lorne Greene appears for a while. (Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 23.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Elgin; Sept. 24.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artless. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 21-23.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 23.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Olympia; starting Sept. 24.)

Walking Tall, Part 2—Bo Svenson plays Buford Pusser in this sequel. Directed by Earl Bellamy. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 24.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Elgin; Sept. 17.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 18-19.)

The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 24.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Plaza.)

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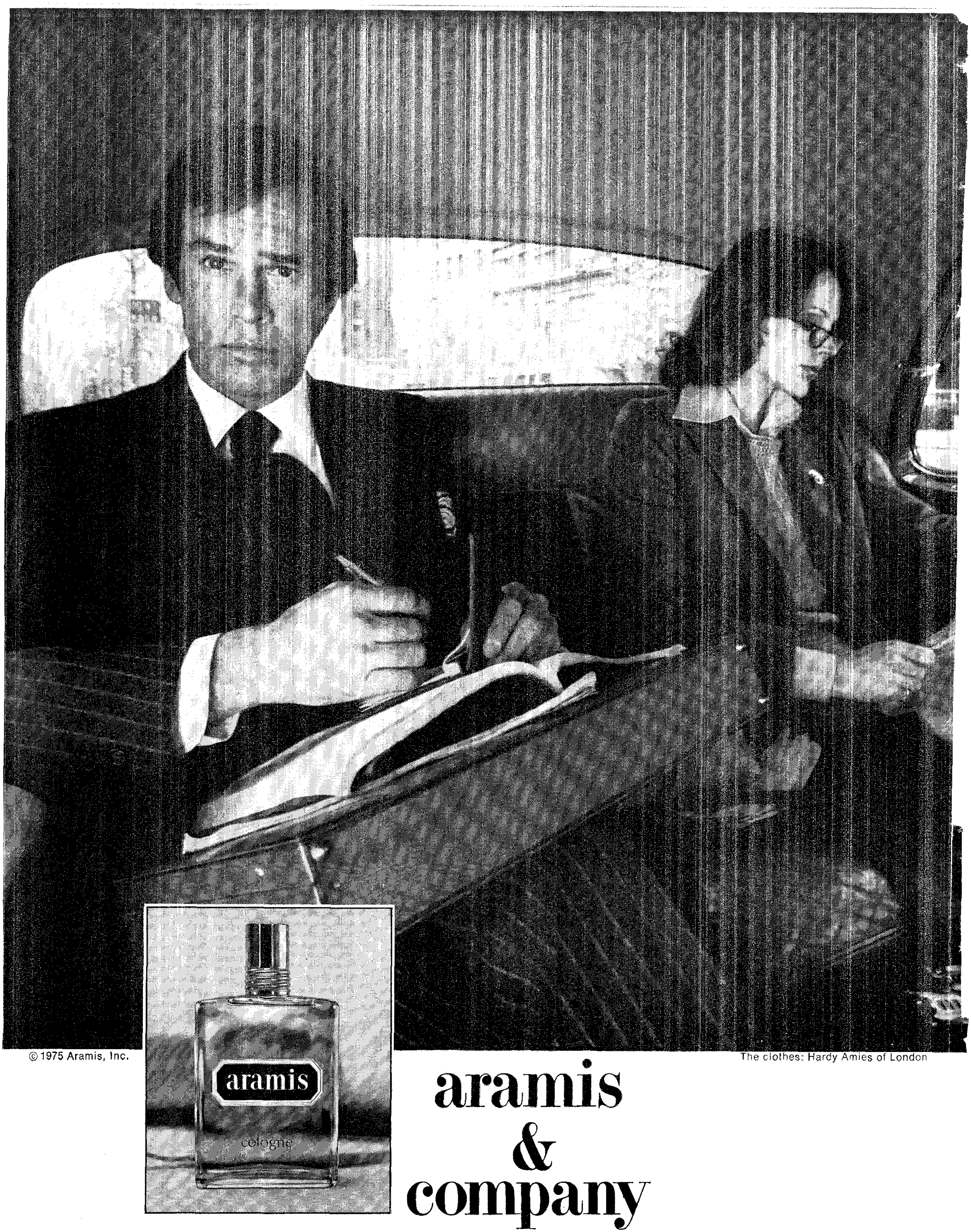

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON the morning the bus and subway fares were raised to fifty cents, we happened to enter the West Side I.R.T. at 110th Street. From the street above, we heard the din of raised voices, and when we got down into the station we found ourself face to face with four or five young people shouting "No fare at this station!" and "Say no to the Rockefeller banks!" and "Don't pay the fare!" Two of the young people held the exit gates to the platform open while the others, without blocking the way to the token window or the turnstiles, pointed to the open gates. The activists, though they were only a foot or two away from the approaching passengers, bellowed their instructions at the top of their voices. We passed through a turnstile and then, while we waited for a train, turned to observe the proceedings. The moment of decision came and passed swiftly for the people descending the stairs. It came as soon as they reached the bottom; most people walked right on to the platform, whether by the paying or the non-paying route, without breaking stride. About four out of five were accepting the invitation to a free ride. In most cases, it was not until people got through to the platform that their grim, set, closed-in subway expressions dissolved into expressions reflecting a reaction to this unexpected experience. Some of those who were taking a free ride looked exhilarated, or were laughing, but sometimes the laughter had a hollow ring to it, and often the laugher's eyes darted around the platform, as though he were looking for companionship in his gaiety. Others who had entered free seemed almost irritated to find themselves on the platform without having gone through the usual procedures. Some of those who had paid had embarrassed looks, and seemed, with deferential glances and smiles, to be apologizing to their fellow-riders. (The command "Don't pay!" was constantly booming in everyone's ears.) Others who had paid looked outraged by what was happening, and stalked away up the platform. We could discern no pattern in the types of those who paid and those who did not pay. Neither age nor race nor style of dress seemed to provide any clue to the choice that a person would make. One young black man loped through the exit gates, but a young black man just behind him paid. A silver-haired, professorial-looking man stopped, scrutinized the scene with a severe look, and then paid. Shortly afterward, three men in suits and carrying attaché cases sailed through without paying. One elderly man held back for a full two minutes, seeming to give the matter the most solemn thought, and then, holding his face in a rigid deadpan, made a beeline at a rapid clip through the open exit gates. Although there was no guessing from examining someone's appearance which choice he might make, we did notice that the numbers of those going in free seemed to increase considerably when the shouting was loudest. Whenever it abated slightly, the people coming down the stairs tended to surge on past the activists and pay the fare. The shouting, which seemed so repellent and so likely to harm the activists' cause, was turning out to be an effective tactic. Every morning, subway riders, held on course, perhaps, by the great inertia that is born of daily habit, had flowed through the turnstiles and onto the platform on their way to work. On this one morning, many were deflected to a new course—through the open exit gates—like a river that has been diverted into a new bed. For when the shouting reached a certain level of loudness more energy appeared to be required to decide to defy the activists and pay than to break the law and go in free, just as on most mornings more energy would have been required to open the exit gates on one's own than to pay. No one had really decided to break the law. On that morning, as on others, people had made no decision at all.

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Comeback

OF all recent headlines, one of the most provocative, we think, appeared not where you might have looked for it but in *Scientific American*. It and its subhead went like this:

> DINOSAUR RENAISSANCE
>
> The dinosaurs were not obsolescent reptiles but were a novel group of "warm-blooded" animals. And the birds are their descendants

Reputations, of course, are revised all the time, and sometimes upward. Even as we write, impatient citizens wait on the street to see if the beaux-arts style will succeed in recovering its good name. But in our experience nothing so gigantic as the rescue of the dinosaur reputation has ever before been attempted. The man who has set out to do for dinosaurs what Eliot did for Donne is Robert T. Bakker, a Junior Fellow at Harvard. In the article "Dinosaur Renaissance" he presents three types of evidence for his conclusions. First, he brings up the matter of dinosaur-bone histology. Thin sections of dinosaur bones reveal patterns of "high activity" more typical of endothermic (warm-blooded) animals than of ectothermic (cold-blooded) animals. Second, there is evidence having to do with "latitudinal zonation." It is possible, Mr. Bakker says, to determine the ancient position of the continents, and hence of fossil beds, and it is possible as well to determine the latitudinal temperature gradient in past epochs. "Given the latitude and the gradient," Mr. Bakker writes, "one can plot temperature zones, and such zones should separate endotherms from ectotherms." Using this approach, Mr. Bakker finds dinosaur fossils in zones in which cold-blooded animals would have had a rough time and in which there are in fact no large ectothermic fossils. Third, there is evidence derived from the calculation of predator-prey ratios. Since warm-blooded animals have greater energy needs than cold-blooded animals, warm-blooded predators require a larger population of suitable prey than cold-blooded predators. Mr. Bakker finds that the predator-prey ratio of carnivorous dinosaurs is closer to the pattern of warm-blooded mammals than it is to that of reptiles. And what about birds? Mr. Bakker, citing the work of John Ostrom, of Yale, says, "Dinosaurian ancestry of *Archaeopteryx*, and thus of birds, is indicated by its close anatomical relation to such small dinosaurs as *Microvenator* and *Deinonychus*. . . . All the quantitative data from bone histology and predator-prey ratios, as well as the dinosaurian nature of *Archaeopteryx*, show that all the essentials of avian biology—very high heat production, very high aerobic exercise metabolism and feathery insulation—were present in the dinosaur ancestors of birds. I do not believe birds deserve to be put in a taxonomic class separate from dinosaurs. . . . The dinosaurs are not extinct. The colorful and successful diversity of the living birds is a continuing expression of basic dinosaur biology."

We went to Cambridge the other day to talk with Mr. Bakker—to find out what he is working on now. At the Museum of Comparative Zoology (it's a new building on Oxford Street, cast in the powerful concrete mold), we were shown into Mr. Bakker's office by an associate. Mr. Bakker's office was crowded with people and things. We noticed a green tweed jacket, a purple satinlike shirt, a table of proofreading marks, "The Book of the Goons," "Warships in Profile 2," "Pictorial History of Tanks of the World," a geological timetable, and a red Telechron electric clock. While we waited, we overheard various graduate-student conversations, none of them about dinosaurs. "It's a research grant. I don't have to do any teaching unless I want to." Most of the conversations we overheard were like that.

When Mr. Bakker came in, we saw that he was about thirty and that he wore his hair at the length made popular by Mark Farner, lead singer of Grand Funk.

We asked Mr. Bakker what he was working on.

"Extinction—the sad part of the story," he said.

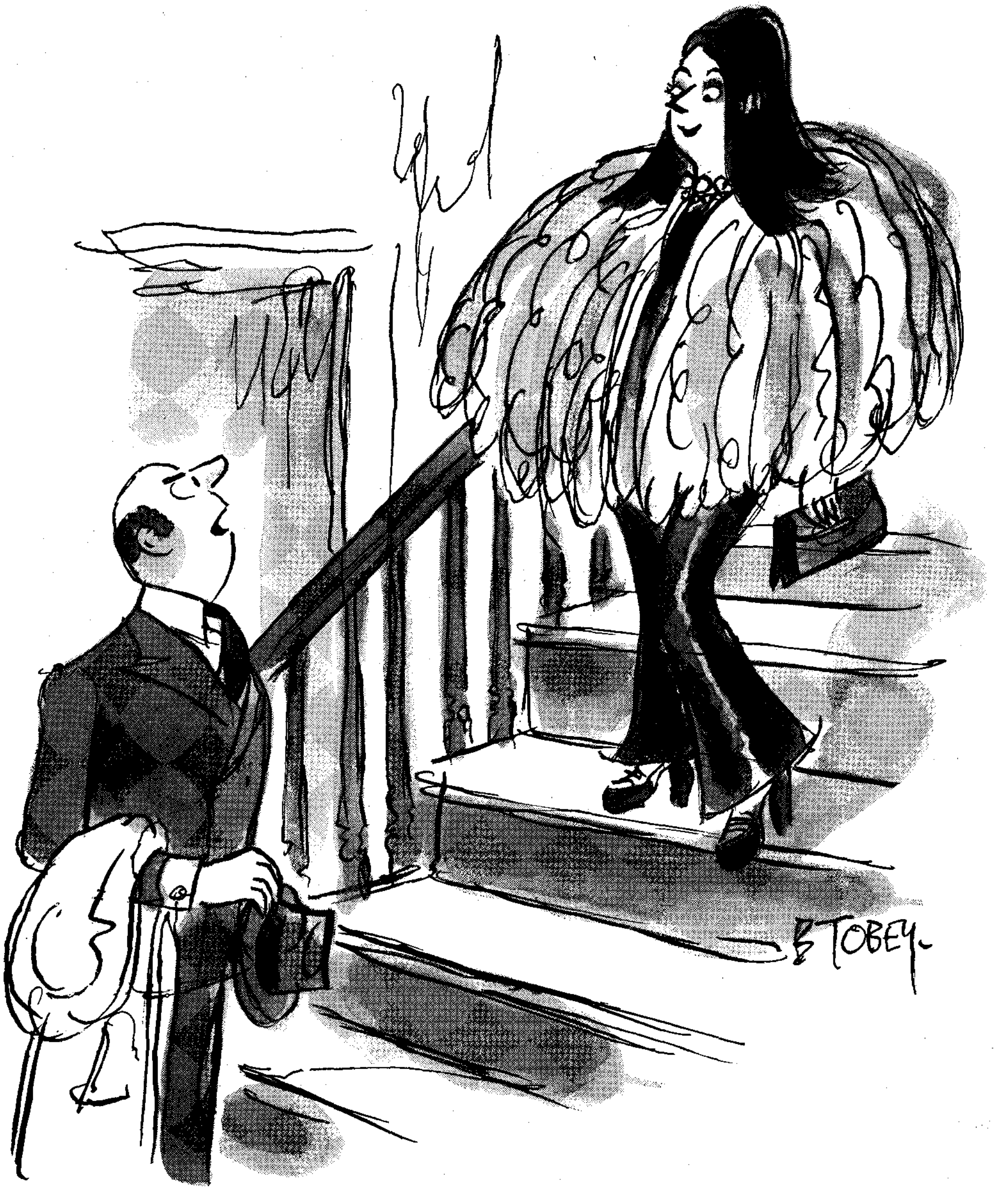
"Any particular extinction?" we asked.

"Extinction in general," he said. "I have a feeling that if you want to get the story you have to look at all major extinction events. It would be intriguing if there were a general pattern."

"Is there a pattern?" we asked.

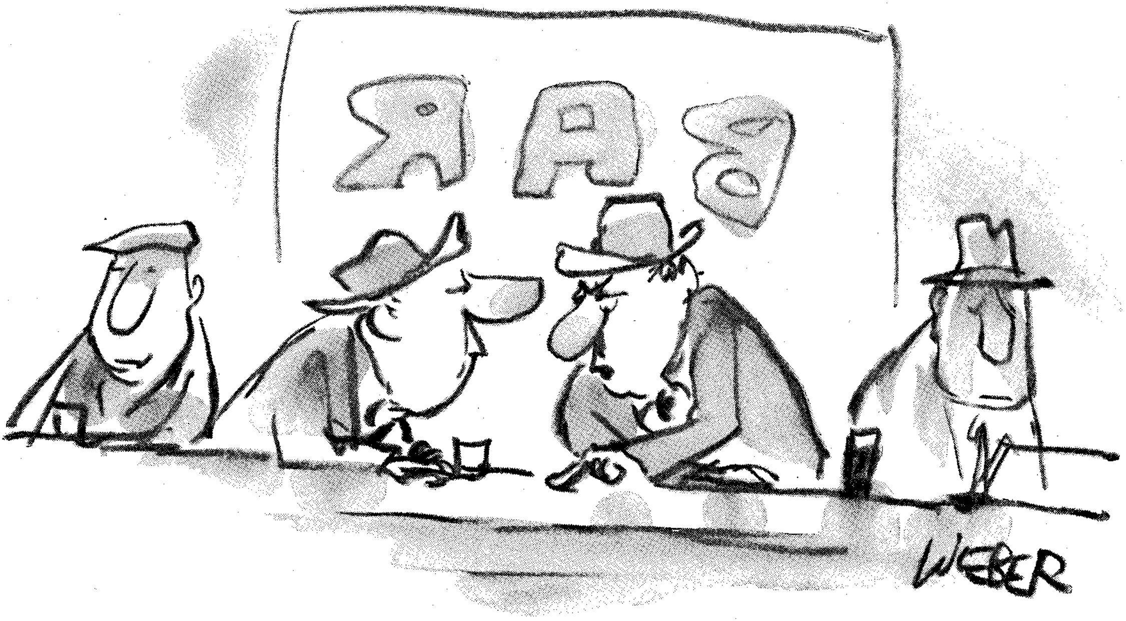
"Well, major extinction events seem to coincide with periods when the landscape is homogeneous, unvaried. The dinosaurs disappeared at a time when the shallow seas drained and mountain-building activity stopped and there were vast stretches of monotonous landscape. A monotonous landscape decreases the variety of habitats available to animals and increases competition. Complex ecological systems can collapse from topographic ennui."

We asked Mr. Bakker to take us through an extinction event, and he directed our attention to a chart showing the biomass at the end of the Late Permian period. "If you eyeball this chart," he said, "you see that all these therapsids get zapped by the end of the Late Permian. By the Early Triassic, not only is the landscape boring but the fauna is boring. Now, everything we do is based on slices of rock. You look at one layer of rock—in this case, the rock is in South Africa—and you find lots of critters; you go up a step to the next layer and they're not there anymore. Now, there are two possibilities. It may be that the two slices of rock we have represent tiny slices of time, with great gaps of time between formations when no record was laid down, but if the formations



"Good Lord! Who are you supposed to be? Cher?"

we have were formed slowly and continuously—if the record we have is fairly complete—then we have some striking extinction events to explain. I favor the second possibility. I think the show closed and the actors lost their jobs. The Late Permian layer in South Africa is a couple of thousand feet thick. It's varied. You don't get bored counting noses. You have four big plant-eating critters equally common—that, by the way, is about the maximum number of plant-eating critters you ever get at the same time. In the upper part of the layer you have only two big herbivores. Then, all of a sudden, you've got only one. It's a famous critter—lystrosaurus. You find him in China, Africa, and Antarctica, and there's a relative in Russia—which is some of the best evidence we have for the existence of the super-continent Pangaea. Anyway, in South Africa you can drive a Volkswagen bus and shovel in skulls of lystrosaurus. At a certain moment, that's all you have—just lystrosaurus, with no predators. An incredibly impoverished fauna. Then lystrosaurus disappears."



"The first step toward solving New York City's problems is to state them, which I will now proceed to do."

• •

We asked Mr. Bakker how he got to be fond of dinosaurs.

"It was an article in *Life* that did it," he replied. "In the fifties. With a fantastic foldout of all the dinosaurs. In the sea. On the land. In the air. I remember exactly where I was. At my grandfather's house. I sat there, and I got hooked."

We asked Mr. Bakker if he had a favorite dinosaur.

"I never met one I didn't like," he said. "Take dicynodonts. Dicynodonts are—well, ugly. They're shaped like fire hydrants: they have big heads, beaks, big, stubby legs, and hardly any tail at all. Dicynodonts never really appealed to me until I began to live with them. I labelled thousands of dicynodont skulls, and then I began to appreciate them. I began to pay attention to the problems of being a living creature that were solved by dicynodonts. A dicynodont, really, is just as pretty as a cheetah."

Sailed Away

FROM a friend who claims to be "setting forth, like the legendary Mingliaotse, to travel in the Country of the Nonchalant," the following message:

I began this enterprise after reading a Chinese travel sketch by the sixteenth-century author T'u Lung (alias T'u Ch'ihshui). At one point in my translation, by Lin Yutang, Mingliaotse says, "I would like to house my spirit within my body, to nourish my virtue by mildness, and to travel in ether by becoming a void. But I cannot do it yet. . . . And so, being unable to find peace within myself, I made use of the external surroundings to calm my spirit, and being unable to find delight within my heart, I borrowed a landscape to please it. Therefore strange were my travels." This sounded like a sensible enterprise to me, except that I did not know where to find the so-called Country of the Nonchalant. After many unsuccessful inquiries, I picked up the scent in Pittsburgh. I was there on business, staying with friends, and one of them told me about some people named Chuck and Dave, who run the It'll Do Casual Construction Company, whose motto is "If it isn't It'll Do, it won't." It seems that Chuck and Dave will attempt any kind of construction whatever. Their work isn't always first-class, but they don't charge very much for it, and when they're finished the customer always says, "Well, I guess it'll do." The proceeds go toward supporting even more blatantly nonchalant ventures, such as the production of a series of W.P.A.-style wooden plaques called the Bicentennial Grain Series. ("Oats—A Grain with Friends." "Wheat—A Grain with Confidence." "Rice—The 'I Can Do It' Grain." "Corn—A Nation Fed, a Nation Sated.") Obviously, Chuck and Dave are people from whom to ask directions, but I had to wrap up my affairs in the Iron City and fly to Akron before I could make contact with them.

Upon my return to New York, I almost forgot about the whole thing, N.Y.C. being about as nonchalant as a hydrogen bomb. But then, a couple of weeks ago, on one of those impeccable days that this area produces maybe three times a year, I stumbled right into the place. It turns out that the Country of the Nonchalant is something like Brigadoon, the Scottish town that appears every so often and then evaporates—only, unlike the Highland Phantom, nonchalance shows up in places that already exist, like City Island, Bronx, New York 10464.

Informational digression: City Island is a pork chop of land about a mile and a half long, populated by Civil Service types, particularly police and firemen, and it is New York's sailing district. Sailboats from all over the world come to City Island, whose shoreline, where it faces the entrance to Long Island Sound, looks like a forest of masts. There are large shipyards, Consolidated and Minneford, and the place generally looks more like some Maine coastal town—bait stores, seafood joints, frame houses with yards—than it does like the Bronx. To get there, you drive out I-95 toward Co-Op City and turn off at the Orchard Beach-City Island exit, or you can take the D train to Fordham

Road and then catch bus No. BX 12.

So, about twenty miles from the World Trade Center, I found myself in that land of which Mingliaotse had spoken so highly. As companions I had a pretty young woman named Mary Ellen Parnall, who teaches belly-dancing in Little Italy, and a very competent man named Richard Guttenberg, who teaches sailing at City Island. The three of us boarded a fibreglass boat. Guttenberg handled the boat (more easily than most of us handle the act of walking); Miss Parnall told anecdotes about Louisiana, where she grew up; and I sat in the cockpit, just looking. Visibility was a perfect twelve miles, so I could see the entire Manhattan skyline and many other islands as well: Hart Island, with Potter's Field bleak on one end; David's Island, with the deserted Georgian edifice of Fort Slocum; High Island, whose only structure is the WCBS/WNBC radio tower; and Execution Rocks, to which either the British had tied Indians at low tide or the Americans had tied British at low tide (Guttenberg forgot which). Below the water lay hazardous formations of rock, such as the Stepping Stones, the Chimney Sweeps, the Blauzes, the East Nonations, Big Tom, and the Green Flats, all well marked by red or black buoys. Other buoys went "clang" every so often; beyond that the only sound was water lapping on fibreglass. Miss Parnall asked how water sounds on a wooden hull, and Guttenberg smiled and said it is even nicer. Our boat, Bluebird, was a twenty-seven-foot Soling, a racing sloop. Along with six other Solings, this one belongs to the New York Sailing School, which was founded by a man named Glenn Card, who grew tired of life as an adman and, like Mingliaotse, set forth, etc. Mr. Card bought Bluebird from a Texan, and she came equipped with a huge black spinnaker on which was emblazoned the white skull of a longhorn steer.

There are no events as such in the Country of the Nonchalant. There are sights, there are sounds, and on this excursion there were wind and water and some conversation, the last being strictly of the "It'll do" variety. Miss Parnall told about how she was in the second grade with Earl Long's niece and how on Election Night this eight-year-old was given her own hotel room in New Orleans, encouraged to call room service, did so, and ordered a number of twenty-four-ounce sirloins. Guttenberg told how the Arabs had used triangular mainsails on their dhows for more than a thousand years and had been largely ignored by Europeans, who reinvented the triangular sail about a hundred years ago and hailed it as a revolutionary discovery. Miss Parnall said that she had gone down part of the Nile in a dhow, and that it was a great trip. Things like that. It'll do—or, rather, it did do—for a whole day.

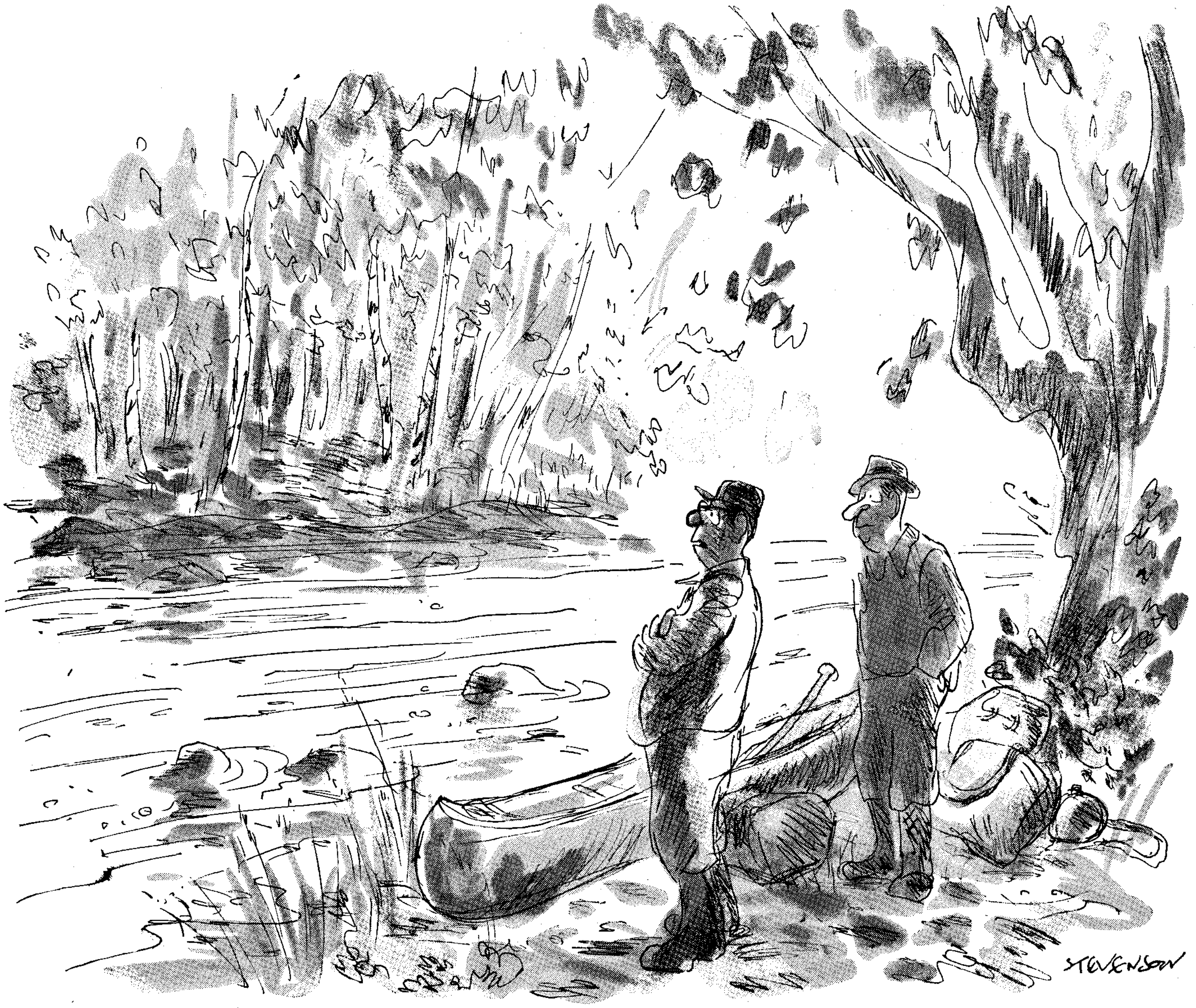
Whimsey

OVER at the headquarters of the New York Telephone Company, on West Forty-second Street, each year, usually in the fall, the company's art director huddles with a few assistant vice-presidents—or a.v.p.s, as they're known around the organization—to decide what would look nice on the cover of the new phone directory. These deliberations usually produce something with a pastoral theme—say, a cheery midsummer landscape—although anyone who can remember last year's Manhattan phone-book cover, which was retired from circulation a couple of weeks ago, will recall that it featured a James Rosenquist abstract. Anyone who can remember the phone-book illustration from the year before *that* deserves a prize.

While the phone-book-cover debate rages at New York Telephone, the same sort of thing is going on throughout the Bell System, which published 2,287 different phone directories in 1974, including several hundred pastoral scenes and at least one Rosenquist. Last autumn's confabulations about the next phone directories for the five boroughs of New York City finally settled on a winter landscape, and everything was going smoothly—with the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn already bound in bucolic splendor—when the home-office folk at A. T. & T., recognizing that the American Bicentennial coincides with the centennial of the invention of the telephone, decided that what the country desperately needed for this rare event was a universal phone-book cover. With only the faintest amount of corporate arm-twisting, A. T. & T. convinced its affiliates in all but six states and the city of Boston—they presumably had more dynamic Bicentennial/centennial plans already under way—that they should coöperate. This gave phone-company a.v.p.s around the country a well-deserved breather, and it gave Stanley Meltzoff, an artist from Fair Haven, New Jersey, a job. Not that Mr. Meltzoff needed a job very badly: over the years, a great deal of his work has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Scientific American*, *Life*, and *National Geographic*, and recently he's been busy completing the sixth in a series of fish-habitat paintings for *Sports Illustrated*. His open-ended assignment from A. T. & T. called for a graphic twinning of the history of the nation with the history of the telephone—as simple as that.

"What Stanley Meltzoff came up with for us is something that I regard as a work of art," James Ryan, an A.T. & T. a.v.p., who has the original Meltzoff sketch hanging in his office, told us the other day. "Not only is it a work of art but, as near as we can calculate, it could be the most widely disseminated work of art ever issued in a single publication. I don't know how many copies of *TV Guide* are published each week, or how many Del Monte-pineapple-ring labels there are on grocery shelves around America, but we're printing one hundred and eighty-four million copies of the phone-book cover."

What Stanley Meltzoff came up with is a design that includes thirty-two characters from American "history"—some famous, some mythical, others in between—all of them talking on the telephone, with the exception of Paul Revere, who is depicted talking into a silver candlestick, which upon close inspection reveals a push-button dialling apparatus on the bottom. The Meltzoff parade of Americana ranges from the predictable (George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Graham Bell) to the plausible (Mark Twain, Will Rogers, John D. Rockefeller) to the highly unlikely (Stanley Meltzoff himself, a phone-company operator, thinly disguised as Marilyn Monroe, and a teary-eyed collie dog belonging to William Fehlhaber, proprietor of a third-generation family tailor shop in Highland, New Jersey). In addition to some obvious anomalies—e.g., Benjamin Franklin is portrayed in conversation with the Statue of Liberty, and G.I. Joe talks to Whistler's mother—Mr. Meltzoff has included a lot of semi-hidden surprises in the phone-book cover. For instance, the American Indian pictured on the front cover (the same Indian who has never collected a penny in royalties for his long-running appearance on the nickel) turns up this time receiving smoke signals through the earpiece of a 1954-model red desk phone. On the back cover, Betsy Ross listens to a message



"No, I think it goes like this. Two men carrying three packs come to a stream. There is a canoe, but it will only carry one man and one pack. . . ."

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from Jackie Robinson, then puts aside the American flag when George Washington isn't watching and proceeds to embroider a Brooklyn Dodgers pennant.

For the casual observer, these conceits emerge only after a third or fourth perusal of the book cover, but they leaped out at John deButts, chairman of the board of A.T.&T., the first time he saw Mr. Meltzoff's trial sketches. "Abe Lincoln talking on the phone?" he said. "Impossible!" But one company official asked, "What's wrong with a big corporation like A. T. & T. exercising a little whimsey?" Mr. deButts tried to think of something but couldn't. "After that," Mr. Ryan explained to us, "things just fell into place."

The people at A. T. & T. are happy over the way the phone book has turned out, although there have been complaints from the outside that Mr. Meltzoff slighted a few special-interest groups. Also, out in Milwaukee, the Honorable Harout Sanasarian, a member of the Wisconsin House of Representatives who is a utilities-regulations reformer and no friend of the phone company, has dispatched a testy letter to G. H. Moede, Jr., the president of Wisconsin Telephone, protesting the arrival of the new phone-book cover at the very time that the company has instituted a policy of charging customers for information calls. "Well, look at what they've done," Mr. Sanasarian said when we spoke with him on the phone recently. "First, they spend all this money advertising how important it is for customers to cut down on their information calls—you know, all those ads about how people should look-'em-up-and-jot-'em-down, look-'em-up-and-jot-'em-down—and then they send out this phone book with all the blank spaces for jotting down numbers covered with pictures of people talking on the telephone. Besides, who ever heard of Abraham Lincoln talking on the telephone?"

All this is causing a certain amount of pain to Tom Ruzicka, the graphic-design manager at A. T. & T., who made the decision to hire Mr. Meltzoff, and who has been answering a lot of complaint letters. "The cover was not designed by a carefully programmed computer, it was designed by Stanley Meltzoff," says Mr. Ruzicka. "It isn't meant to be a political document, even though it includes the Statue of Liberty. It also includes a baby and a dog. So far, we've had no complaints from babies, dogs, or the Statue of Liberty. On the other hand, only half the people in the country have received their new phone books, so the season is still young. I think we'll be willing to do something like this again in, say, a hundred years."

RELATIVES

I

EACH of my grandmothers bore eleven children. This is one of the few things my father and mother had in common, and with it an early apprenticeship to death. Brothers and sisters died frequently. They were commemorated in cameo brooches, mourning rings, and the ledgers of Family Bibles: Elsie, Charlie, May, Jack—all mature ghosts long before I was born. Not only the siblings but the fathers, too, went early to death, possibly in the hope of gaining more health, wealth, and wisdom in another world. They were both in their graves by the time they were in their late forties, leaving twenty-two children and two wives between them, to carry on the family businesses as best they might. I never knew my grandfathers, and seldom speculated about them. It is only now, as I write about them, that their personalities become interesting.

I have no idea what my father's father, Robert, looked like. In the one photograph I have—a wedding picture, I fancy, from the stern and determined expressions on both my grandparents' relatively young faces—he is indistinguishable from any other early-Victorian middle-class burgher: straight-backed, stiff-collared, moderately whiskered, a model of reliability and moral hygiene. He died, I believe, from swallowing a fishbone. He was a printer at the time; though I heard that in the very distant past he had rolled in many directions, gathering no moss.

His letters to my schoolboy father were domestic, anxious, even kind—or they showed the jocular cruelty that fathers often use in order to be kind:

4th March, 1895.

My darling boy . . . I have been very busy and Mother is laid up with a nasty attack of Influenza, she has been in bed since Wednesday and has been very poorly indeed. . . . I hope it won't be so bad as you expect about the sickness in the School. . . . If they are obliged to close the School I should think Mr. Hall would keep his own boarders on until the proper time for breaking up. We shall soon be moving into our new house. Elsie is in for an attack of Influenza I am afraid. I left her in bed this morning. . . . I am glad you are doing better this term. I hope you will continue in the same good way. I don't really think I can manage to find time to write any more now as I have such a lot to do. . . .

19th March, 1895.

I am glad to say that Mother and Jessie are both better and able to be out, but poor little Phyllis has been very poorly and is in bed today. . . . I hope you will keep up your carpentering as there is a nice carpenter's shop in the garden at Strood and there will be plenty of work for us all. . . . I hope you will be in a good position in your form until the holidays—no excuses, mind! . . . Now old boy I really can't stay to say any more as they are waiting to set the tea table. . . .

8th April, 1895.

Wednesday is the dreadful day on which you leave your dear school and come to the miserable place known as "home." If you don't like the idea of coming I daresay I can arrange with Mr. Hall for you to stay at Balstock during the holidays, but if you would like, just a little bit, to come to us, Bertie shall meet you in London and come down with you. Now you must be sure and catch the train I give you—it leaves Woodford at *five* minutes to *ten*. You must take a ticket to *Fenchurch Street* and Bertie will be *there* to meet you. It is a Fenchurch Street train so you will not have to change. You will then arrive at Strood soon after twelve o'clock. I enclose your postal order for three shillings, which will be more than you will want, you can account to me for the change on Wednesday. . . . Don't be late and be sure to go to *Fenchurch Street*. . . .

5th May, 1895.

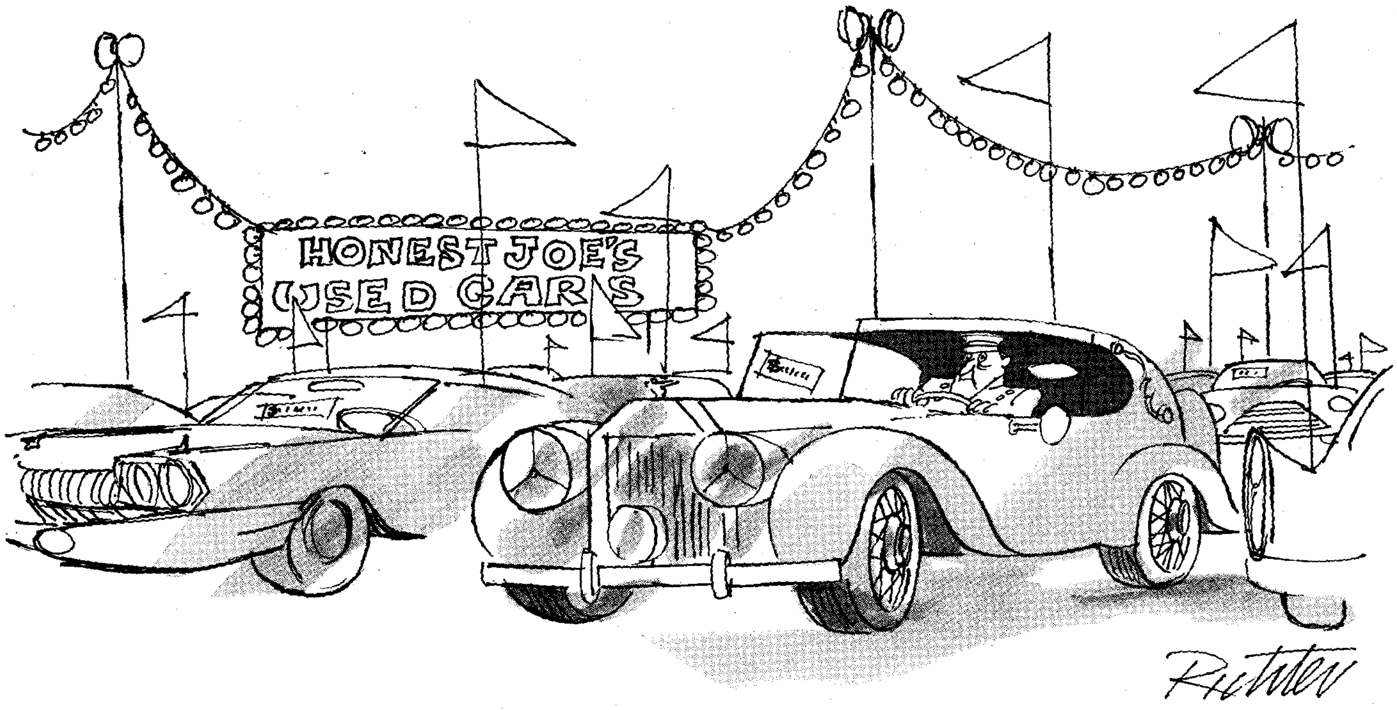
I'm very glad to tell you that dear little Phyllis is better today. . . . I shall be very pleased for you to bring Corble with you on Friday. You must be sure and not be late in getting to Cheapside, as I expect there will be a pretty considerable crowd. I enclose a postal order for four shillings, which you can give to Bertie to pay for your railway fares to London and back and the change you can give me when I see you. *Mind* you *don't forget*. . . .

Your Loving Father

"*Melton, you didn't finish your oatmeal!*"

He sounds an amiable, harassed man; my father never spoke of him to me, and I never asked. Compared with my grandmother he had obviously, even to his children, been irrelevant.

I didn't like my paternal grandmother. Her name was Eleanor (Nellie to those friends she had), and she was large, fierce, and demonstrative, as my mother's mother was fragile, timid, and remote. Nellie had a sizable wart, or possibly mole, on her left cheek, which I imagined—with the rich disgust I chewed through gristle on the Sunday roast—biting off. It seemed to me that she lived in a poky, dark house, though this was probably because she was the kind of woman who overflowed normal furniture and could have filled a small ballroom with her moody presence; the house (Silex, The Grove, Deal, Kent—how many envelopes reluctantly addressed, letters even more reluctantly written?) was probably the usual gloomy, detached Victorian villa, modestly clothed in shrubs; it would be considered nowadays suitable for housing a fair-sized private school or nursing home. I remember nothing vital about it, such as the



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kitchen or lavatory, or the room in which I slept on my occasional visits—only the overstuffed drawing room, my grandmother clasping me to some part of herself while I struggled for breath against what may have been bombazine and was certainly whalebone; the anguish transmitted to me where I hid under the table as my father sang the Nunc Dimittis, sombrely accompanied by my grandmother on the piano (yet why do I think it was a harmonium?), and I thought he was preparing to die after leaving me in her terrible charge.

There were aunts in this unhappy house: Jessie and "dear little Phyllis." The former, in my memory, was a venomous woman, with all the fragrance of vinegar, a devotee of the Methodist chapel, a scrawny, sour creature. Nevertheless, it was Jessie I wrote to from school when I lost my purse; it was Jessie who sent me a ten-shilling note and didn't, as far as I know, tell my father. Why did I choose her to confide in? Why was she so generous? If the eye of a child is unreliable, the eye of memory is often hallucinated. Meeting Jessie again for the first time in over forty years, I see her as a woman unable to deal with her frustrations, exacerbated by the demands of a histrionic mother. But the way I saw her then, and the way I truthfully remember her now, is a lot more interesting: a shrew, a witch, acid-tongued, with glittering, ratty eyes and a bundle of old hair. Distorted by imagination, she achieves a kind of Grimmlike originality.

Phyllis, a pleasant-faced person of indeterminate age, was always confusingly referred to as "the baby." I assume she was the eleventh child and—in spite of Robert's concern for her infant snuffles—grew up fatherless. There was always something faintly daring about Phyllis; almost, to my puritanical child's mind, risqué. She seemed to laugh more often than the rest of the family; which, since they seldom seemed to laugh, was all the more memorable. I even had the feeling—inexplicable, vaguely troubling—that my brother's attitude toward her was not entirely nephewlike. Perhaps she was pretty—I don't know. She married, anyway, and in later life became a driving instructress, perpetuating the devil-may-care image, skirts occasionally riding above the knee. Cancer ravaged this family, and Phyllis was the first woman I ever knew to have a mastectomy. Not only did she have one; she talked about it. But by that time I must have been in my teens and aware of the fact that women had breasts; until I grew them myself, I didn't notice their existence.

The rest of my father's siblings escaped, in curious ways, from my ogre grandmother, their loving mother. A sister, I believe, ran off with an organist and "lived in sin," wherever that was. She was never mentioned. A brother emigrated to America—I do not know his name, or where he lived, but recall that he wrote my father a letter when I was about thirteen. It began (I can see the script now, sloping and orderly), "Hi, you old sky pilot!" My father, appalled, dropped it ostentatiously into the wastepaper basket, from which I am sure (he was very lonely) he soon recovered it.

Another, younger brother—Frank? Fred?—landed up in Sydney, Australia, where he edited a newspaper, got into trouble ("drink and gambling," whispered my mother, perhaps with a touch of spite), and shot himself. He was married, and fathered what seemed to me an inordinate number of children—they arrived in Deal long after the scandalous event, and shattered the turgid gloom with their unfortunate accents and high spirits. In retrospect, I preferred them to my other Australian cousins, my mother's nephews and nieces, who dogged my childhood with their dreadful excellence, nobility of soul, and aptitude for mathematics. One of these last—and I shall repeat this, for it awes me—became a Bishop.

NO member of my father's family achieved such eminence, except, on my own rating, Uncle Bertie. Bertie was the eldest, the first son. My grandfather, for all his anonymity, must have had high hopes for Bertie. Bertie was clever, with a waspish wit and a disdain, on the whole, for women. He was taught Latin at an early age, and at the three schools he and my father attended together Bertie excelled, while his younger brother (a fact that was to haunt him, poor man, for the rest of his life) was "the dunce." When my grandfather died, Bertie was nineteen: financially, things must have looked rather grim, and Bertie took to "bum brushing"—a startling contemporary term for "ushering," which in itself was a contemporary term for teaching small boys the basics of Latin, algebra, and trigonometry. (Over fifty years later, Bertie wrote to me, "I should dearly love to see your brood, particularly the little male one. As an ex-usher, and quite unrepentant, I cannot help preferring little boys to little girls. I can amuse myself by building castles for boys. I know so little about the other sex.") When he was twenty-seven, a legacy (so the story goes) enabled him to enter Oxford—an elderly undergraduate, to be sure, but at least he went to a distinguished college and undoubtedly made the most of it; whereas my father, in his mid-thirties, struggled into some minor institution that I always imagine as being on the outskirts of Cowley. My father, though he may not have known it, hated Bertie. I loved him.

Where my father was heavy and blunt, Bertie was sharp—something of his sister Jessie in the way he could set your teeth on edge; but, being a man, he was free to express his rather jaundiced view of life in wit rather than venom. Besides, Uncle Bertie had a history: he had published books, though not as many, probably, as my father had written. The story I grew up believing was that he followed the ill-fated younger brother to Australia, where he became a writer of mystery stories of some kind—the title of one of them was "Half Devil, Half Tiger." The younger brother passed, in a rather hurried way, on; and the First World War broke out. My Uncle Bertie left for the South Seas.

There, for the duration of the war, he lived a peculiar and idyllic life, probably unfaithfully described in letters to his friend Bohun Lynch, signed under the pseudonym "Asterisk" and published in 1923 under the disarming title "Isles of Illusion." My judgment of this book when I came to it in adult life must be reserved until later; as a child I was not allowed to read it ("though nothing will be found here to titillate the salacious," writes Bohun Lynch in his introduction, "the book is not recommended for the nursery shelf"). For my Uncle Bertie had not only betrayed his country, keeping his distance in its time of need. He had betrayed an entire ethic (and, perhaps, himself) by having a liaison with a native woman, siring various indeterminately colored children, and by making the whole unsavory business public, so that his mother could never hold up her head in Deal again.

Perverse of me, I'm sure, but these unknown cousins—I imagine they are to this day beautiful, hibiscus in their hair, noble and lithe and the color of sandalwood—are my favorite contemporary relatives. I adhere stubbornly to this vision, even though Bertie himself wrote to me of his son, "He is married—to a lady of his mother's complexion—has two children, a nice little plantation and a cutter. So he is, doubtless, happy." These cousins must be a decade or so older than I am, and have never heard of me, or Deal, or their grandmother who was feared by God. Uncle Bertie abandoned them, it seems, without conscience. I hope they all prospered, and that they, in a warmer climate, have made better use of their genes than I have—by which I mean that I hope they have avoided the continual threat of Hell, the illusory promise of Heaven, and the absurd moral obligation to disparage almost everything in between. Perhaps it was just as well that they didn't know their father.

TAURUS ON TAURUS

It might not matter if it weren't my sign—
Not that I hold with all that trumpery
Except as a friendliness of emblems—but it *is* mine,
And I like to look up and think it looks at me.
I see it as its stars taught me to see.

You've got the long eye like that the snail puts out,
And you had better do all the measuring for us,
Agreed, but Lord-a-mercy, what were you thinking about—
What neutron dwarf or which of the auroras—
When you lopped the hind legs off of crippled Taurus?

You rotated the carcass 180°—
I try to see it that way and when I try
I break his neck and stuff him with the Pleiades.
You stole a roof-star from the Aurigae
And stretched his horns halfway across the sky.

I know I'm only a sort of story-teller
Whose brains leak out the seven holes in his skull.
I don't say junk your catalogue for local color—
Your work's the more important—but if you'll
Just for a moment try to see my bull?

Begin with the obvious, hieroglyphic V:
Its stars comprise visage and horns together;
One pupil is subtly dual, as you no doubt can see
(We are out in the coldest and clearest sort of weather);
Of the two horn-tips, Aldebaran is the nether.

Now see the breast, the two faint foreleg strokes?
This is perspective at its sketchy best
Enjoying that most spirited of cosmic jokes—
Not to command belief but to suggest.
See how he ramps and paws the south-southwest,

Almost lunging out of the heavens at us?
For hindquarters and a tail to beat the breeze
Let us subsume Orion's bow, and with Aratus
Treat separately of the Pleiades.
What could they be to rouse him so but bees?

They swarm, he fleers them with a west-most horn.
Each night they seem to make him a little madder.
You see him? Good. I *thought* so. I have, so far, forborne
All gripe of Betelgeuse as elbow, or natter
Over what they have done to Jacob's Ladder. . . .

—JACK BUTLER

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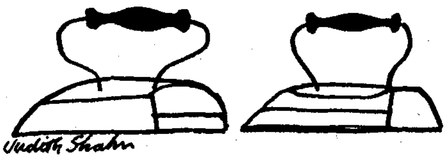

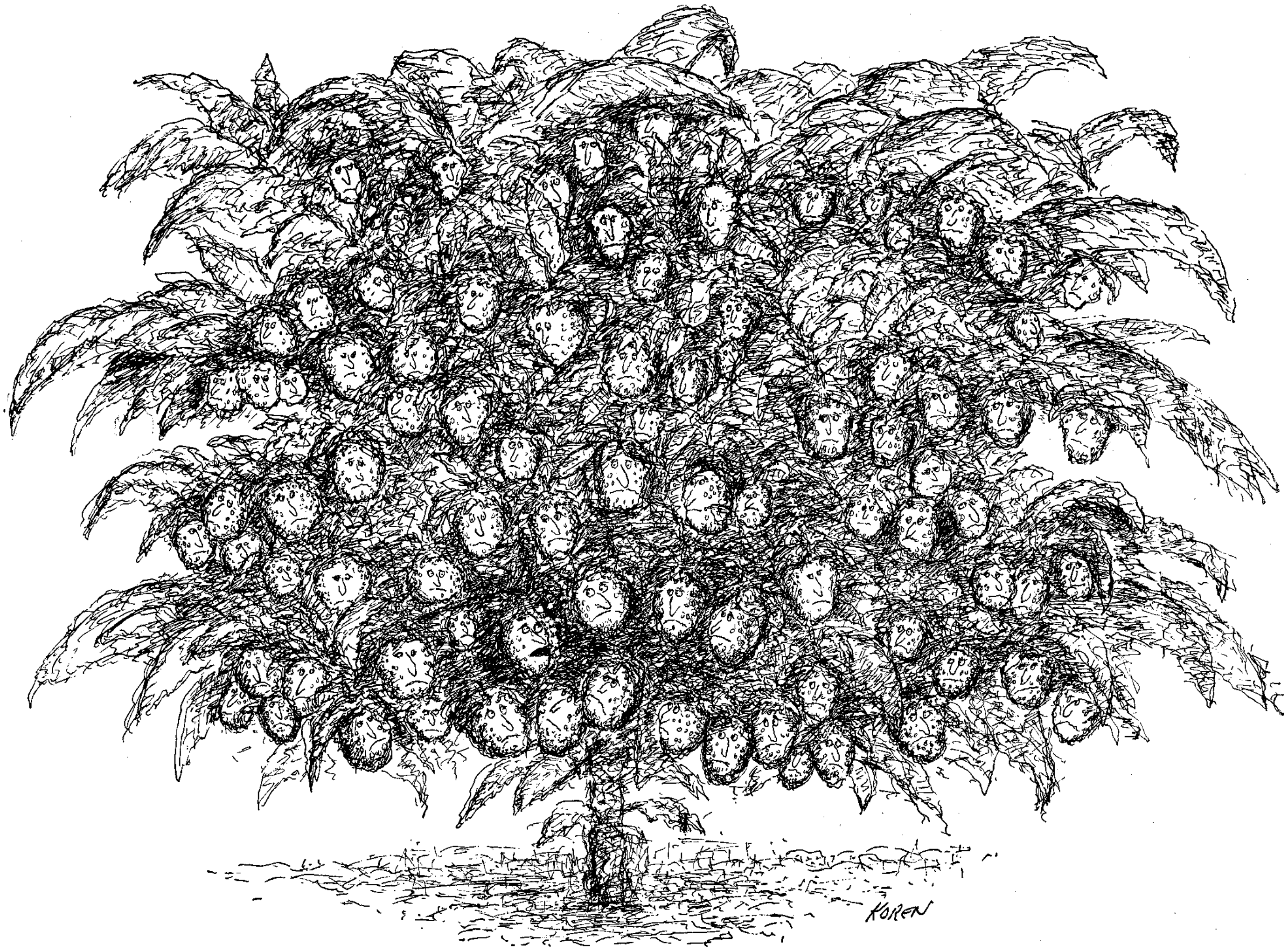

"Friends, this is our last time together. Tomorrow we'll all be either canned or frozen."

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Bertie returned home to find himself erased from the Family Bible. He probably knew, being a cynic, that this was only a temporary disowning; nearly all the children were crossed out and readmitted so many times that the "record pages" look like a shopping list made out by a housewife in a state of shock. Besides, he briefly found himself something of a "literary lion." Years later he wrote me that "Isles of Illusion" had been given two columns in the London *Times*, an entire page in the *Times Literary Supplement*, "fulsome praise from many Yankee dailies and periodicals," and was the subject of a long article by Sir John Squire. Bertie, sticking all his press cuttings into "two very large albums (*Non omnis moriar* . . . if you have any Latin)," didn't worry much about the Bible.

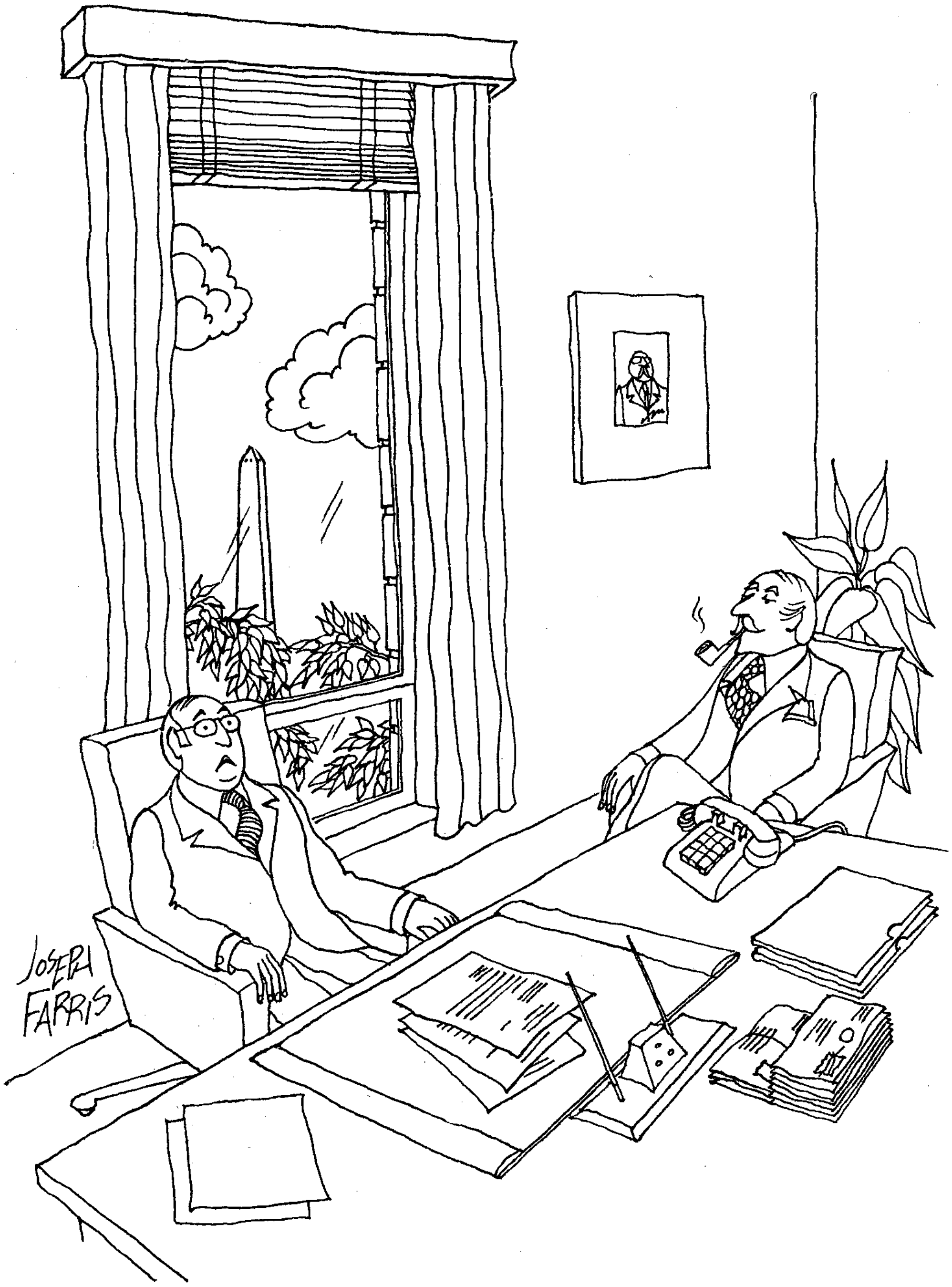
The small furor died down; my uncle returned to his true inclination, ushering. He would occasionally come and stay with us, but I was too embedded in my own life to notice him very much. Then, when I was about nine (a photograph of an exceptionally plain, cheerful child in a large tam-o'-shanter and steel-rimmed spectacles *looks* as though she's about nine), I was sent for one of my grim visits to Deal.

Bertie, it seemed, had taken up rabbit farming: Angora rabbits, for this was the time of tickling Angora jumpers in pastel colors, and horrid little hot hats, and fluffy mittens, and bed jackets, and anything that could be made out of that sickly and uncomfortable wool. The rabbit farm was nearby, and I was to spend a whole day with Bertie. It is one of the most memorable days of my life.

Teaching, I now realize, is a very liberating experience. It encourages a wildness of spirit, a hubris. Over the last few years, I have seen proper young men "go bush"—take to wearing unmatched socks, become wild-eyed and given to frequent bursts of inconsequential laughter—in the process of becoming mature teachers. Years of ushering had had its effect on my Uncle Bertie. He had flirted with power; any nine-year-old who came his way, even a girl, was liable to have its life changed. Whether or not he thought that I was suffering from the inhibitions of a country vicarage, or pitied me for having that overemotional, uneducated, troublesome oaf for a father, I don't know. But he was right in believing that I would never forget what he gave me that day: a taste of freedom; possibly, even, a taste for it. Girl though I was, my Uncle Bertie built me a castle.

Curiously, there was a woman involved. I know nothing about her except her name: Diane. It was an improbable name in connection with Bertie, particularly in the wilds of Kent. However, Diane was there; or her name was there. I was told that I could do whatever I liked. Bertie was wrong in thinking me inhibited (if he did), but part of my reckless pleasure must have come from being out of sight of "the villagers" (as my mother called my father's parishioners, distinguishing them, as a tribe, from those who lived in towns or cities or the middle of nowhere) and away from my father's lugubrious affection. Also, I had probably already spent at least two days in Silex, The Grove, Deal, Kent. I stripped off all my clothes and made a kind of cowboy costume out of the long grass. My appearance, topped with the steel-rims, must have been eccentric, but possibly it reminded Bertie of the South Seas; in any case, I remained in this costume all day, replenishing it as it disintegrated until boredom with the design overcame modesty (a quality which, according to my father, was always "false"), and I played around naked except for odd wisps of grass that clung to me as though I were a small rake.

There was meat of some kind for lunch. I was told I could eat it with my fingers. Perhaps I was *told* to eat it with my fingers. I am sure that neither Bertie nor Diane said that fingers were made before forks—an expression used by my female relatives to excuse, though not condone, my terrible table manners. Two of my favorite fantasies at that time were of Robin Hood and his Merry Men stuffing themselves with meat and bread round their fire in Sherwood Forest, and of Hiawatha gnawing venison—hair, skin, and meat shining with oil and gravy. I ate like an outlaw and a warrior. Uncle Bertie approved. He then made his one mistake and gave me a young rabbit, a nasty little thing with pink skin under its long white hair, which for some reason I called Galahad.



"I had a nightmare last night. I dreamed I was let go by the public sector and not wanted by the private sector."

As usual, Bertie returned to ushering, and seems to have drifted out of my life for a while. I remember little about him during the next nine years. I simply do not know why I insisted that my husband and I go to stay with him for half of our honeymoon. It seems extraordinary. I can speculate, but speculation is irrelevant.

Bertie was teaching in Bude, Cornwall; we had spent the first week or so in lodgings in Sidmouth, because that is what my husband's parents had done. In Bude, my uncle took a room for us in a vast, antique hotel. It was November, cold, drenched in mist and sea. We were the only guests, and skidded along the corridors like children. Presumably we also saw Bertie, since that was the reason for being there. It is then, around the age of eighteen, that I begin to lose sight of myself and the particular world around me. I had changed my name, and was unfamiliar with my alias. Perhaps I went to Bude to say goodbye. I don't know. I can't remember ever seeing Bertie again.

He retired to a house in Deal, where he lived alone, transcribing books into braille and cherishing the remnants of a few dreams: "Do you read French?" he wrote me. "If so, do you know Henri Bosco? I am slow to enthusiasm these days, but I admire him very much. When I am not reading modern French, I read and read 'Don Quixote.' For years I have toyed with the idea of writing a life of Sancho Panza. I still toy." I was corresponding with him in the late fifties, as I was writing a memoir of my father and discovered, too late, that I knew nothing about him. "Please," he wrote, "don't let this lazarused correspondence die again. I am intangibly alone mentally, but I cheer up wonderfully at threatened contact. . . . I am very lonely mentally. So please, my dear, be generous with your letters." It was then that he sent me a faded copy of "Isles of Illusion," inscribed "To Penelope Mortimer (Peggy) from 'Asterisk,' a very little star, long set, to a rising larger one." I realize now, for the first time, that Bertie was the only one of my entire family who, without resentment, bewilderment, or disapproval, might have been proud of me. I don't know when he died.

II

MILES away from the salty Kent coast, with its fortresses and coast houses, its smell of France and hops and Henry James, its unsuitable

HI! I'M JOE COX
HI! I'M NED BRUN
Dana Fradon

“Hi! I’m Marty Clark.”

coal mines, my mother’s family bred and prospered on the serene Wiltshire plains in what seemed to me perpetual summer. Even the darkness here was rich, a complement to light. Salisbury and Chippenham, Trowbridge and Frome, Marlborough and Melksham; and Bath near enough for a day’s shopping, tea in a tearoom (with chocolate éclairs), a gulp of warm mineral water after a visit to the disreputable Roman ruins full of steam and goldfish and smelling of old iron; shadows of clouds a mile wide moving over the empty yellow hills; Stonehenge, growing smaller and smaller the older one became; pink brick, trim thatch, and drifts of sheep so deep that one waded waist-high in living wool, scrunching it in one’s fist, breathing heat.

My Grandmother Charlotte’s house was a character in itself. These were the people who lived in and round it, leaving it and returning to it with a rhythm that was the one thing I felt to be indestructible.

I know many more facts about her husband, Charles Maggs, than I do about my paternal grandfather. Facts are serviceable, but often misleading. Deduction, fantasy, even what is known as invention, are frequently nearer the truth. It is obvious that Charles was enormously industrious. He grew hemp in India and imported it to Melksham, where, in a very beautiful eighteenth-century factory, he turned it into rope, twine, string, canvas, matting of all kinds. It was for this reason that all my childhood celebrations, whatever the weather, took place in tents. He also bought a small milk store in Trowbridge, which, by the unstinting efforts of two of his sons, became one of the largest firms of dairy products in the country. It was for this reason that all the balloons at my childhood celebrations were stamped “Diploma Cheese.”

Charles was a fervent Liberal, a Justice of the Peace, a passionate advocate of compulsory education, by which he meant reading, writing, and arithmetic—algebra, Greek, and trigonometry were, in his view, useless to the laboring man. In photographs, he looks, like the father of the son-in-law he never knew, straight-backed, stiff-collared, moderately whiskered, a model of reliability and moral hygiene. And yet . . . In the obligatory oil painting is there a mellowness in that dark-brown eye, a glint of humor somewhere around the mouth? My mother told me that she had loved him, that she grieved when he died. I have a strong feeling that I have seen him somewhere collarless, in suspenders, his hair a little rumpled—a vision vaguely reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln. He died, I think, of pneumonia caught on an unwise and probably distasteful visit to London. His sons—unlike my father and his wayward brothers—took over all his responsibilities.

My Grandmother Charlotte was, whenever I looked at her, very old: a wisp of a woman, with sparse yellow-white hair braided in a coronet above a forehead so fragile that it actually, physically, disintegrated before one’s eyes. This deep cavity between her temples fascinated me—as did Nellie’s wart—because it seemed that this part of her had been dead some time and one day the tissue of skin would fall away, revealing a hollow skull. She had deep-set eyes, with darkness behind, like a skull; in her very old age she became blind and wore heavily tinted glasses, which more than ever convinced me that she was a tiny skeleton in clothes. The flesh on her face and hands—the only parts of her I ever saw naked—had dissolved long ago; she was composed of skin, bones, and, I am sure, spirit. My mother talked with her a great deal, I have no idea (yes, I have) about what. If I were foolish enough to intrude, I would be sent away on some errand, or given a job to do, like sliding away the dead pods from the dried Honesty, or sorting out the drawer in which she kept her skeins of colored wools and silks for embroidery, or fetching her glasses, or taking a message to the gardener. Grandmother Charlotte was the only person to whom I remember shouting that clarion cry of all healthy children: “I’m not your *servant!*,” followed by a satisfactorily slammed door, and terror.

She didn’t respond. She never, as far as I remember, responded to me. I imagine that she found me noisy, ill-mannered, and difficult; but then, in my arrogance, I imagined that I was the subject of their confidential tête-à-têtes, whereas it’s far more likely that it was my father they were complaining about. It is certainly true that “What are we going to do about Peggy?”—a rhetorical question uttered in despairing tones—seemed to be the leitmotiv of my mother’s conversations at this time. I was fourteen or so before the magical day when she turned to me and asked, in exactly the same tone, “What are we going to do about Daddy?” It would be convenient to think that this was the day when I started to grow up; but untrue.

My miniature grandmother appeared to live alone in her lovely house, except when my mother and I were there. The maids, whose lives from childhood to old age were spent in her service, had cottages and husbands and children in the lane that led from Spa Road to my grandmother’s driveway; George, the gardener, lived in the Lodge, a whimsical little building, which I never entered. But there was hardly a day, it seemed, when sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren didn’t call by. And Uncle Will came to lunch every Friday.

Uncle Will, the eldest of the eleven, was a mild man with a bald brown head sprinkled with freckles; he sported a small military mustache and had been, in some distant war, a major; in his spare time and in his retirement he painted very careful watercolors, mostly of Kashmir; one day his car rolled down the hill outside his house and plunged noiselessly into the village pond, where it lay submerged for several years. Those are the most interesting facts about Uncle Will. Apart from them, he inherited the hemp business and worked in it steadily, with decreasing profit, all his life; and he was divorced.

He was divorced, I realize now, because his wife, a romantic lady called Mabel, could not bear to leave Kashmir and her pack of white Pekingese. I don’t know why I never realized this before, or why I had vaguely assumed there was something sexual in the matter. Mabel, in the most English way possible, went native; Will and his son Charles returned to Wiltshire, and that was why Will came to lunch on Fridays—though one immediately speculates as to what he ate for lunch, and where, on the remaining six days of the week.

This problem, if it was one, was solved shortly before my grandmother’s death by his marriage to a woman I disliked for no better reason than that the entire family disliked her. “Disliked” is perhaps too positive a word, implying that they found something in my step-aunt’s character that displeased them, rather than in her characteristics. It is true that her appearance, voice, manners, and habits were unattractive, but I don’t think anyone bothered to investigate her actual character. It was enough for them that she had broken into the family in the guise of my grandmother’s nurse; and the lonely Will, wandering the house at night . . . and not only Will, they whispered, but my father, too . . . she had her evil eye on both of them, *nothing* better than a . . .

My step-aunt, with total lack of serenity but a strong purpose, battled through. Vulgar as she was—indeed, “common”—she married the eldest son, his hemp business, his comfortable house, his watercolors, and his cocker spaniel. My mother, I think, grew quite fond of her in the end. And I presume that Uncle Will no longer came to lunch on Fridays, quietly presiding at the head of the table and then snoozing for precisely ten minutes in the big rattan armchair before walking back to the office. And I presume my grandmother missed him.

Charles, the only child of Will and the capricious Mabel, was a very romantic character to me—tall, blond, bony, and gentle, with an air of melancholy which, like everything else, I probably imagined. He was considerably older than I, and very seldom seen; but I fell in love with my image of him, and for a short period, at school, carried his photograph in the breast pocket of my blazer, shamelessly spreading the unlikely story that he was my boyfriend. He was known as Laddie, which can’t have helped his self-confidence much, and spent considerable time in India, presumably overseeing, or overlooking, the hemp. I heard that he, too, had gone a touch native; that he disappeared into the mountains and talked to the wogs and behaved rather oddly for the son of a

THE CHERRY TREE

In her dreamless sleep it
begins
though she seems
as unmoving as the statue
of a running man: her
branches caught in a
writhing, her trunk
leaning as if in mid-fall.
When the wind moves
against her grave body
only the youngest twigs
scutter amongst themselves.

But there’s something going on
in those twisted brown limbs,
it starts as a need
and it takes over, a need
to push
push outward
from the center, to
bring what is not
from what is, pushing
till at the tips of the push
something comes about
and then
pulling it from outside
until yes she has then started—
tiny bumps
appear at the ends of twigs.

Then at once they’re all here
she wears them like a coat,
a coat of babies
I almost think that she
preens herself, jubilant at
the thick dazzle of bloom,
that the caught writhing has become
a sinuous wriggle of joy
beneath her fleece.
But she is working still
to feed her children
there’s a lot more yet,
bringing up all she can
goodness from roots

while the petals drop.
The fleece is gone
as suddenly as it came
and hundreds of babies are left
almost too small to be seen
but they fatten, fatten, get pink,
and shine among her leaves.

Now she can repose a bit
they are so fat
She cares less
birds get them, men
pick them, human children wear them
in pairs over their ears
she loses them all
That’s why she made them
to lose them into the world, she
returns to herself
she rests, she doesn’t care

She leans into the wind,
her trunk shines black
with rain, she sleeps
as black and hard as lava.
She knows nothing about babies.

—Thom Gunn

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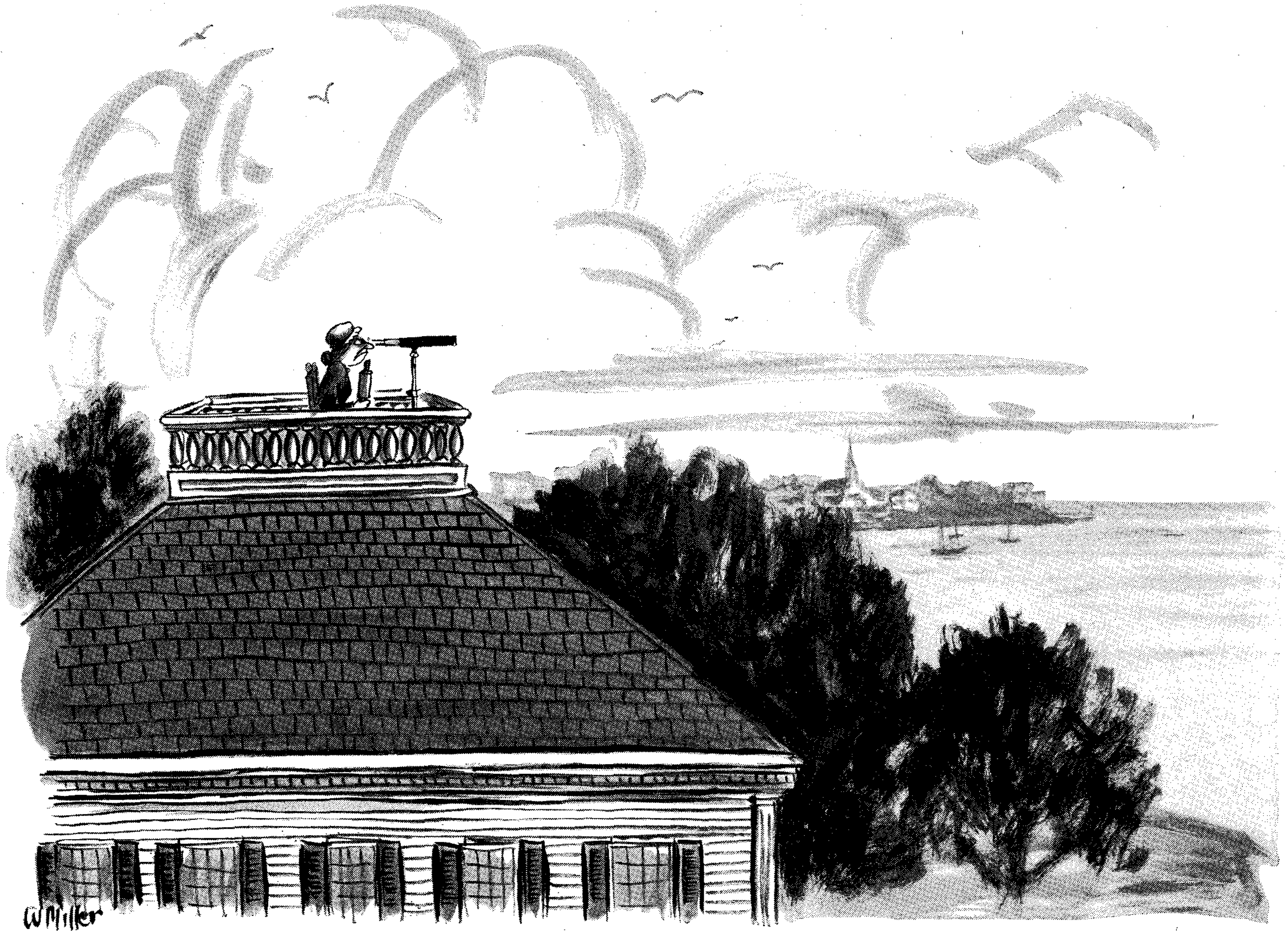


major. Possibly he found other uses for hemp than ropes and doormats. Anyway, I was reading a book called "Scag, Son of Power," in which this handsome young man communes with elephants, and hypnotizes tigers when he finds himself in a pit with them, and loves snakes and all living things, even Indians; and I was reasonably convinced that Scag was my cousin Laddie and would bear me off one day to a houseboat in Kashmir, where we would wear white duck and be fanned with ostrich feathers and invite maharajas to tea, surrounded by the hazy green mountains and purple mists of Uncle Will's paintings. In fact, I believe Charles had some sadness in his life—not disaster, I hope, but sadness. I'm grateful to him for stirring my imagination, and what I supposed in those days was my heart.

POSSIBLY I was born shy—a painful humor that has nothing to recommend it. In spite of the romantic poets, violets are tough little flowers, and gazelles merely preserving themselves. Human shyness can be a hideous paralysis, crippling one for life. But who, carrying round this inward invisible deformity, is going to expose it in public? No one. The more acute the suffering the more impenetrable the disguise. I was shy with Uncle Will, but bearably so; he didn't seem to expect anything of me, except to keep quiet while he was napping or painting, and therefore I felt relatively easy and behaved tolerably well when I was with him (all standards of behavior referred to here are, as they were then, my mother's). The rest of the family was a different matter.

The physical symptoms of shyness are a slow burning in the stomach, which has become a furnace; a heavy heartbeat; a dry mouth; and clamminess behind the knees. Unless escape is possible, nausea and trembling are followed by rigor mortis. In my worst attacks, I have slipped away (the sensation was of slipping away) from dinner parties after the first course; worn my death's-head at convivial gatherings and my armor of disdain with all persons who, by expecting me to behave as though I had a right to behave at all, terrified the breath out of me. So as a small and fairly ugly child, inept at ball games and whist (to this day, the sight of a playing card makes me uncomfortable), continually on the brink of doing or saying the wrong thing, I entrenched myself behind thorns, through which I would occasionally stampede in a loud, self-advertising tantrum. This, anyway, is how I remember myself in relation to Grandmother Charlotte's other children and grandchildren, and particularly to her daughters-in-law, with whom my own mother competed and, on every count that mattered to her, lost.

MY mother had been in love with her brother Joe for half a century; he was her ideal man—slow, reliable, taciturn, dressed in tweed knickerbockers and golfing socks and highly polished brown leather shoes. He looked curiously as Joe E. Brown must have looked when asleep, and he was as undemonstrative as it is possible for a human being with arms and hands to be. One day, seeing him walking across my grandmother's lawn, I was overcome by the desire to be loved by this paragon and raced toward him, flinging myself at him with all the vigor and passion of a ninety-pound puppy. He resisted the attack by doing nothing at all, remaining perfectly still, as perhaps he had been taught to do when hunting ferocious animals. I had made a fool of myself again. He continued his walk, to inspect the condition of the white paint on the railings.

Joe was the head of the dairy enterprise. He had (I was convinced he had done it personally) delivered pints of pasteurized milk to every doorstep in London, and silver-wrapped cheese and butter to every larder. He owned hundreds of sheep and miles of downland for them to graze on. He was seldom without his Irish setter, which came to heel, sat, fetched, and lived in a kennel, like any properly raised dog—completely unlike my father's. He lived with his wife, Ada, in a mellow thatched manor house that modestly presided over a village of mellow thatched cottages, all of which belonged to Joe. He was, I believe, a generous landlord, providing indoor sanitation and even bathrooms for his flock. He was a Justice of the Peace, a magistrate, a Governor of distinguished schools, a man of his word. When my mother married, on February 8, 1910, Joe swore not to speak to her husband for twenty years. This was not difficult, as my father seldom braved Wiltshire. However, at the first opportunity after February 8, 1930, Joe uttered words in his brother-in-law's direction: they may have been "Good morning" or "Pass the port;" they were certainly not "Are you happily married?"

Ada. Aunt Ada scared me more than any of the others. She, too, was generous (it was she who bought the chocolate éclairs in Bath), but in some indefinable way "posh." My mother wore her cast-off clothes and seemed disgustingly grateful. (I became a snob simply because my mother instilled in me such a dramatic, overwhelming sense of inferiority.) Ada was blond, and maintained a standard of living that afflicted me with shyness in its most paralyzing form. At lunch with Aunt Ada, I was presented with a finger bowl. I had no idea what to do with it, or what it was for. It might as well have been a bidet. The sensible solution—to ask—was beyond me. I burst into tears and was hurried from the table by my mother, flushed with shame, who was never to know the reason for my howls of anguish. At the Manor, of which Ada was the Lady, there were tennis parties for "the young people," and alcoholic drinks, and pageants, and red sports cars snorting up the gravel: in one way or another, a painful place for a child with a tempestuous nature, heavy spectacles, and a chronic cold in the head. It was a far cry from Uncle Bertie's rabbit farm, and introduced me not only to envy but to envy's alter ego—contempt.

There were, however, flaws in Joe's system; if I had known more about them much of my awkwardness might have turned to grace. He had "a weakness" (so it was described to me) for the ballet, and reserved a box for every performance of a Covent Garden season. This fact, like Uncle Will's painting, throws a whole new light on the family. But it is not a light I can see by. Uncle Joe never took me to the ballet, or even mentioned it in my presence; I never saw his face softened by Tchaikovsky or his eyes glazed with the vision of Pavlova. It is all in the mind: interesting, surprising, but meaningless.

His other "weakness" was the fact that he had no children of his own, and adopted his brother Fred's son, Marcus, whose mother had died in childbirth. There, I am sure, lies a plot for Balzac, for Fred remarried before long. What was wrong with Fred? (He drank, I believe, but that seldom disqualifies anyone for parenthood.) What family conferences behind closed doors, what bargains made, blackmail? I haven't a shred of evidence for any of these fantasies and disown all responsibility for them. They are probably as near fiction as it is possible to get. In any event, like the Irish setter, Marcus was raised correctly and given as many privileges. The purpose of Marcus (I write this in a foreign night, possibly sixty years after he was first admitted to the Manor, using imagination to support one or two frail facts) was to carry on the dairy business; he was to be the heir to that whole milky empire. To this end, after an obligatory public-school education, he was employed by his Uncle Joe, his adopted father—as a milkman.

Or that is what I was told. Joe, with his rigid belief in hard work and discipline, believed that the future King of Milk should start from the bottom and work his way up on his own merits. It sounds likely enough; so does the story that Joe refused a knighthood on principle, and the widely held belief that, as a prospective employer, he turned down any young man, whatever his qualifications, who appeared

"And this is the little woman—a person in her own right."

for an interview wearing suède shoes. However, as we know, he was not infallible. What he overlooked was the fact that Marcus had grown up to be thoroughly frivolous, with a strong resemblance to Errol Flynn and a conscience that bore no resemblance at all to that of Uncle Joe's. It was he who drove the red sports car, and mixed the alcoholic drinks, and flirted with the girls over deuce and thirty-love. He almost certainly wore suède shoes. He had no stamina, no stamina at all; but he did have a good time.

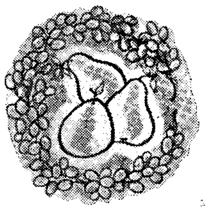
It is probably wiser to leave Marcus there, having it. Disgrace settled over him, accumulated, and finally obscured him entirely from view. I broke through a temporary clearing when I was about thirteen, and went to stay with him and his wife in a commuters' heaven on the Thames—I think he was "in jam" at the time. He met me at the station and suggested that we stop in a pub on the way home. I had never been in a pub before. He bought me a gin-and-orange. I had never drunk alcohol before. Their home was full of mock-Tudor beams, and there were little cakes of soap in a glass jar in the bathroom. Marcus looked like Errol Flynn in his later years. His wife, Sheila or Daphne or Cynthia, looked like a wife. I never saw or heard anything of Marcus again.

AT least my shyness at the Manor was occasioned by my seniors—archetypes who might make even a normal child shy. But over a few hills and valleys, in the shabby, good-natured house where my Uncle Frank and Aunt Mercy lived with their two daughters, there was no such excuse. Frank, like Will and my mother, came from the gentle, contemplative side of the family; he was a farmer and, like my mother, spoke with a slight Wiltshire burr, ending many sentences with the comprehensive phrase "and all," referring to clothes in the singular. ("The clothes," my mother said throughout her life, "is on the line"—or, more frequently, "Oh, Peggy, look what a terrible state your clothes is in!") Like my mother, he had a small, brown face and didn't talk much. Aunt Mercy, on the other hand, talked incessantly, in a very shrill voice. She was kind, cheerful, possibly not very competent (which would have endeared her to my mother, gaining her points), and became, I believe, a martyr to rheumatism. There was nothing in either of these good people to frighten me. But I was more frightened in that sunny house than anywhere on my very circumscribed earth.

My two cousins, "the girls," frightened me. I am sure they had never frightened a soul before, or have since. They were healthy, pretty, extrovert, skillful at games and riding horses. They wore good, neat clothes and spoke in the high-pitched, clipped tones affected by the ladies of the present Royal Family. But there was no nonsense about them: they both married men with monosyllabic, yeomen names—not for them the Fitzgibbons and Cholmondeleys, the conceit of hyphens. They were simple, normal, and thoroughly nice. That, as far as I was concerned, was the trouble.

In Uncle Frank's house, at the advanced age of five or so, I wet my pants from sheer terror: they buttoned, I remember, to a peculiar garment called a Liberty bodice, and I flung myself on a sofa, drumming my heels with frustration, streaming from eyes and nose and wet all over, until my mother came (in shame, as usual) to disentangle me. While they played cards, or checkers, or sardines—simple, normal, thoroughly nice games—I would glare fixedly at a magazine (*Horse and Hound* or *Trout and Stream*?), since there were not, I think, any books in the public rooms of that house, books being neither useful nor comfortable.

Why didn't I "join in"? The question haunts me at this moment. I was younger, it's true, but they might even have petted me, given the chance. In secret, I practiced standing like the prettier of the two, toes pointed slightly inward, knees pressed well back; but my legs were my father's and I merely looked catatonic. My brother, in an uncharacteristic burst of confidence, told me how he had gone into the bathroom after this cousin had taken a bath, and how there, in a drift of talcum powder, were her tiny footprints—pointing, of course, inward. This made me intensely dissatisfied with my own feet, and so shy of my cousin that I could hardly raise my eyes above her brown shins, which, in their turn, made me repelled by my own, scarred and scabbed and, whatever the season, the color of grime.



But this was not shyness, perhaps? Just plain jealousy? No jealousy is plain, though it is, certainly, one of the many vile components of shyness. The fact is that since nobody ever expressed any admiration, or, indeed, mild approval, of the few things I *could* do well—what they were, apart from reading "Lorna Doone" for the third time at the age of seven, telling myself stories, and plaiting raffia, I confess I don't know—I was convinced that I was, like my father, a hopeless failure and social misfit. These two girl cousins, on the other hand (whom I rather admired, in an awed sort of way), were universally admired and praised, particularly by my mother. If she had married Joe and given birth to Frank's daughters, she would have been a happy woman.

Therefore, as Nellie's granddaughter and Bertie's niece, I felt myself to be a changeling in my mother's world. The greater my sense of her disapproval the more I longed to be approved of and the more impossible it became to do or be anything of which she would approve. It was impossible for me to "join in." I didn't understand the language, the jokes, the rules, or the customs. I admired them from afar, and often, in the most misguided periods of my life, have tried to emulate them—the only periods of my life when my mother's support was not only dutiful and loving but actually joyful. When I was a child, she despaired of me. All her hopes turned to my brother, who could play tennis and golf, was extremely taciturn, good at carpentry, and whom she destined, in her private and hopeful heart, for the vacant position of Heir to the Milk Kingdom. She never believed I was shy. People who don't know me, I find, never do.

THE only other uncle I knew at all well was Leonard, the baby; I suppose, though incredulously, that he was in his thirties when I was a child. Leonard was disagreeably married to a lady named Kitty, who refused, for over a quarter of a century, to divorce him. (*Was she a Roman Catholic convert?* The unseemly notion must come from somewhere.) They had one daughter, Monica, known as Muffet. Although Leonard was relatively so young, Muffet seemed to me infinitely older than any of my other cousins. She existed remotely in an aura, not of scent or cologne but perfume; she was sophisticated, and might quite possibly have been presented at Court, wearing three white feathers on her head like a horse. These wild imaginings—I hardly ever met the girl—sprang from a photograph on my grandmother's piano. It was a studio photograph, and depicted Muffet's head and shoulders, naked. (This was an artistic fad of the time. I was "taken" at the age of three, swathed to the armpits in muslin but otherwise adorned only by a coral necklace and a drunken squint—and there were all those babies, pimpled with cold, face down on bearskin rugs.) The grace of her pose, the coy curve of her shoulder, the excellence of her shingle entranced me. Muffet had beaux while I was still on my fourth reading of "Lorna Doone." The extent of my awe of this mythical creature can be guessed at by the fact that never, until this moment, did I associate her with tuffets, curds and whey, or spiders.

Leonard exists for me now only in relation to places: the local dairy plant, which he directed, and my grandmother's house, which he destroyed. Such places are, as I said, characters in their own right; I shall explore them soon. To me, Leonard looked like Mr. Toad, and had many of his attributes. When I was fifteen, he didn't recognize me, and, until I spoiled it all by introducing myself, flirted with me rather charmingly over a can of condensed milk.

JINNIE was my mother's only surviving sister. She had always been, as far as I was concerned, safely in Australia, married to a clergyman and proudly mothering the excessively brilliant and well-adjusted cousins, one of whom was to become a bishop. "Aunt Jinnie's last letter from Australia" was, for me, a dreaded event: she wrote in a clear, round script, and—apart from droughts, floods, and other hazards of nature—her letters were burdened with success. Her children seemed to pass all their examinations, to become captains of all their football and cricket teams, and to believe in God. My mother showed me these letters, usually—she had some tact—without comment. I would like to know how she replied: "Arthur hasn't spoken for three days/has fallen in love with the new governess/says he is going to shoot himself on Monday—and what shall we do about Peggy?" Probably not. My mother spent much of her life doggedly creating acceptable appearances, and much of it keeping them up. The rest was silence.

There remain only Uncle Fred, his wife, Aunt Esther, and their two daughters, one of whom became a nun. For some reason—could it be that Esther, not Kitty, was the Roman Catholic?—they very seldom appeared. In fact, apart from the daughters' photographs on the piano, I don't think I believed in their existence, until one day Aunt Esther came to visit and, in the drawing room, over tea and tomato sandwiches, pronounced the words "lavatory paper." Why I was so shocked, amused, and strangely heartened, I can't now imagine. It was almost as though she had said "bum"—the dirtiest word I knew. If I had known her better, I might not have been shy with Aunt Esther.

SO there they are, marshalled on the clouds, harps at the ready, facing each other in eternal enmity: Nellie, Jessie, Phyllis, the anonymous sinner and emigrant and suicide, Bertie with his fastidious sneer and solitary heart; and Charlotte, Will, Mabel, Joe, Ada, Frank, Mercy, Fred, Esther, Leonard, and Kitty. Their descendants season the earth. I may pass them, without knowing, on Second Avenue, in Regent's Park or the Tuileries, Paddington Station or any major airport. I have imagined them all, and find that in the process I have imagined a feeling for them in myself which, now that I have entered my future without them, might pass for love.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

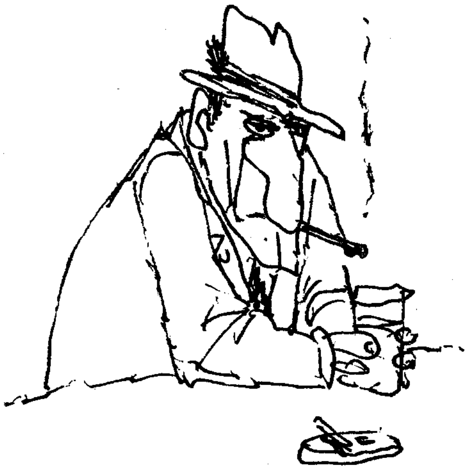
•

TENNIS CLINIC HOLIDAYS!

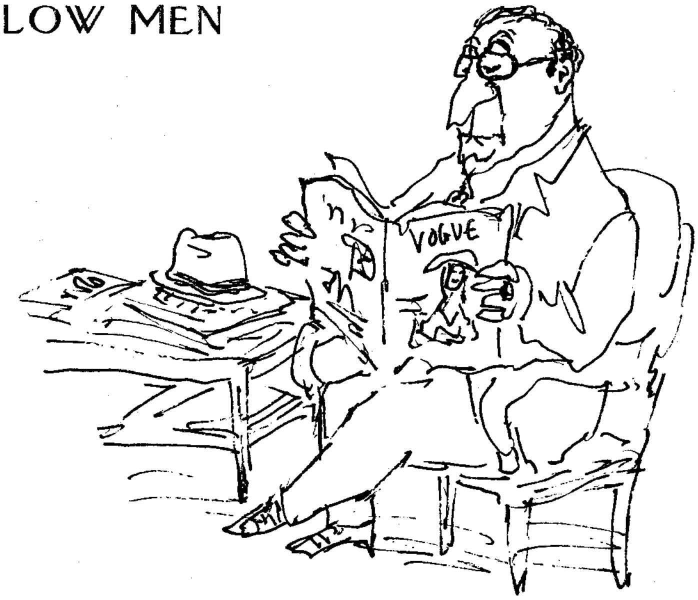
...at a splendid little Tennis Resort in Ontario, Canada! For just 32 guests... it's total immersion tennis served in elegance and style!...A fruit basket welcome waiting in your room, a Rothko print over your own fireplace, a bathroom scale, Bill Blass sheets, morning wake-up juice and coffee brought to your room and chocolate mints on your turned-down bed each night.—*Adv. in New York.*

That's O.K.; we'll be pleasantly tired.

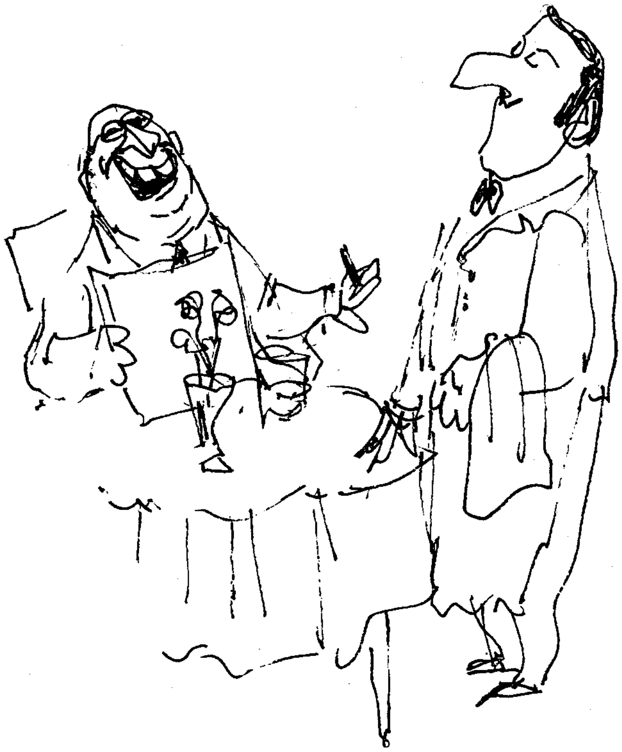
FELLOW MEN



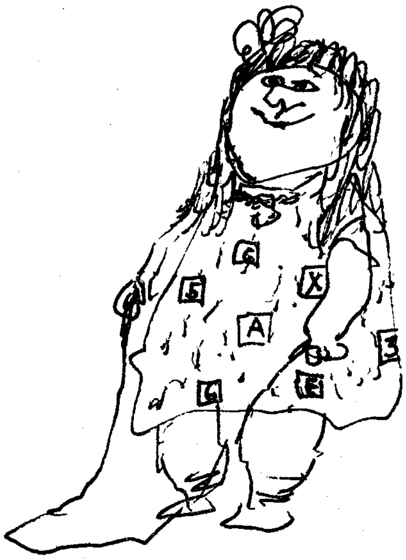
Slow, Steady, Serious Drinker



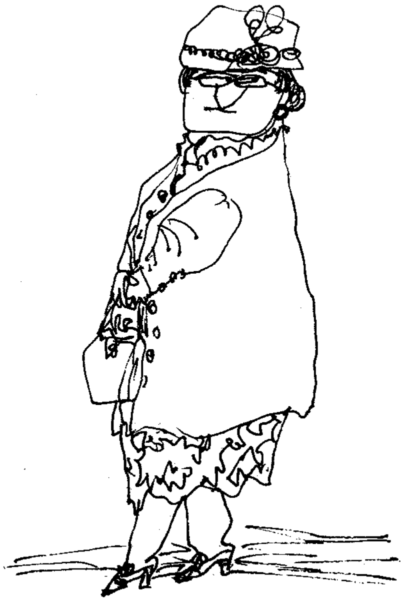
Patient Waiting His Turn



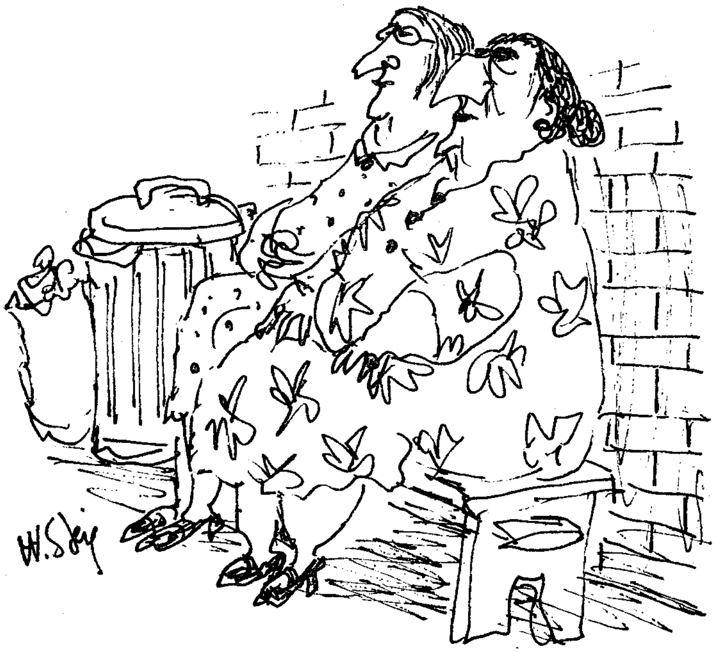
Waiter Enjoying Diner's Joke



Good-Natured Child



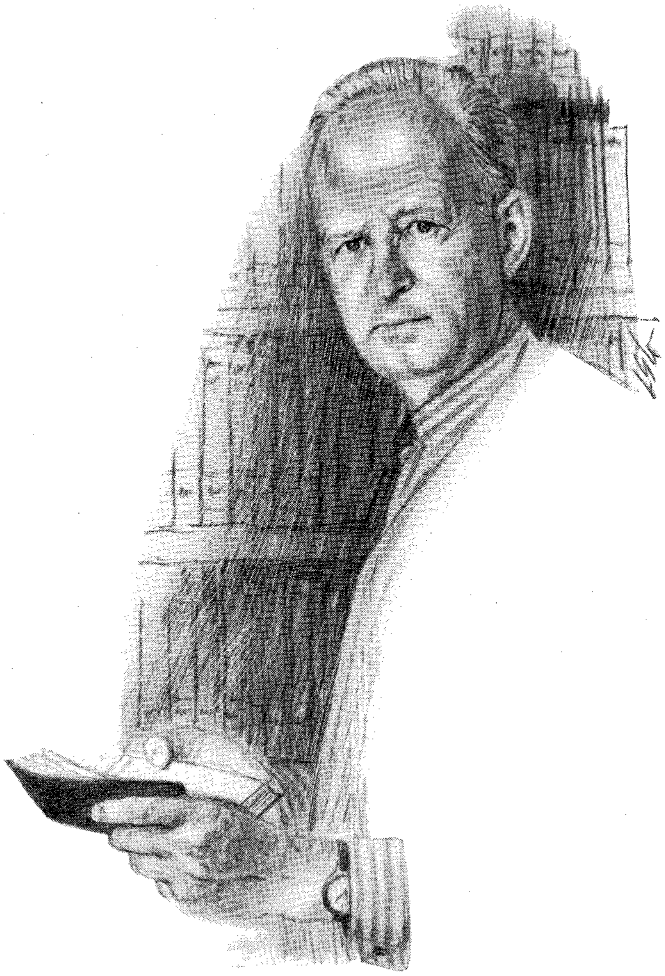
Scandal Spotter



Reviewing Stand

PROFILES

THE HOUSE OF BAEDEKER



Karl Friedrich Baedeker

SINCE the beginning of time, man has had an intense desire to see as much of the world as possible—to travel to the next village, the next city, the next country, and the next continent, and to observe what life is like there. Down through the centuries, the journeys he has undertaken have more often than not had a military, religious, or commercial motivation, but travel for the sake of travel is also as old as history. This emerges clearly when one studies the peregrinations of two of the most famous travellers of all time—Herodotus and Marco Polo. Herodotus, who lived in the fifth century B.C., visited a good part of Greece, the southern part of Italy, many of the Aegean Islands, and most of the western third of Asia, his native heath, when he was laying the groundwork for his chef-d'œuvre, "The Persian Wars," but the sheer love of travel took him on countless more or less irrelevant side trips, extending from the Don to the Nile. All in all, he covered thirty-one degrees of longitude (about seventeen hundred miles) and twenty-four degrees of latitude (another seventeen hundred miles), which was a remarkable achievement when one considers the limited dimensions of the known world in Herodotus' day. Polo, the son of a Venetian merchant, was one of the first Europeans to traverse the vast breadth of Asia. He did this between 1271 and 1295, when he accompanied his father and an uncle on the long journey across Persia, the Pamirs, and the Gobi Desert to Peking, the capital city of the Mongol emperor Kublai Khan. During his seventeen years in the Mongol court, Polo went on official missions to India, Burma, Cochin China, and other countries, not only because the Khan had great faith in his diplomatic acumen but also, one suspects, because Polo was very badly bitten by the bug for travel. When he eventually returned home to Venice, he did so via Sumatra, the Nicobar Islands, and Ceylon.

Travel in the modern sense began, perhaps, with the Grand Tour, which took hold during the Elizabethan Age and reached its peak during the eighteenth century. What with pirates, brigands, and thieves to worry about, not to mention wolves, the threat of smallpox and other grave diseases, the frequently appalling lack of comfort, and chronic problems not only with the mails and foreign currency but with every type of conveyance then available, travel had its drawbacks. Nevertheless, each year more and more Englishmen crossed the Channel, until, in 1785, as Edward Gibbon was informed in Lausanne that year, forty thousand of them were busily soaking up culture in France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. Dr. Johnson once said, explaining this phenomenon, that "a man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see."

By that time, it had long been apparent that the urge to read about travel is as much a part of human nature as the urge to travel itself. For centuries, the confirmed stay-at-home and the man with itchy feet have been equally entranced by accounts of journeys to faraway lands written by descendants of Marco Polo as diverse as Alexis de Tocqueville, Sir Richard Burton, Mark Twain, Charles Doughty, Richard Halliburton, Henry James, Freya Stark, and Lowell Thomas. As for practical guidebooks—the kind designed for the traveller to take with him—during the period when the Grand Tour was in full swing, there were already dozens to choose from, a general favorite being "The Gentleman's Pocket Companion for Travelling Into Foreign Parts," first published in 1722. Today, of course, when the jumbo jet has transformed world travel into a form of mass transit, there is a veritable Golconda of guidebooks and related material at the traveller's disposal: leaflets and pamphlets issued gratis by tourist boards, airlines, railroads, resorts, and so on; detailed road maps prepared by the big oil companies for publicity value; sweeping surveys of whole continents, along with studies of individual countries and individual cities; reports of personal perambulations, aimed at the older traveller and written in a sensuous high-style prose, with equal emphasis on history and romance (such as the "In Search of . . ." series and "A Traveller in . . ." series, by H. V. Morton); and unliterary agglutinations aimed at the younger traveller, pointing out the fiscal shortcuts that will show him how to get by in Oman on fifty mahmudi a week. In short, there are books fashioned for every conceivable type of traveller—the traveller who likes to go on walking tours, the traveller whose favorite means of transport are riverboat and canal barge, the traveller who is lugging several small children along, the traveller for whom the chance to close in on superior food and drink is the main attraction, and the traveller who is in a hurry to spend some money in a stylish, dashing manner (as outlined, for example, in Charles Graves' "The Rich Man's Guide to Europe").

The most popular of the horde of travel books currently published in this country is "Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe," which, now in its twenty-eighth year and twenty-eighth edition, sells a hundred thousand copies annually. The brainchild of Temple Fielding, who, aided by his wife, Nancy, continues to do the bulk of the yearly re-research, this lively guide concerns itself mainly with the creature comforts—hotels, restaurants, night clubs, shops, and transport—and its enormous success would seem to indicate that Fielding has diagnosed with exceptional shrewdness the true passions of the contemporary American traveller. He presents his information in a slangy, strident prose that implies that no slick foreigner is going to take advantage of this on-the-ball American: "Amalfi, an important maritime republic during the Middle Ages, is also the target of dozens of daily bus tours from Naples, which pause here for refreshment on the spectacular (but not too difficult) coastal drive between Salerno and Sorrento. Small, routine village; handsome but rather mediocre hotels; tailor-made for Mr. Cook and his tours, but not for us." This very brashness apparently appeals to Fielding's readers, along with his somewhat rambunctious sense of humor: "The Blue Boar, a midvillage Trust Houses Forte link, is rooting for fatter acorns. Vaulted lobby totally restyled; lounge reshaped; bar remixed; staff unruffled by the presence of clients; sedately antique dining room; most accommodations similarly stripped of beauty by stuffing them thickly with vinyl, plastics, ugly Bakelite and other synthetics. *What* a Boar it was to us, we're Blue to report!"

Among the series of travel books put out in this country today, the most successful is Fodor's Modern Guides, which has now reached a total of forty-seven books, the bulk of them dealing with individual countries and the rest with geographical areas and major cities. Most of the titles are revised and updated annually; furthermore, twenty-four are also available in French editions and twenty-five in Italian editions. The man who steered this series to its present eminence is Eugene Fodor, a sixty-nine-year-old native of Hungary, who produced his first travel book—a guide to Europe—back in the nineteen-thirties, when he was based in London. After shifting his operations to this country, just before the war, Fodor got started up again in 1950, when he brought out four travel books. He now makes his headquarters in Litchfield, Connecticut. Fodor's guides, highly coöperative enterprises involving writers, contributors, area editors, associate editors, and editors, vary markedly in quality. The text is supplemented by photographs, maps, and city plans, and also by advertisements. Unlike Fielding, Fodor emphasizes the historical and the cultural, and the tone is so pervasively anti-hip that there are moments when it stirs up echoes of the old James Fitzpatrick travelogues: "From Alacahöyük you can get directly onto the Ankara-Amasya road back near Sungurlu. You are truly reluctant to have to leave these places. You find yourself wishing that you had lived back in those ancient days when there was more time for everything, perhaps even envying the passing peasant slowly ambling along behind his plodding oxen."

The distinction of being the largest seller of travel guides in the world belongs to Michelin, the huge French tire company. In 1900, roughly a dozen years after André Michelin and his brother Édouard began the manufacture first of bicycle tires and then of automobile tires, in a small plant in Clermont-Ferrand, the company brought out its first guide—a little booklet about where to sleep and where to buy gas, which was given away to drivers and mechanics who happened to find themselves in the city. From that day to the present, the motorist has been the man the Michelin Tourist Service has had primarily in mind in preparing its guidebooks. It puts out two kinds of guides—Red Guides and Green Guides. The Red Guides concern themselves largely with restaurants and hotels. In addition to the renowned Red Guide for France, which over the decades has been making and breaking the reputations of restaurants with its rating system of one star ("*bonne table*"), two stars ("*mérite un détour*"), and three stars ("*vaut le voyage*"), there are now Red Guides for Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Spain and Portugal, and the Benelux countries, and separate volumes for Paris and London, excerpted from their parent guides. Each year, they are scrupulously revised. At present, more than a half-million copies of the Red Guide for France are sold annually, along with another half-million copies of the other Red Guides. The Green Guides concern themselves with sightseeing,

Wm Hamilton

"Can you believe the human mind! Do you know that at this exact minute I'm thinking of amino acids, Thomas Jefferson, and you?"

and since they are meant to be carried by the tourist either in his pocket or in the glove compartment of his car they are narrow, slim, and light. At the moment, the French-language edition of this series includes guides to the city of Paris and to seventeen regions of France as well as to Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Portugal, and New York City. These six are also published in English, as are the Paris guide and four of the regional guides to France. To round things out, six of the Green Guides are published in German, and one, the guide to Italy, in Italian. All told, a million and a half Green Guides are sold each year. This popularity is deserved. Besides being kept admirably up-to-date and being moderately priced, they are written in good, straightforward prose, the illustrations and the layout are first-class, and the editorial judgment is sound. Like the Red Guides, the Green series uses the star system to rate the outstanding attractions: one star indicates that something is "interesting;" two stars that it is "worth a detour;" and three that it is "worth a journey." In addition, Michelin sells over ten million road maps each year, so the company would be in passable financial health even if it didn't move a single tire.

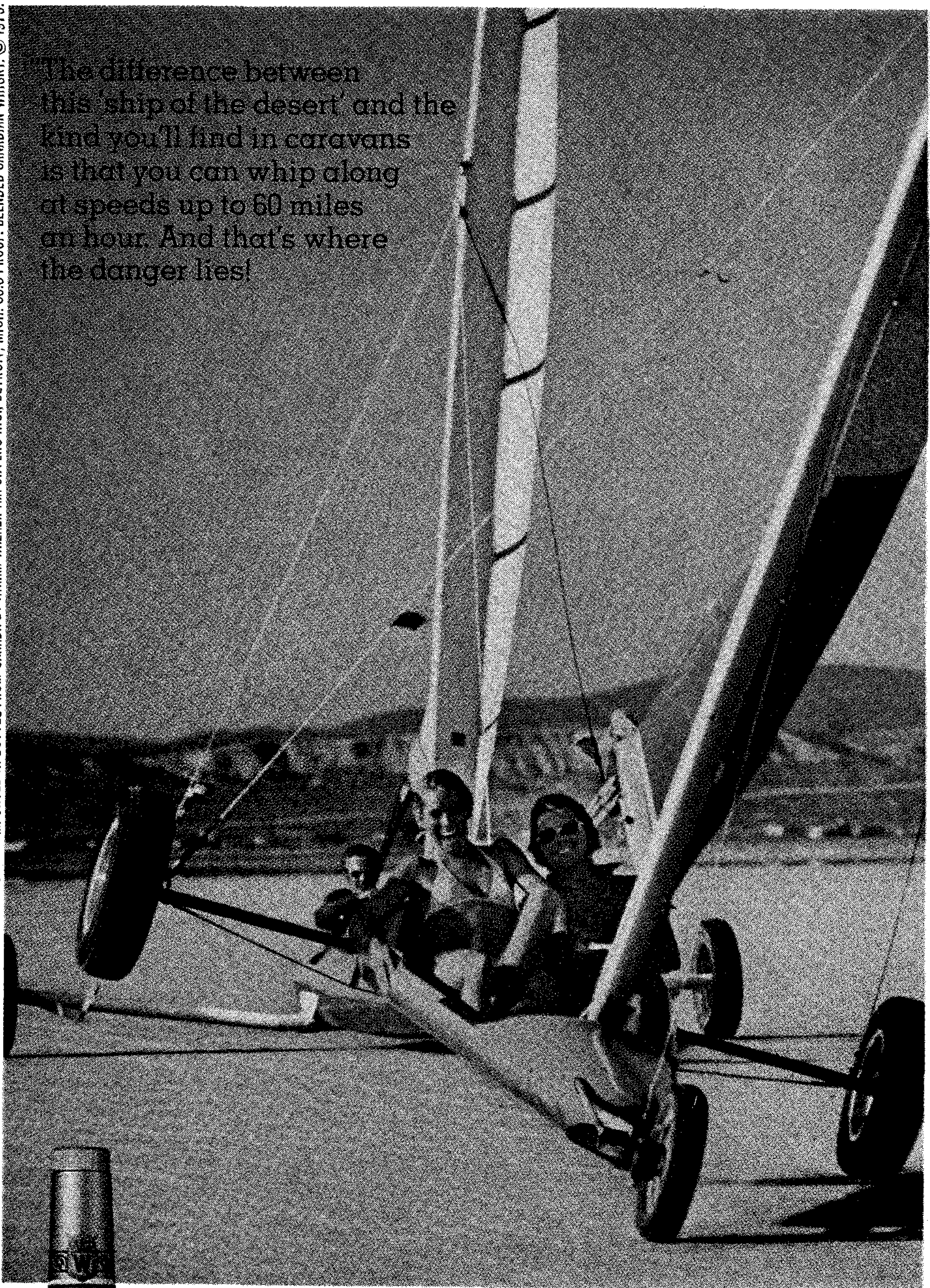
Despite their vast readership and their awesome commercial clout, none of these modern colossi have achieved anything like the prestige and acclaim that the most famous travel-book publisher of all time, the house of Baedeker, enjoyed over a forty-year period, which reached its peak around 1900 and ended with the outbreak of the First World War. Established in 1827 in Coblenz, by Karl Baedeker, the firm is still in business, operating today from headquarters in Freiburg im Breisgau under the direction of the founder's great-grandson Karl Friedrich Baedeker. Though it remains the largest publisher of travel books in Germany—indeed, the latest editions of the familiar red-covered guides (in English and French as well as in German) can be found on the shelves of bookshops around the world—the company is today a fairly pale shadow of what it was in its heyday, when the very name Baedeker was a synonym for a travel guide, much as Louisville Slugger was at one period a synonym for a baseball bat, and as Xerox has come to be a synonym for a quick duplication process and Kleenex for a paper handkerchief. For example, in both Europe and America it was for many years a common thing to hear people who were planning trips ask the clerks in bookshops if they had, say, "Harper's new Baedeker for Scotland" or "the little brown Baedeker for Paris that Grieben puts out." There were excellent reasons for Baedeker's exalted position. To begin with, no other travel books were as reliable. As early as the eighteen-sixties, the *Pall Mall Gazette* referred to a Baedeker guide as "singularly accurate," and as late as the nineteen-twenties A. P. Herbert, the English humorist, proclaimed in a lyric for the musical comedy "La Vie Parisienne" that "Kings and government may err/ But never Mr. Baedeker." Then, too, no other series of guidebooks put out during this period was as complete or wide-ranging: at its high point, Baedeker published close to a hundred titles that covered Europe, North Africa, Asia, and North America. Certainly no other guidebooks were as well written as the Baedekers, with their insistence on fac-

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"When did you start saying 'by the bye'?"

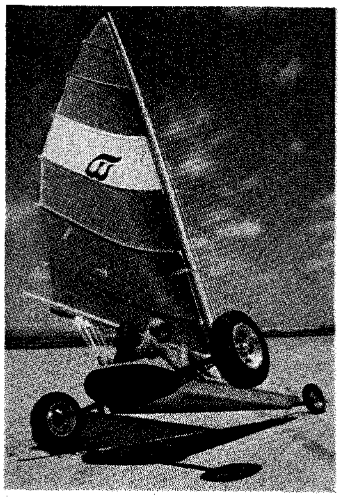
"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue."

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.



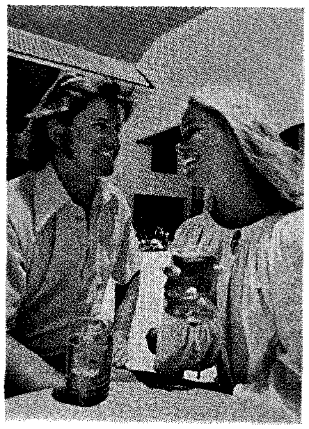
"The difference between this 'ship of the desert' and the kind you'll find in caravans is that you can whip along at speeds up to 60 miles an hour. And that's where the danger lies!

"It's virtually impossible to keep your careening craft on a straight and steady course. We were just at the point of capsizing . . .



". . . when I shouted to Jim, 'Throw your weight on my side!' Defying gravity and the gusting winds, we managed to get upright. From then on, it was smooth sailing.

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD



"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Hotel El Presidente in San Quintin."

Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

International size.

Seville...built in America to be at home anywhere in the world. Timeless in styling. Cadillac in craftsmanship. A car of performance and luxury. Maneuverable. Responsive—a 5.7 Litre, Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine is standard. And efficient. In EPA tests—Seville got 21 miles per gallon highway and 15 mpg city. For California figures, see your Cadillac Dealer.

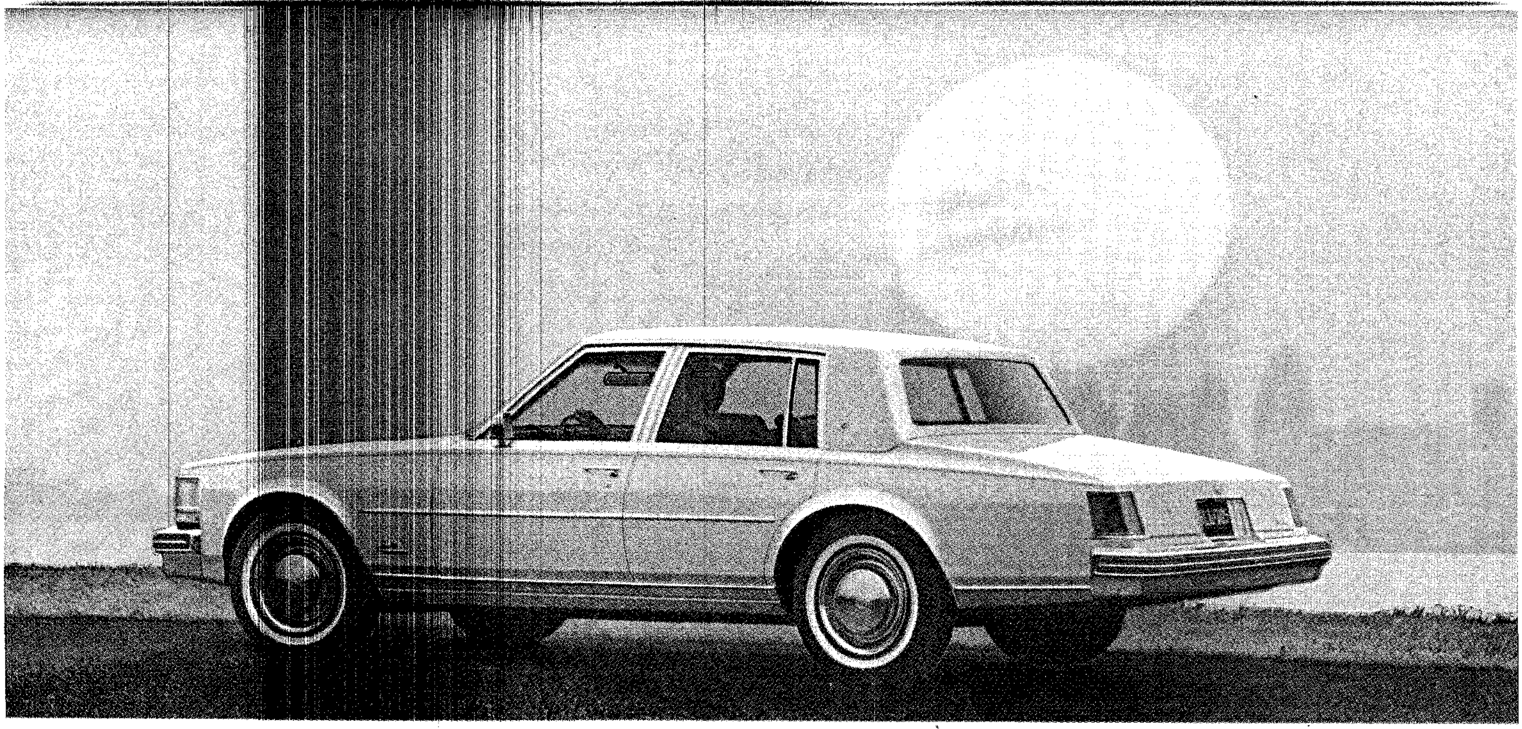
Seville

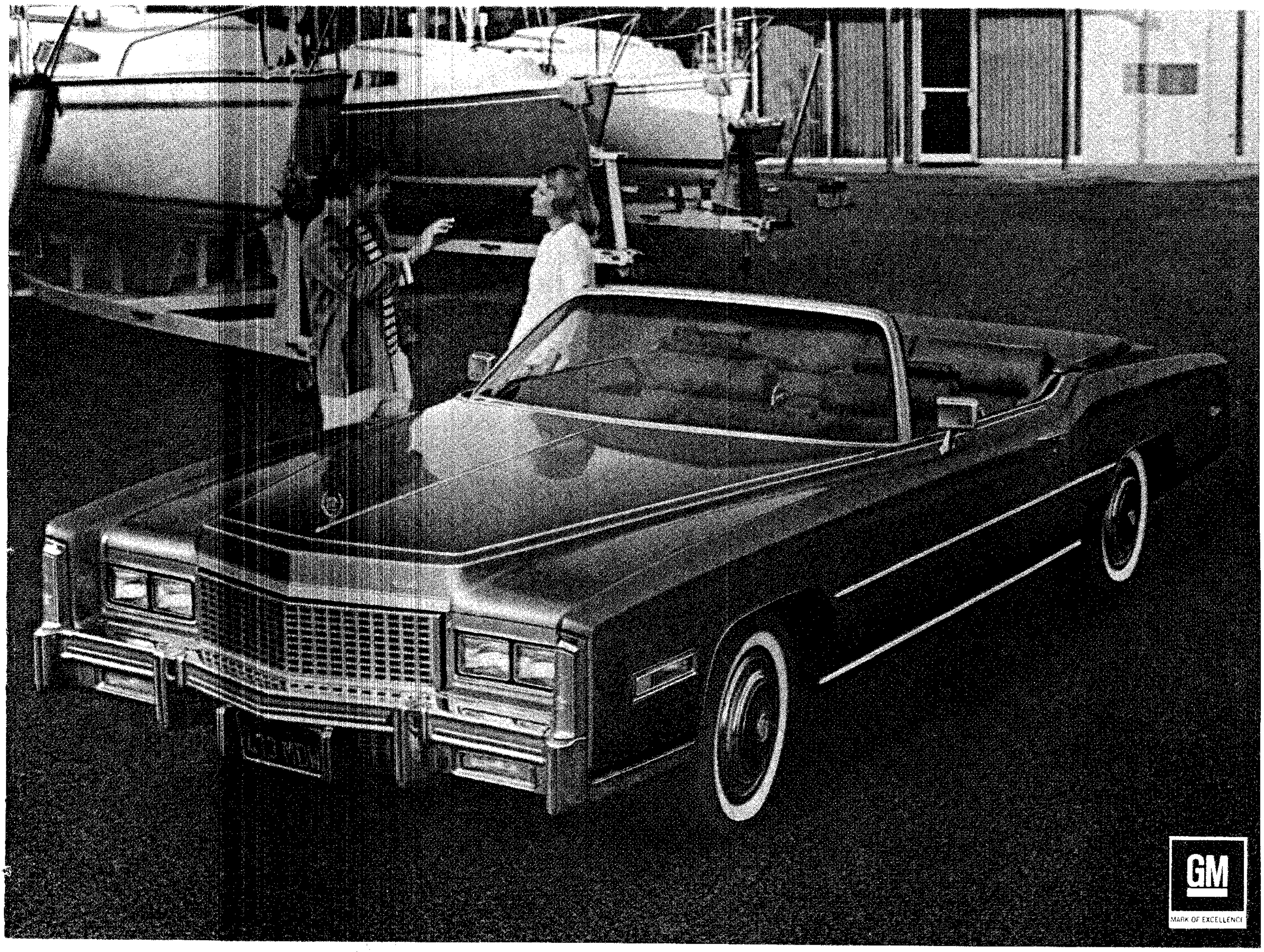
Whatever you want in a luxury car, Cadillac has it.

Family size.

In cars engineered to take it. Coupe deVille (shown). Sedan deVille. Fleetwood Brougham. The Calais. Cadillac Limousines. Plus special editions available with new "contoured pillow" seating. New colors and fabrics. Plus unseen advancements like the Freedom™ battery. And you may order Cadillac's Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine. The choice of '76 is at your Cadillac dealer's now.

Cadillac '76

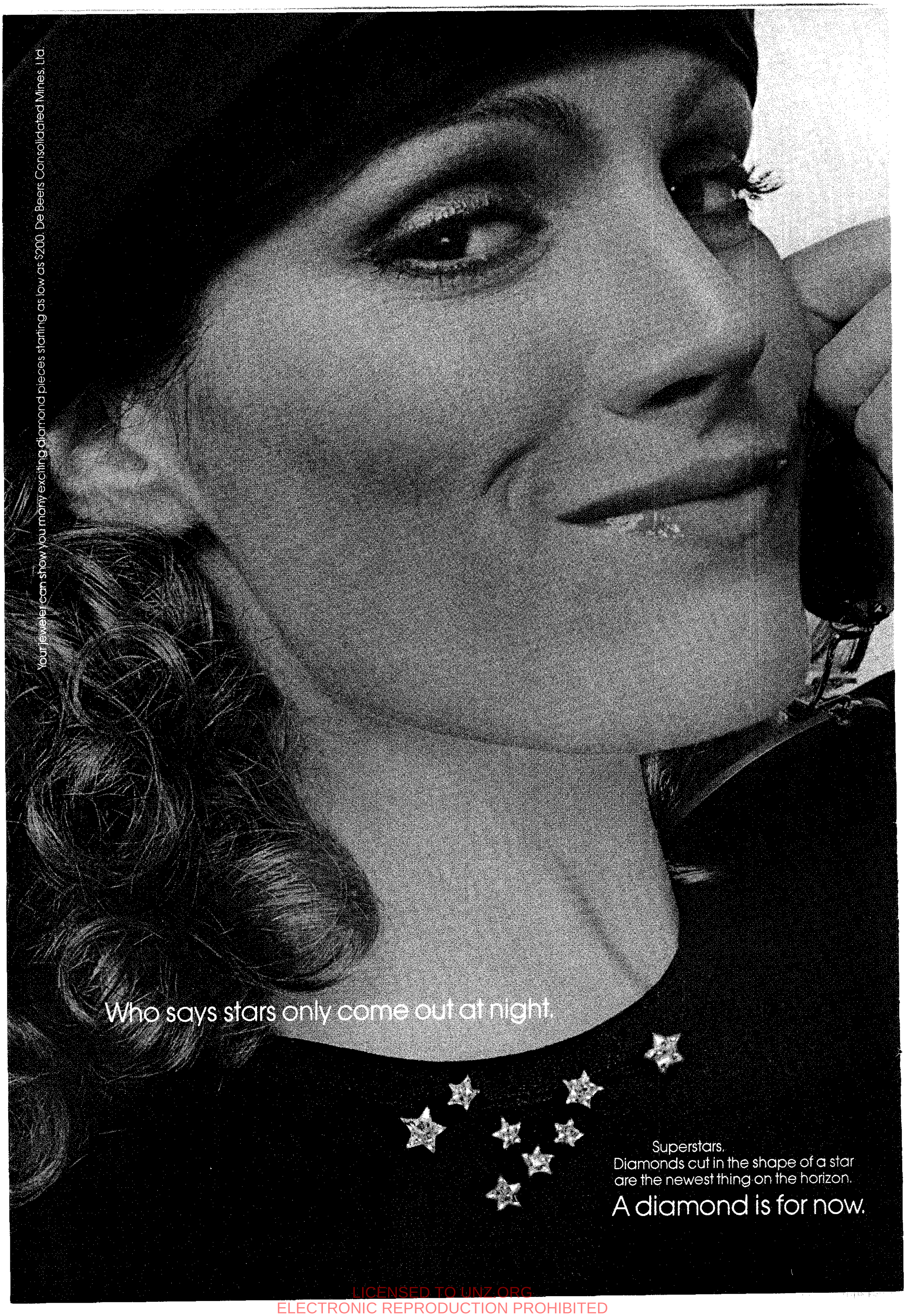




Personal size.

Coupe, Custom Cabriolet or Convertible . . . Eldorado '76 is one of the world's most exciting cars. With that rare blend of sportiness and luxury that is Eldorado. Plus the maneuverability and front seat roominess of front-wheel drive. Together with Variable Ratio Power Steering, Automatic Level Control and refinements for 1976, it adds up to a remarkable roadability.

Eldorado '76


Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as $200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.
Who says stars only come out at night.
Superstars.
Diamonds cut in the shape of a star
are the newest thing on the horizon.
A diamond is for now.

"Are you kidding? If you're doing a total of two hundred and twenty-six years, you must have done something wrong."

tualness, clarity, and directness. Bertrand Russell once confessed that he had two models for the style he arrived at—Milton's prose and Baedeker's. The quality he particularly admired in Baedeker was the fine economical use of language in recommending sights, restaurants, and hotels.

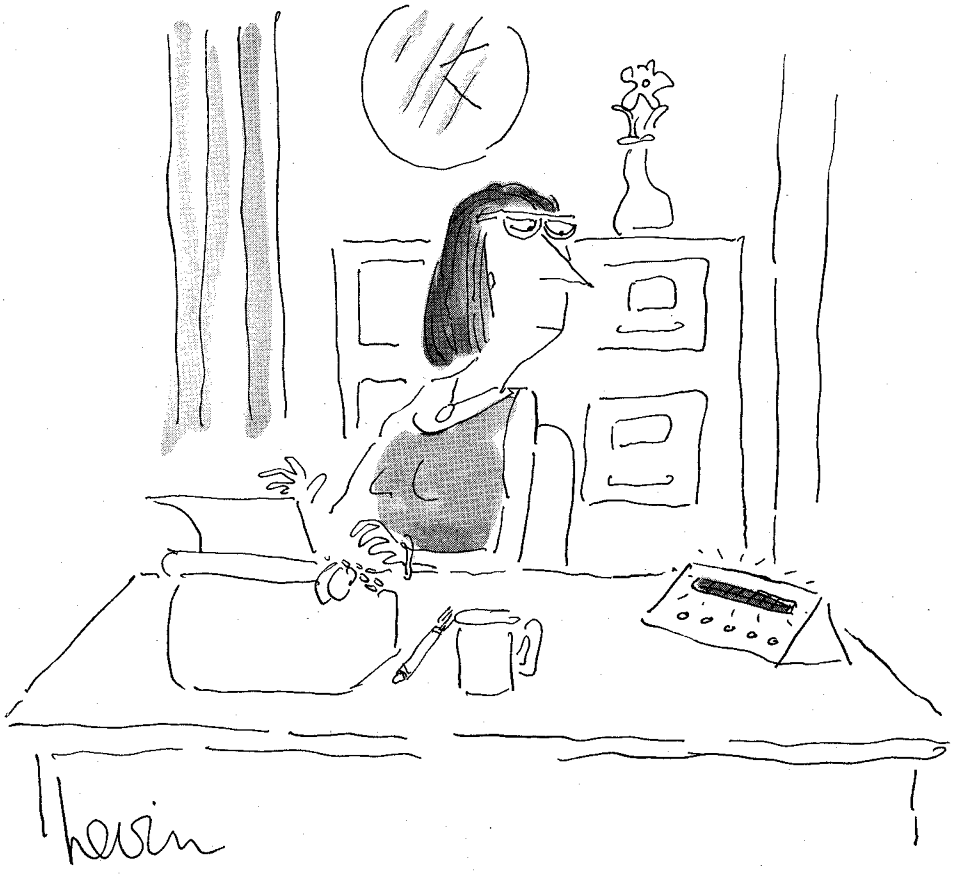
Anecdotes attesting to the eminence and influence of the Baedeker guides are numberless. The key figure in one that Karl Friedrich Baedeker likes to tell is Kaiser Wilhelm I of Germany, whose preferred residence was his small palace on Unter den Linden. One day in 1880, when he was talking to a visitor in an upstairs drawing room, Wilhelm, noting that it was almost noon, abruptly excused himself and hurried to a large corner window just in time to observe the changing of the guard in the avenue below. On returning to his visitor, he explained, "It's written in Baedeker that I watch the changing of the guard from that window, and the people have come to expect it." A few years earlier, Baedeker had brought out the original version of "Palestine and Syria," its first guidebook dealing with a region beyond the borders of Europe. One of the ardent fans of this particular volume was T. E. Lawrence, who was then a young student of archeology; he carried it with him on the journeys he made through the Near East in 1909 and 1911, seeking out and studying the old Crusader castles. "The whole history of the Crusades was a struggle for the possession of these castles," Lawrence wrote his Oxford friend Leonard Green from Syria in 1911, and, after summarizing how difficult it had been to find what he was looking for, he added, "And there is no book written by a man who has been out, except Baedeker!" During the First World War, the British War Office made its own reprint of "Palestine and Syria" for distribution to Army officers serving in that area. The publishing house learned about this in 1922, when the War Office thoughtfully sent it two copies of this edition for its archives and stated that the rest of the copies would be destroyed. The people at Baedeker have always had an idea that the man who probably arranged this special printing was Lawrence—"Lawrence of Arabia"—who, early in the war, was stationed in Cairo as map officer in the Intelligence Department of the War Office.

During the Second World War, considerable use was made of the various Baedeker guides. From the outset, the series had been known for the incredible detail and reliability of its maps—"made as if by spies for spies" is how Eric Newby, the English travel writer, once described them—and both sides had frequent recourse to them. General Nikolaus von Falkenhorst, of the German Army, was one military man who did. Von Falkenhorst, the head of planning and operations for the invasion of Norway, which the Nazis had scheduled for the spring of 1940, was taken completely off guard when Hitler asked him in midwinter to turn in within twenty-four hours an outline of his plan of attack. In "Zwischen Wehrmacht und Hitler," the German military historian Friedrich Hossbach tells us that in this crisis von Falkenhorst went to a bookshop and bought Baedeker's "Norway, Denmark, Iceland, Spitzbergen." To cover his tracks, he also purchased Baedeker's "Greece," "Northern Italy," and "Spain and Portugal." The most recent "Norway" available was the 1931 edition, but the maps, as was to be expected, were extensive and technically superb. After communing with his Baedeker, von Falkenhorst drew up his plan overnight and sketched it out the next day for Hitler, who was impressed and delighted with it. This was the plan that was used that April in the successful invasion of Norway.

Two years after this, Baedeker was involved in a strange, almost surreal chapter of the war, which cannot be understood unless one knows that just about a century earlier—in 1844, to be exact—the first Karl Baedeker had introduced the use of asterisks, single and double, as a method of commending hotels, restaurants, views, and works of art and architecture. Before long, the fact that something was starred in Baedeker was accepted throughout Europe as a trustworthy indication that it was of the top order. In any event, on the night of March 28, 1942, Royal Air Force planes bombed the Baltic port of Lübeck, a historic and beautiful city of only secondary strategic importance. After inspecting the damage, the Germans declared that the bombing of Lübeck would not go unanswered, and promised that the Luftwaffe would destroy everything in England that had "three stars" in Baedeker. (This was either hyperbole or carelessness on their part, for Baedeker's star limit is two.) Reprisals began almost immediately. In April, Exeter, Bath, Norwich, and

York were bombed, and on the night of May 31st, Canterbury and its cathedral were the target. Many notable buildings were hit in what the British press came to call "the Baedeker raids." Eventually, the term became standard usage and was listed in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. It is an eloquent comment on our times that thousands of people who know what a Baedeker raid is have no idea what a Baedeker is.

KARL BAEDEKER, the founding father, would have been most unhappy to see his name and his lifework linked with anything as senseless as war. A warmhearted, down-to-earth man, foursquare in physique and in principle, Baedeker was born in Essen in 1801. His boyhood coincided with the occupation of the Rhineland by Napoleon's troops, and although it took him many years to overcome his resentment of the French, he was by nature a constructive man who thought of Europe as "a wonderful garden with many beautiful flowers" and aspired "to be a good gardener." In a way, the house of Baedeker goes back well before Karl Baedeker's time—to the early eighteenth century, when one Diederich Baedeker established himself as a printer and publisher in Bielefeld, in Westphalia, a little to the south of Bremen, where the family originated. (The name Baedeker is pronounced "Bay′-de-ker," and, it is thought, derives from "*Boettcher*"—a man who makes wooden barrels.) In 1775, his son Zacharias Baedeker, moving farther south, set up a publishing house in Essen, and his son—Gottschalk Diederich, who became Karl's father—joined him in the business, a prosperous one that came to combine some printing, the publishing of the local newspaper, the *Essendische Zeitung*, and some bookselling. (In certain quarters, G. D. Baedeker is credited with having invented the lending-library system.) There was never any doubt that Karl, the eldest of ten children, would enter the family business. While he was attending the University of Heidelberg, he worked on the side for Mohr & Winter, the leading booksellers in town, and after his graduation he put in two more years learning the trade as an assistant to Georg Reimer, one of the top booksellers in Berlin. He then returned to Essen, but in 1827, after a relatively short spell in his father's firm, he left home and opened his own bookshop, in Coblenz. In those days, before the Industrial Revolution, Essen was a town of only four thousand, and young Baedeker felt that he had a much better future in Coblenz. Not only was it a good deal larger but it was also the capital of the newly created Rhine province of Prussia, and, being situated at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, had a vital international flavor. Moreover, steamboat travel on the Rhine was just about to get under way—in 1828 the Preussisch-Rheinische Dampfschiffahrtsgesellschaft began regular runs between Mainz and Cologne—and there was every promise that Coblenz, traditionally a center of tourism, would soon become an even more important focal point. It was not young Baedeker's intention to go into publishing—at least, not at that stage of his career—but in 1828 a small publishing house in Coblenz named Röhling went bankrupt, and he bought it out. One of the few books on Röhling's list that had sold well over a period of years was "A Guide to the Rhine—A Rhine Journey from Mainz to Cologne," by Professor Johannes August Klein. Professor Klein died in the early eighteen-thirties, and when the last copies of the book were sold, the question arose as to whether or not to reissue it. Baedeker, who loved to travel and had come to know the Rhine exceedingly well, decided that he would bring out a new edition and would handle the revisions himself. He had his own ideas about what should go into a travel book. Professor Klein's book, a fairly scholarly piece of work that was largely given over to the march of history up, down, and across the Rhine Valley and to ornate descriptions of the region's beauty, had been of service mainly to people who were planning a trip and wanted to acquire some general background knowledge. Karl Baedeker was all for providing this sort of lore, but he felt that a modern travel book should also contain practical information—the most comfortable hotels in the key cities and the prices of the rooms, the restaurants that gave the traveller the best value for his money, the easiest way to reach little-known, out-of-the-way towns and villages that had something special to offer, the times that the most efficient boats and diligences left the various cities. These data, he believed, should be presented in clear, unflorid language. Baedeker incorporated these ideas into a new edition of Professor Klein's best-seller, which he published in 1835.



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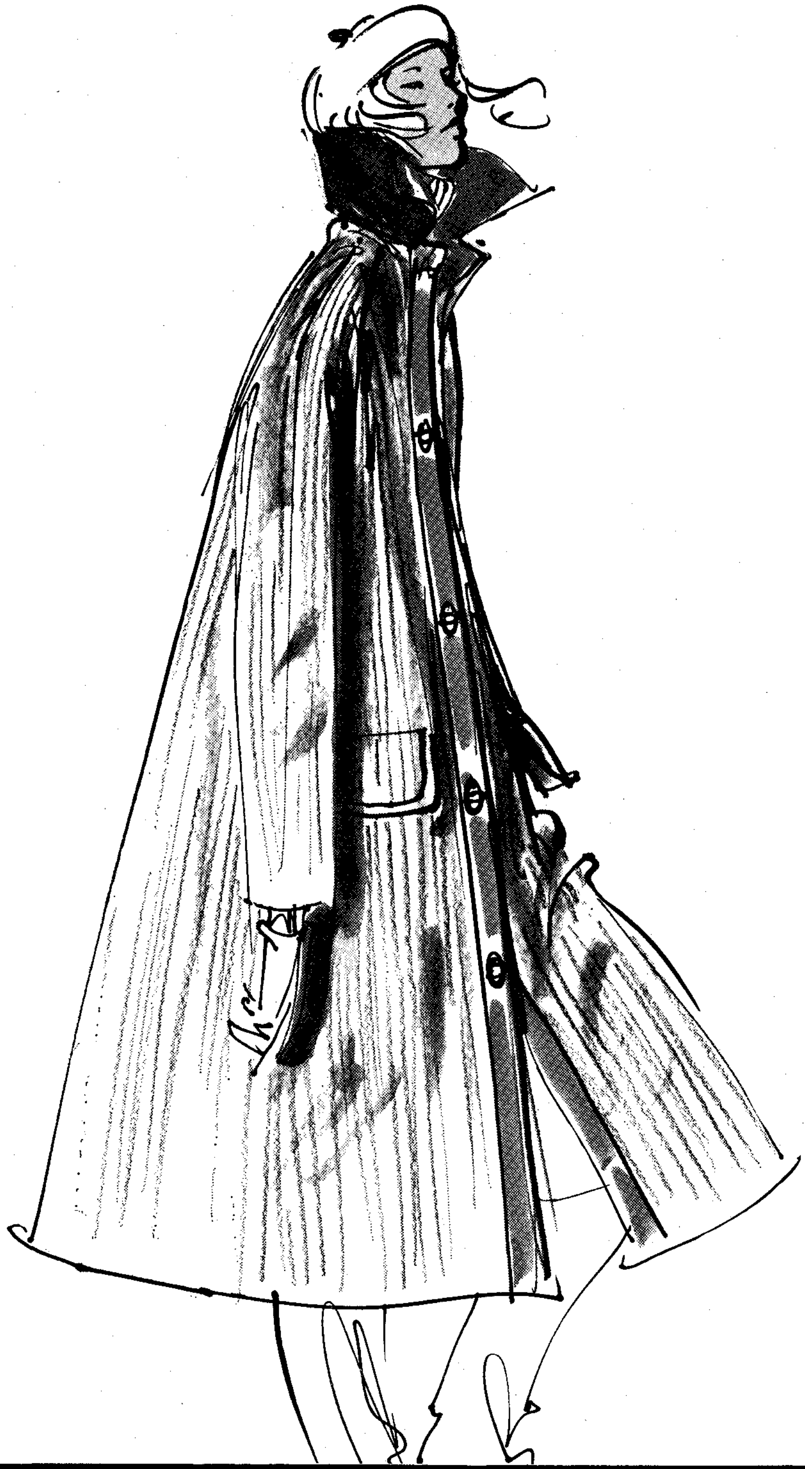
During the period when Baedeker

was formulating his thoughts on a new kind of travel guide, John Murray, the third in the distinguished line of London publishers to bear that name, was also deeply concerned with the subject. As time went on, Baedeker took pains to make it clear in a number of the prefaces to his guides that many of the pioneering concepts in the development of the modern travel book—concepts frequently attributed to Baedeker—were devised by Murray and later adopted by Baedeker. The third John Murray—the son of the John Murray who is best remembered as Byron's publisher—made his first trip to the Continent in 1829, when, as a young man of twenty-one, he visited Holland. The more he travelled, the more acutely he realized that guidebooks which actually helped a traveller were all but nonexistent, and so he "set to work to collect . . . all the facts, information, statistics, &c., which an English tourist would be likely to require or find useful." After he had filled up dozens of notebooks on his journeys, he hit upon a new and effective pattern of presenting his material: he arranged it by routes, taking his reader from a certain point of departure to the next sizable city, and so on, stop by stop, until that particular route reached its logical terminus. For each stop, he set forth solid, useful local information, along with relevant disquisitions "on History, Architecture, Geology, and other subjects suited to a traveller's need." The first of the Murray Handbooks to the Continent, covering Holland, Belgium, and North Germany, came out in 1836. It was followed by handbooks on South Germany, Switzerland, and France. (The second John Murray had coined the word "handbook" for the volumes in this series, which, designed to be carried in the traveller's hand, measured seven inches by four and five-eighths inches.) After a time, the third John Murray turned his attention to other facets of publishing—he personally supervised the work on Darwin's "Origin of Species" and on the journals of Dr. Livingstone—and the ensuing travel handbooks were done by men who were specialists in certain areas. Sir Francis Palgrave, for instance, did the one on Northern Italy. By the end of the century, there were Murray handbooks for all the counties of England as well as for most of the important countries of the world. However, keeping them up-to-date was both difficult and expensive, and this led the fourth John Murray to sell the copyright for them to Edward Stanford,



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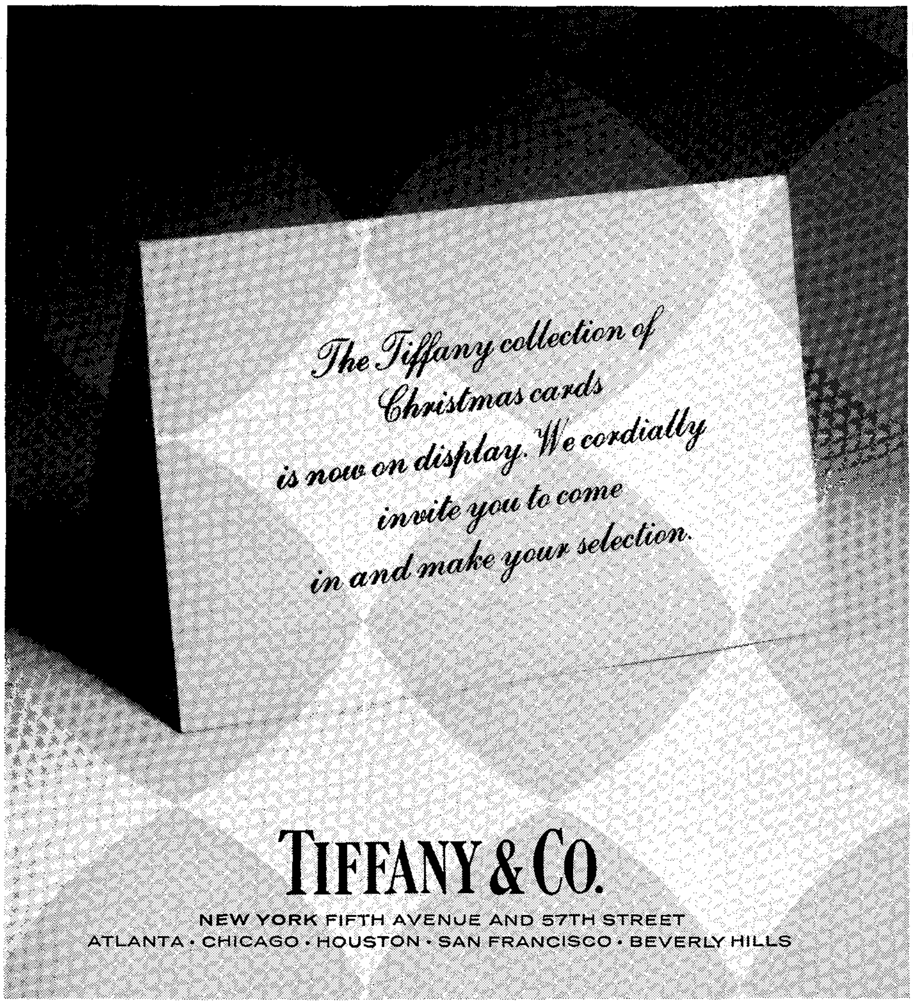
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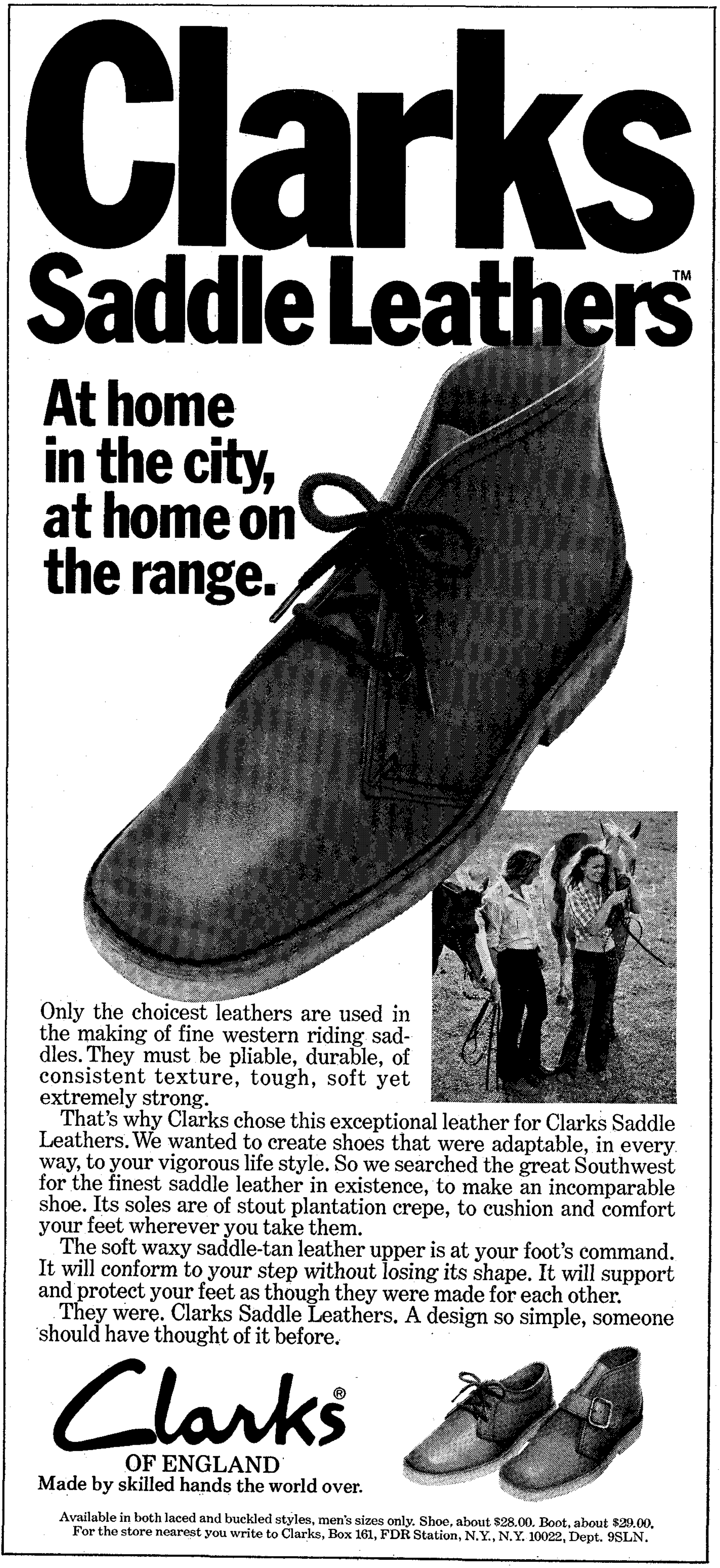
Ltd., the London map publishers. The only handbook that the firm of Murray held on to was the one for India, Burma, and Ceylon, which, with the addition of Pakistan, it continues to bring out, under the direction of John G. Murray and his son John R. Murray, the sixth and seventh generations of John Murrays who have been associated with the house of John Murray.

Baedeker became aware of the Murray handbooks soon after the series was launched. He was struck by the number of English tourists who came into his store in Coblenz to buy the books, and he also noticed that many English tourists shopping for other books were carrying a Murray guide. While Baedeker may already have been thinking of doing more travel books, the conspicuous popularity of this series no doubt influenced him to enter the field in earnest. In 1839, he brought out the first real Baedeker, "The Rhineland," a revision of Professor Klein's book that was so totally different from the original that the publisher was unquestionably entitled to list himself as the author, and did. The next year, the house of Baedeker issued "Holland" and "Belgium." These books were about the same size as the Murray books, and Karl Baedeker carried his imitation of that series a step farther by calling them handbooks. He also adopted Murray's format of covering a country route by route. In 1842, Baedeker published "Germany and the Austrian Empire," and in 1844 "Switzerland," his first tremendous success. These early volumes came out in tan covers ornamented with busy, Biedermeierish designs: for Belgium, a combination of the country's celebrated landmarks and its famous painters; for Holland, an amalgam of the emblems of leading cities and districts, a dairy farm, a noble savage, and the coat of arms of the royal family. In 1854, perhaps because he wanted his travel guides to be thought of as the German equivalent of Murray's, Baedeker switched to the color scheme that the Murray handbooks had borne from the start—raspberry-red covers with gold lettering. At the same time, it is hard to understand why Baedeker decided to make this move, for by that date his own guidebooks had begun to be accepted as a definite cut above the Murray series, and no one was more outspoken in proclaiming their superiority than English travellers who were proficient in German.

What made the Baedekers so good? One thing was their dependability. Because Karl Baedeker was sincerely devoted to his readers' welfare, he made it a rule to travel incognito, calling himself Mueller or Bruncker or some such name. This way, he was able to learn a great deal more about how a hotel or a restaurant actually operated than if he had identified himself as the man behind the increasingly powerful guidebooks; special attention would then have been lavished on him, and he probably would also have been charged lower prices than the average traveller. Throughout Baedeker's career, the men who tried to steal the traveller's money were his sworn enemies, and he was tireless in reminding his readers that, say, there was no need to tip the grizzled custodian at the such-and-such museum, even though it was the custodian's unnerving practice to start moaning and to continue to moan until a tourist had coughed up twelve or eighteen kreuzer. For another thing, Baedeker's facts were right. They were because he was an indefatigable man who did his own legwork. Indeed, he made it a rule not to describe or comment on anything he had not personally seen. The best-known example of his inflexibility in this regard occurred in the first edition of the guidebook on Germany and the Austrian Empire, in which, after informing the reader that the trip from Pola to Fiume could be made by steamer, he noted, "The writer of these lines made the trip at night and regrets that he can report nothing about it." He was also adroit at leading the traveller to the true points of interest by the most rewarding route, be it one of the old post roads that the mail coaches had rumbled over for decades or one of the routes that that newfangled contrivance the railroad was starting to develop. Baedeker made his first railroad trip in 1838, aboard a train that covered the dozen or so miles between Antwerp and Mechelen in forty-five minutes. He loved it, and he reported to his father in a letter, "A bell indicates the start and the locomotive begins to groan and the wheels revolve first slowly and then faster and faster, and then the train flies with its twenty-three to thirty coaches. What fun travelling is now!" The means of transport he preferred above all others, though, was walking. As he saw it, not only was walking uniquely rewarding both physically and morally but it was also the only way a person could extract the maximum benefit and pleasure from travel. The better to get across what he meant, Baedeker made frequent use of the verb phrase "*sich*



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[*etwas*] *erwandern*"—literally, "to get [something] out of walking"—and a citation from his 1859 "Switzerland" appears in Grimm's Deutsches Wörterbuch, a large, multivolume dictionary, begun in the eighteen-fifties, and still in the process of compilation, that traces in exhaustive detail the derivation of new words that have entered the German language.

It was characteristic of Karl Baedeker that he was always looking for ways to improve his product. With his healthy ego, it was no trouble at all for him to recognize his own limitations, and he set about engaging the leading experts to contribute articles on their specialties. One of the high points of several of the early handbooks, for example, were the accounts that Theodore Mommsen, the classical historian, wrote about the ancient towns established by the Romans. Baedeker also appreciated the value of good visual aids, and from the outset the maps produced for him by Eduard Wagner, of Darmstadt, were far ahead of their time. Another valuable plus was the fact that the Baedekers were regularly and conscientiously revised—a novelty then as now in travel-book publishing. Finally, the guidebooks were written in a crisp, precise, and unaffected style—a nice change from the flowery rhetoric favored by most travel writers. Although Baedeker had not the slightest intention of ingratiating himself with his readers, his humanity and his intense involvement with them came through on every page.

Another thing that came through in Baedeker's handbooks was the pleasure he took in his work. This is one of those rare instances, one senses, when a man found a calling *absolutely* suited to his talents and temperament. There is no shortage of stories that show Karl Baedeker in action, but three in particular, to my way of thinking, afford trenchant glimpses of this exceptional man. The first was related by Gisbert von Vincke, a German Shakespearean scholar. In 1844, when von Vincke was making his way up the stairs to the roof of the Milan Cathedral, his attention was attracted by the man just ahead of him—a stocky fellow of about five feet seven, with broad features and muttonchop whiskers, who at regular intervals reached into his waistcoat pocket with his right hand, plucked out a small object, and deposited it in a trouser pocket. Back at his hotel, von Vincke spotted this man in the dining room and learned from the headwaiter that he was Baedeker. After the meal, he introduced himself to Baedeker and asked him if he would be kind enough to explain his strange ritual on the cathedral staircase. Oh, Baedeker said with manifest pleasure, he had been counting the steps to the cathedral roof. To guard against losing his count, he had taken the precaution of filling a waistcoat pocket with a supply of peas. After every twenty steps, he had transferred a pea from that pocket to his trouser pocket.

The second glimpse of Baedeker takes us to the Bethmann Museum, in Frankfurt. One of the museum's prized possessions was a marble sculpture by Johann Heinrich von Dannecker depicting Ariadne riding a panther. The better to show off the piece, the museum director had placed it by itself in a special room with red curtains on the windows. The effect of the curtains was to suffuse Ariadne with a sexy, pinkish glow, which Baedeker liked very much, and though his friends must have chided him that his taste was hopelessly kitsch, he refused to let them budge him, and awarded Ariadne on the panther one star.

The third and most instructive of these glimpses picks Baedeker up in Paris in the middle eighteen-fifties. He had by this time outgrown his youthful antipathy to the French and was collecting material for a book on the French capital, which was published in 1855, shortly after his volume on the Tyrol appeared. "Paris" was the last handbook Baedeker did. It is surely one of his best. In the introduction, there is a charming section on street cries and another on children's games and songs, illustrated with diagrams of the opening bars of "Sur le Pont d'Avignon" and two other songs. The body of the book furnishes an incisive example of the combination of flair and industry that elevated Baedeker to a position far above his rivals. Since no proper ground plan of the Père-Lachaise Cemetery (two stars) was available, the obvious solution was to prepare one himself. He spent eight hours one day and five and a half hours the next traipsing over the cemetery's hundred and ten acres, and found the graves of Abelard and

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Héloise, La Fontaine, Molière, Chopin, and many of the other famous men and women buried there. The ground plan of Père-Lachaise found great favor with the Baedeker regulars, and it still does.

KARL BAEDEKER died in October of 1859, at the age of fifty-eight. For years, he had attempted to do the work of several men, preparing the new guidebooks single-handedly, and periodically revising the older ones. At length, his sturdy physical endowment had worn out under the strain. According to one story, which may be fictional, as the funeral procession made its way down the streets of Coblenz, walking in the midst of it came a man carrying a red-covered Baedeker: he had been chosen to represent the countless thousands of travellers for whom the guidebooks had become trusted companions. According to a variation on this story, which also may have been concocted out of thin air, as the funeral procession was winding through the streets, a traveller who had just come to town inquired who had died, and on learning who it was, he joined the procession, holding his Baedeker in his hand.

Karl Baedeker had seven children—four sons and three daughters. His firstborn, Heinrich, died in infancy. His three other sons entered the business. Ernst, the eldest of these, was only twenty-eight when, in 1861, he died of sunstroke in Egypt, where he had gone to work on a guidebook. The second son, Karl, a noted mountaineer—along with Edmund von Fellenberg, he was the first man to reach the top of the Silberhorn, in 1863—was a very able writer and editor. He was responsible for the beautifully researched revised editions of the guidebooks on Switzerland and the Tyrol, and he contributed signally to the new volumes on Italy. In 1878, when he was forty-one, his health suddenly failed, and though he lived on for many years, he was obliged to forgo further active participation in the firm. The youngest son, Fritz, lived to be eighty, and it was he who ran the show during Baedeker's days of glory. In personality, Fritz was quite different from his father. Whereas Karl Baedeker was a gregarious soul who loved to listen to jokes, especially his own, Fritz, a big, stout, mustachioed man who tried to look like Bismarck, was a bit of a despot. For all his pomposity, however, he possessed shrewd editorial judgment, a decided gift for administration, and the stamina to carry things through. In a

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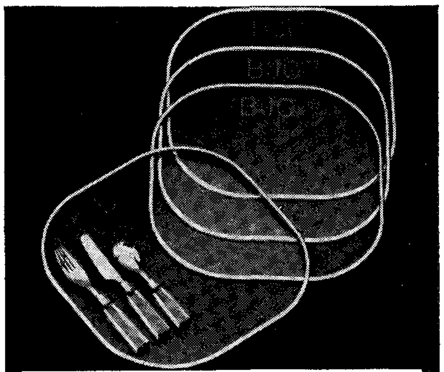

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word, he was exactly the right man to superintend the expansion of the house of Baedeker.

In 1872, the year after the unified state of Germany was formed, Fritz made a major decision: he moved the company's headquarters from Coblenz to Leipzig, the traditional center of German publishing. From then on, all the new Baedekers were printed by various Leipzig printers, but throughout the rest of the century most of the new editions of the pre-1872 guidebooks continued to be printed, as they had been from the beginning, in the old G. D. Baedeker plant, in Essen. Fritz made a number of other significant changes. He persuaded Eduard Wagner and his son, Heinrich (who had by then joined the famous Darmstadt cartography firm), and Ernst Debes, an outstanding cartographer from the firm of Justus Perthes, in Gotha, to join forces and to follow him to Leipzig, where their new company was installed in an office building adjacent to the publishers. (The Baedeker company, by the way, continued to be known as Karl Baedeker, as it still is.) Wagner & Debes made a very important contribution to the guidebooks, providing them not only with the best maps in the world, many in color, but also with superb ground plans of palaces, churches, gardens, museums, and castles, and with some extraordinary panoramas of Alpine ranges and other such two-star vistas. To keep the books from growing too bulky as more and more pages were added, Fritz began printing them on extra-thin Bible paper—*Dünndruckpapier*, it is called in Germany. He kept the raspberry-red covers and the gold lettering his father had settled on, but he embellished the books by marbling their edges with delicate veins of blue, green, black, and red, using special pigments found in Icelandic moss and applied by hand. He undertook to publish many new volumes, creating guidebooks for just about all the European countries, for Palestine and Syria (first edition, 1875), Egypt (1877), the United States (1893), and India (1914), as well as for major capital cities, like London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, and for certain areas, like the Riviera, that were exceptionally popular with travellers. Had the First World War not broken out, ultimately there probably would have been a Baedeker for every corner of the globe. When the war came, work on guidebooks for Japan and China, which had been going on for several years, had to be suspended,

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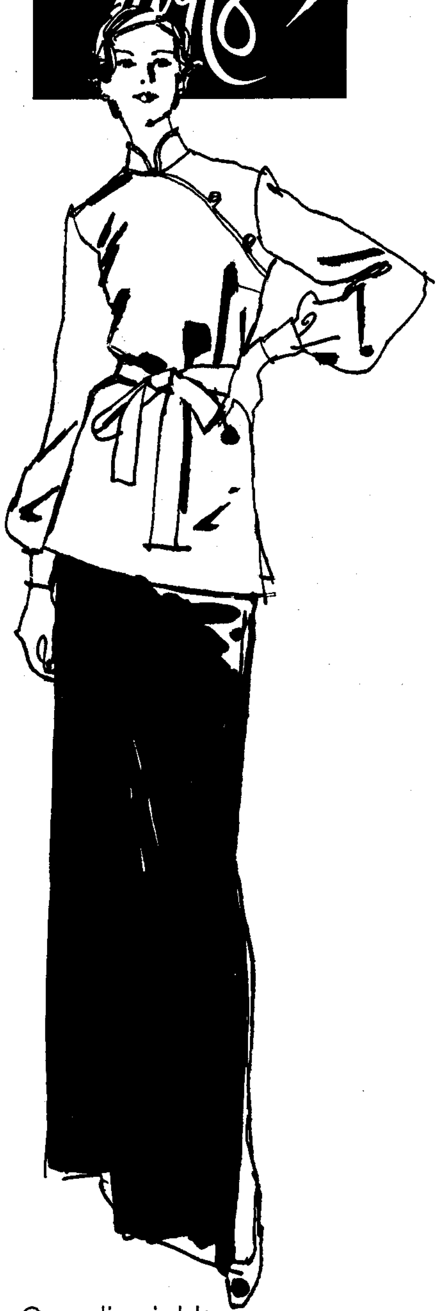

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and those books were never published. A chapter on Peking, with a magnificent map of the city, first appeared, however, in the 1904 German edition of "Russia," as a side trip.

Under Fritz's efficient leadership, Baedeker's list expanded in another direction. While a French translation of "Die Rheinlande"—"Le Rhin"—had been brought out as early as 1846, it wasn't until 1861, when "The Rhine" was published, that the first English-language Baedeker appeared. Thereafter, most of the new guidebooks were published in English and French as well as in German. The very fact that the books were now available in two additional languages naturally helped to spread their reputation around the world, but there was more to it than that. With the thoroughness characteristic of its operations, the house of Baedeker was not content to put out cut-and-dried translations of its German editions. It took pains to find out what especially interested the people who lived in France, Great Britain, and the United States, and to present this information in a manner that would appeal to them. As a matter of fact, it wasn't long before the English-language Baedekers became far more popular with both English and American travellers than any of the guidebooks published in their own countries. There is an amusing story about the translated Baedekers that involves Fritz's eldest son, Hans. During a trip to Florence, where he was gathering material for a new edition of "Central Italy," Hans was looking down on the city from a high terrace one evening when two English ladies, Baedekers in hand, approached the balustrade and took up positions a few paces away. Hans spoke excellent English—he had attended Edinburgh University—and when he heard one of the English ladies confess to her companion that she didn't understand a remark Baedeker had made about the Duomo, he stepped forward and said that he thought he could be of service. Pulling out his own Baedeker from his pocket, he was in the process of clearing up the difficulty when one of the ladies interrupted him. "I see you have a German translation," she said. "I find that fascinating. I didn't know Baedeker made them."

As the business grew and flourished, Fritz became a rich and influential man. He built a new office building for the firm in downtown Leipzig and a fine home for himself overlooking the Elster River. It was a good-sized house, for he had a large family: four

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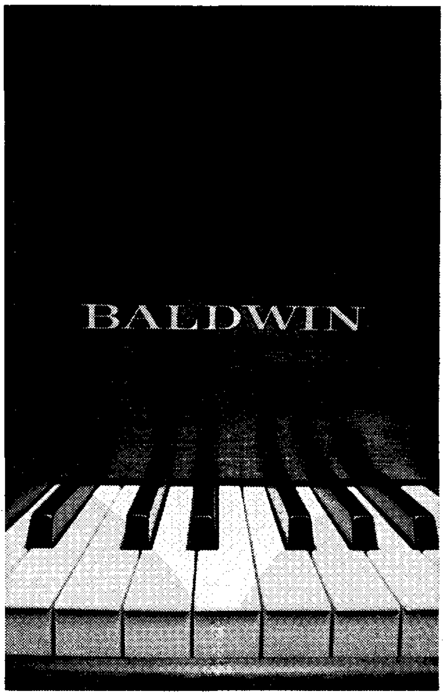
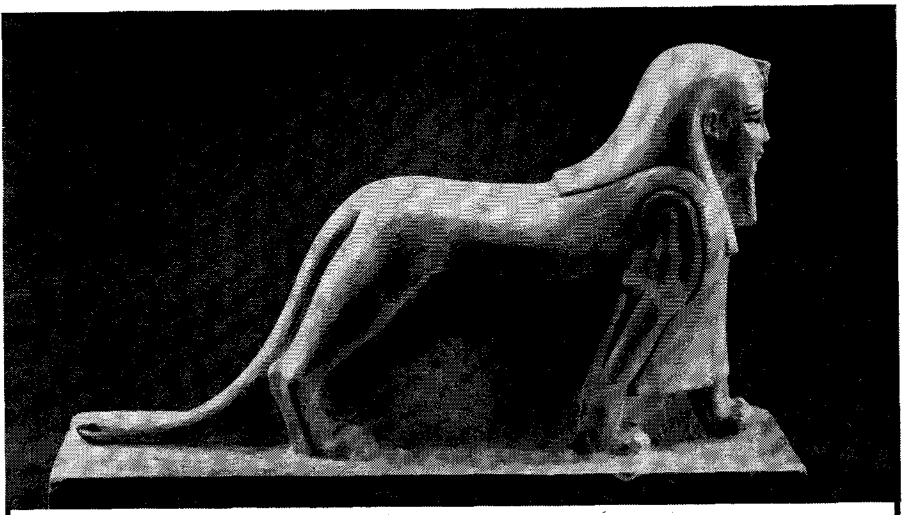


Dick
Hyman's
Accompanist

sons—Hans, Karl, Ernst, and Dietrich—and a daughter, Marianne. In truth, it was a showplace. It had a great hall with a small palm tree and whirring cockatoos, a billiard room, and a stately dining room, in which Fritz, a creature of habit, drank a bottle of *vin rouge* each evening at dinner as he sat in his oak chair, the back decorated with two lions rampant. There were rowboats in the Elster, gardens on the ample land behind the house, horses in the stables, and, when the age of the automobile arrived, a glittering blue Daimler in the garage. Fritz, who spoke good English and French and some Italian, travelled fairly extensively on business. He enjoyed his hours at home, walking the grounds with his dog (he had a variety over the years, including a French poodle and an Irish terrier), conferring with his gardener, and being attended by his valet and his chauffeur. For business, he dressed rather formally and carried a walking stick with an ivory handle, but when he was relaxing at home he affected a wide-brimmed country hat, like the one Bismarck wore. "Fritz loved to play the role of the head of the family," his grandson Karl Friedrich recalled not long ago. "He was a vain man and he was inclined to be severe, and there was no question at any time who was running the show. He loved to gather his family around him, either at his home or in the country—his daughter had married and lived on a farm in Torgau—and play the piano, with his grandchildren and everybody else singing. He favored chorales like 'Lobet den Herren' and 'Geh aus mein Herz und suche Freud.' But the thing I remember most vividly about my visits to my grandfather's house when I was a boy was a little toy bird he had. It was a beautiful bird, made of bright-colored feathers. Its bill was mother-of-pearl. The bird's nest was a golden box, and when you lifted the lid, the little bird sprang up and turned in different directions singing, and as it sang its bill would quiver slightly. When the song was over, it fell back into its nest. Whenever we congregated at Grandfather's house during a holiday, all of us children—sometimes there were over a dozen of us—would entreat him, 'Please show us the little bird.' He was a firm man, as I say, and he allowed us to hear it only once each holiday visit."

Fritz also put on a pretty good show during office hours, but beneath the bluster lay sense and discernment. While he had immense respect for the



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editorial approach his father had developed, as soon as it had become clear that railroads were here to stay Fritz lost little time in ordering all the Baedekers to be revised so that they followed the new rail routes and not the old postal routes. He kept his standards high—possibly too high, in the opinion of many travellers, when it came to bestowing the top award of two stars. Both natural and man-made wonders had to be in the same exalted category as Niagara Falls and the Great Pyramid of Cheops to be reasonably sure of making the grade. In defending his ratings, Fritz pointed out that when one's field of scrutiny was the whole world, as was his, one's criteria necessarily had to be somewhat stringent. He was not a man who was easily intimidated. Once, when a new edition of the guidebook on Berlin was brought out, at his bidding the Siegesallee, a broad avenue flanked by white marble statues of rulers from the Brandenburg and Prussian dynasties, was not accorded even one star. Kaiser Wilhelm II, through one of the secretaries on his staff, demanded an explanation of this lèse-majesté, but Fritz stood his ground. He did not go as far as to tell Wilhelm that many Berliners scornfully referred to the statues as the White Puppets, but he also did not give the Siegesallee a star. Whereas his father's guidebooks were filled with quotations from Schiller, his idol, and were imbued with the spirit of the German Romantic movement, which he had encountered as a student at Heidelberg, Fritz, no less a child of *his* time, was attuned to the natural sciences and their enshrinement of strict fact. His aim was to make his guidebooks so accurate that even an expert could not find fault with anything that touched on his particular province. Errors crept in, however, and occasionally they clanked in. One of the noisiest concerned a snatch of verse that usually appeared opposite either the title page or the preface in the English-language editions:

Go lytel boke god sende the good
 passage...
And specyally let this be thy
 prayere
Unto hem al that the wyl rede or
 here
Where thou art wronge after her
 helpe to cal
The to correcte in any parte or al.

In the first English Baedekers, which came out in the eighteen-sixties and the early eighteen-seventies, this verse was attributed to Chaucer and the date given as 1380. The lytel bokes, however, did their job extremely well: a large number of readers wrote in to tell the publisher that he was wrong and that Chaucer never wrote any such lines. For a while, the verse appeared in the English Baedekers without a signature, but later its author was established as Sir Richard Ros, who lived in the fifteenth century, and he continues to receive credit for this lyrical burst. However, probably the best-known instance of a Baedeker reader's writing to the publisher to point out a mistake involved Mark Twain, who let the world in on it in "A Tramp Abroad," published in 1880. The passage is nothing more, really, than a brief throat-clearing toward the close of Twain's hilarious account of how he and his travelling companion—a fellow named Harris—climbed the Rigi-Kulm, the highest and northernmost point of a mountain group that rises some forty-five hundred feet above the Lake of Lucerne. After a succession of the most absurd dawdlings and detours, which made it necessary for them to stop two nights at inns en route to the top, Twain and Harris at length reached the summit and entered the Rigi-Kulm hotel. Twain's account continues:

> Supper warmed us, and we went immediately to bed—but first, as Mr. Baedeker requests all tourists to call his attention to any errors which they may find in his guide-books, I dropped him a line to inform him that when he said the foot-journey from Weggis to the summit was only three hours and a quarter, he missed it by just about three days. I had previously informed him of his mistake about the distance from Allerheiligen to Oppenau, and had also informed the Ordnance Department of the German government of the same error in the imperial maps. I will add, here, that I never got any answer to these letters, or any thanks from either of those sources; and what is still more discourteous, these corrections have not been made, either in the maps or the guide-books. But I will write again when I get time, for my letters may have miscarried.

WHAT were the Baedeker guidebooks like at this period, when they were first becoming an integral part of the international traveller's equipment? The guidebooks for Switzerland put out during the eighteen-seventies, such as the one that Twain carried with him, are typical of these Baedekers. In the 1873 edition of "Switzerland," for example, the introduction was broken down into fifteen sections devoted to practical matters on every traveller's mind: plan of excursion, etc.; travelling expenses and money; hotels and *pensions;* passports; excursions on foot; maps; guides; *voi-*

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turiers and horses; posting and telegraphs; railways; history; constitution and statistics; geology of the Alps; glaciers; and wrestling matches. This material, set in small but extremely legible type, took up some forty-three pages. The body of the book consisted of three hundred and ninety-six pages of text, plus a thirty-one-page index. (On all the pages, the lines of type were leaded out sufficiently to make for easy reading.) The text, supplemented by twenty-nine maps and panoramas and ten plans of towns, was given over to routes—ninety-eight in all. Route 18, for example, went from Zurich to the Rigi and Lucerne by Horgen, Zug, Immensee, and Küssnacht. (It took up about three pages.) Route 19 described Lucerne and Pilatus (six pages). Route 20 went from Lucerne to Brunnen by Küssnacht, Arth, and Schwyz (three pages). Route 21 described the Rigi (nine pages). Route 22 went from Lucerne to Como by the St. Gotthard (eighteen pages). Route 23 went from Lucerne to Altorf by Stans and Engelberg (three pages). Route 24 went from Lucerne over the Brünig to Brienz (three pages). Route 25 went from Lucerne to Bern (two pages). Route 26 described Bern (five pages). Route 27 then described the Bernese Oberland (twenty-nine pages).

From the moment the traveller opened his copy of "Switzerland"—the same applied to every Baedeker—he knew that he was in experienced, professional hands. In the preface he read:

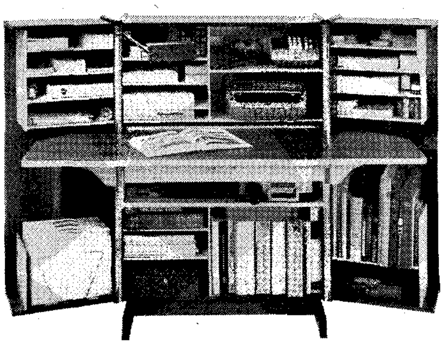
> The object of the Handbook for Switzerland is to render the traveller as independent as possible of the services of guides, domestiques de place, voituriers, and innkeepers, and enable him to realise to the fullest extent the exquisite and rational enjoyment of which this magnificent country is the fruitful source.

That was comforting. In the first section of the introduction, on the plan of excursion, he was filled in on the big picture:

> The most favourable time for a tour in Switzerland is from the middle of July to the middle of September, and for expeditions among the higher Alps the month of August.
>
> It sometimes happens in summer that snow accompanies rain in high regions, and renders the mountain-paths impassable; but these are exceptional occurrences. In ordinary seasons the snow disappears from the Rigi and the route through the Bernese Oberland at the beginning of June, but not till later on the Furca, the Grimsel, and the Gemmi, where it sometimes lies throughout the season.

The third section of the introduction, on hotels and *pensions,* provided

The Organizer.



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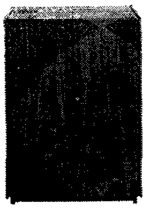

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the traveller with a foretaste of the punctilious detail he would be assisted with throughout the book:

> The ordinary charges in the first-class hotels are: bedroom 2 fr. and upwards, table d'hôte without wine at 1 o'clock 3-4 fr., at 4 o'clock or later 4-5 fr.; breakfast (tea or coffee, bread, butter, and honey) 1½ fr. in the public room, 2 fr. in the traveller's apartment; candles 1 fr., service 1 fr.; supper generally *à la carte.*

At the end of this section were several paragraphs of special interest to certain travellers, such as one on wine:

> Wine is often a source of much vexation. The ordinary table wines are sometimes so bad that the traveller is compelled to drink those of a more expensive class, which is indeed the very aim and object of the landlord. The wisest course is to select a wine which is the growth of the country; in N. and E. Switzerland, the produce of *Schaffhausen* or *Winterthur* is recommended, in the Grisons *Valtellina* (p. 343) (better qualities of which are *Sassella, Inferno, Sforzato, Ca' Bianca,* etc.), in the Valais the wine of the canton, in the W. of Switzerland *Lacôte* (p. 174), *Lavaux* (p. 192), *Yvorne* (p. 198), and *Neuchâtel* (p. 165).

The guidebook for Switzerland assumed that everyone who was up to it would be allocating a good portion of his time in that country, if not all of it, to a walking tour. The fifth section of the introduction, about excursions on foot, offered many helpful tips, like these under the subhead "Disposition of Time":

> The first golden rule for the pedestrian is to start on his way betimes in the morning. If strength permits, and a suitable halting-place is to be met with, a two hours' walk may be accomplished before breakfast. At noon a moderate luncheon is preferable to the regular table d'hôte dinner. Repose should be taken during the hottest hours, and the journey then continued till 5 or 6 p.m., when a substantial meal (evening table d'hôte at the principal hotels) may be partaken of. The traveller's own feelings will best dictate the hour for retiring to bed.

The final paragraphs of this section bore the subhead "Health," and went, in part, like this:

> For *wounds* and *bruises,* which few altogether escape in a protracted excursion, tincture of arnica is a good remedy, and moreover has a bracing and invigorating effect if rubbed on the limbs after much fatigue. Saturnine ointment is beneficial in cases of inflammation of the skin, an inconvenience frequently caused by exposure to the glare of the sun on the snow.

A century ago, before the advent of modern mass tourism, the human touch and the sense of genuine interest that came off the pages of these guidebooks meant a great deal to the many trav-

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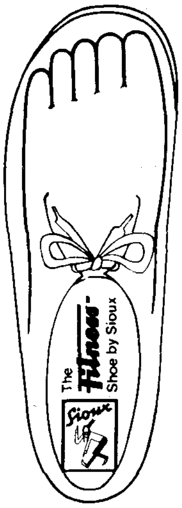
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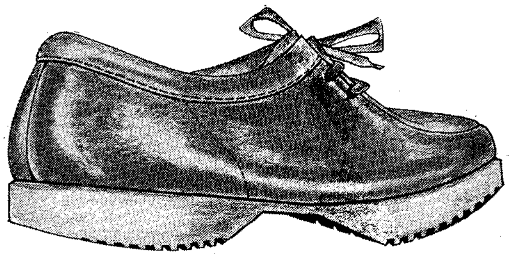

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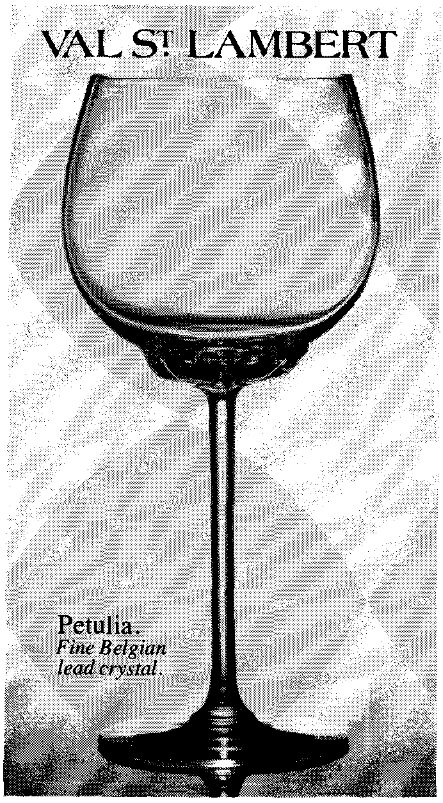

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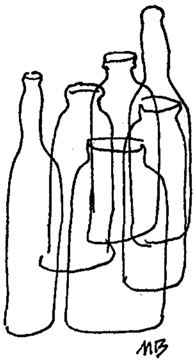
ellers who never left home without a Baedeker in their pocket. Like Mark Twain, they came to think of the series as written by "Mr. Baedeker," an old and kindly friend, who knew the problems they were likely to run into and was always ready with wise, practical advice. For example, even if you were going to a health resort, Mr. Baedeker counselled you to take your medicine chest along, just in case. When you were wintering in northern Italy, he recommended that you wear woollen underwear and insist on rooms that faced south. It was prudent, he believed, to carry a shawl when you were visiting old churches—they could be damp. And, speaking of dampness, if you were going to visit any buildings that were cool and dark, you should take the precaution of being driven to them; if you walked, you might be perspiring when you arrived, and there was the chance of catching a chill. When you suffered from intestinal complaints, he advised "castor oil, then charcoal tablets, the use of a body belt, rest, and a strict diet," but opium was to be avoided. He warned that "stomach troubles may arise from over-indulgence in tropical fruit." Whenever you were worried about whether the water was safe, the best bet was to drink the local wine. In Naples, you should never eat the oysters. And, of course, if you felt really ill, the thing to do was to call a doctor without hesitation. Mr. Baedeker's sympathetic concern for the traveller-reader was a distinguishing feature of the series from its beginning. It had been implanted by old Karl, the bourgeois humanist, and Fritz, for all his Junkerism, made sure that it was continued. He clearly appreciated that this was the perfect tone for the guidebooks.



THREE of Fritz's four sons—Hans, Ernst, and Dietrich—went into the family business. The one who didn't was Karl, the second son, who became a professor of physics at the University of Jena. Hans, Ernst, and Dietrich served as both writers and editors. In the system that Fritz set up as the business grew, each book published was the responsibility of a senior editor, or *Redakteur*. The *Redakteur* worked with the accepted authorities who furnished signed articles on their specialties in the introductory part of the book; he worked with the writer or writers who went out into the field and supplied the copy for the body of the book; and he worked with assistants who helped him to develop the maps and plans and other illustrations. Sometimes, when the guidebook dealt with a country on which the *Redakteur* himself was an authority, he functioned as both writer and editor. (For example, the second Karl Baedeker, the mountaineer who conquered the Silberhorn, served as both for the superlative editions of "Switzerland" that were produced in the eighteen-sixties and seventies.) When the *Redakteur* was engaged in revising a guidebook—the most popular Baedekers were brought up to date every two years—it was his job to provide a new description whenever the existing description of an important building, like a castle or a museum, struck him as less than satisfactory; in these cases, he usually asked the German consul in the city involved to send him the data he needed, and then did the writing himself. When all the material for a new or revised Baedeker had been assembled, an outside authority—frequently a specialist who had supplied an article for the front of the book—was called in to check it, because it was a tenet of Fritz's that, just as things went best when one man was in charge of putting a manuscript together, things similarly went best when another man gave the completed manuscript a careful final reading.

Hans, Ernst, and Dietrich were extremely competent *Redakteurs*, though they took somewhat diverse approaches to their work. Hans, the eldest son, was far and away the most proficient linguist in the family, being fluent in English, French, and Italian. A large share of his time was spent on the guidebooks for Italy, Great Britain, France, and Paris. Perhaps his finest achievement was the revision of the German edition of "Central Italy and Rome" that came out shortly after 1900. Formerly, the bulk of the space (and most of the stars) had been awarded to Romanesque, Gothic, and early-Renaissance buildings, but Hans, after a long tug-of-war with his father, was able to obtain proper coverage of the great baroque architecture and sculpture. Dietrich, the youngest son, had the best prose style of any of the Baedekers. His forte was geography—a subject in which he had gained a Ph.D. at the University of

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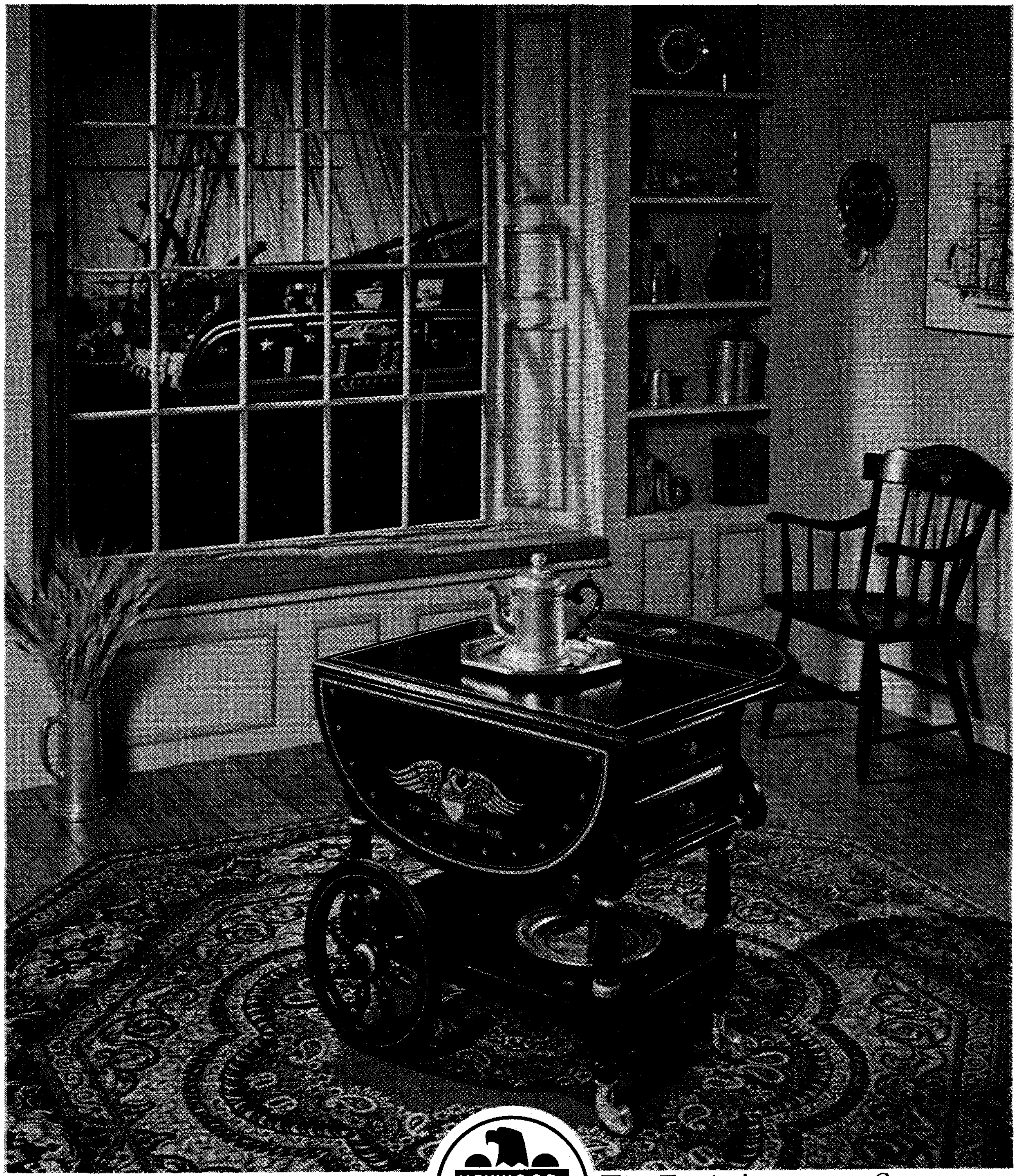

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Vienna. He did the guidebooks on Austria and the other Central European countries. A rather grave man who was a slow worker, he had the complete confidence of his father, who used to say, "If Dietrich has done it, you can be sure it will be right." Ernst was a comparatively dashing type, who rode in steeplechases and drove fast cars. He was regarded as a rather ordinary writer but an uncommonly good reporter. His specialty was Scandinavia. He spoke Norwegian and Swedish, and had personally done all the rugged cross-country walks—many of them several times. In addition, Ernst headed up the company's maps-and-plans department. By and large, it was the sheer technical skill of the staff at Wagner & Debes that kept the Baedeker guides well ahead of their rivals in this particular aspect of publishing, but every now and then a touch of resourcefulness helped. For instance, in 1908, when the numerous elements for a Baedeker on the Mediterranean were being assembled, it was discovered that no printed city plan for Oran existed and that none was available through official channels. However, the Baedeker researcher who had been sent to Algeria on this mission happened to visit the town hall, and, finding a faded, fuzzy city plan hanging on one of the walls, secretly photographed it. Under Ernst's direction, a sharp-edged, modern plan was developed from this unpromising material. Shortly after "The Mediterranean" was published, the firm received a letter from the mayor of Oran. "If it is possible, I should like to have a copy of your wonderful plan of our city," he wrote. "At the present time, we have nothing half as good—just an old hand-drawn map."

As the world's most successful publisher of travel guides, and the head of what he hoped would be a family dynasty, Fritz Baedeker was never tempted to change the raspberry-red covers or the dimensions of the handbooks, for he wanted his product to be as distinctive as the Rolls-Royce radiator grill, the Perrier mineral-water bottle, and other such international institutions. Inside its covers, moreover, every Baedeker was very much like every other Baedeker in its set structure and layout. In each book, preceding the table of contents was a pleasant, welcoming preface, usually two pages long; this was signed, if it was signed at all, with the name Karl Baedeker—the reader's indispensable Mr. Baedeker. (This still holds true.) Following the table of contents came the multi-sectional introduction—an increasingly lengthy and glittering feature—and then came the body of the book. Besides continuing his father's practice of inviting ranking authorities to contribute articles to the introduction, Fritz, quite early in his career, began the custom of crediting by name in the preface certain staff writers and outside writers who had done unusually valuable work on a particular handbook. The first instance of this occurred in the original edition of "Palestine and Syria," published in 1875, when it was stated in the preface that the chief writer was Dr. Albert Socin, a professor of Oriental languages at the University of Basel. (The reader got an idea of Dr. Socin's command of his subject when, early in the book, six pages were given over to discussing the main points that a traveller planning an excursion into the desert should bear in mind when selecting a dragoman and drawing up a fair, workable contract with him.) The tone of the guidebooks, no matter how exotic the realm they were dealing with, was calm, logical, and entirely credible, and for this reason—undoubtedly because it is the most flamboyant exception to this rule—one of the most quoted passages in all of Baedeker is the one that first appeared under "Practical Hints" in the introduction to the 1905 edition of "Greece":

> For tours in the interior he [the traveller] should provide himself with a suit of grey tweed, such as is used by sportsmen at home, and an overcoat of some moderately thick or waterproof material.... Smoke-colored spectacles will be found a great relief to the eyes, though their use feels a little strange at first.... A stout cane or long riding-whip will sometimes be found useful in repelling the village and shepherds' dogs, though stone-throwing is perhaps still more effective.

Since the 1905 "Greece" was the fourth edition in German and the third in English, it would take an experienced Baedeker scholar to track down the man responsible for these rather surprising words of advice. Was it Dr. Georg Lolling, the archeologist who provided the first draft for the first edition? Was it another archeologist, Dr. R. Zahn, who, we are told in the preface to the 1905 edition, revised and rewrote parts of the book? Was it one of the "Editor's collaborators" or the "numerous obliging correspondents" mentioned in that preface? Or was it Professor Reinhard Kekule von Stradonitz, who provided a splendid sixty-seven-page article on the history of Greek art for the introduction to

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the 1905 edition, and who seemed to know his way around every corner of the country? The present head of the company, Karl Friedrich Baedeker, is inclined to cast his vote for his grandfather Fritz Baedeker, who had accompanied Lolling on his original investigatory trip.

Despite the persistent attempts at standardization in the pursuit of "quality control," the various Baedeker guidebooks naturally differed to some extent in the solidness of their research, the flavor of their writing, or some other respect, depending on the personality of the *Redakteur*, the assisting writer or writers, and the country they were dealing with. There are disappointing Baedekers, good Baedekers, superior Baedekers, and a few absolutely magnificent Baedekers. Two in this last category were brought out under Fritz during the days of glory before the First World War: "The United States," first published in 1893 (the German edition was called "Nordamerika"), and "Russia," published in 1914, the awesome culmination of eight earlier editions in German and, incidentally, the first edition published in English.

"The United States" was, in effect, a one-man triumph for James F. Muirhead, a native of Scotland, who in 1879, at the age of twenty-five, joined the Baedeker staff as the supervisor of English editions. Muirhead, who had planned and written the guidebooks on Great Britain and London, spent two and a half years working on the volume on the United States. Travelling the vast distances by boat, railway, and horse, he "personally visited the greater part of the districts described," and threw in an excursion to Mexico for good measure. "The United States" emerged as a most impressive piece of work—the first comprehensive guide to this country. The body of the book ran to four hundred and ninety-four pages and was illustrated with seventeen maps and twenty-two plans, and, in addition, there was a ninety-nine-page introduction, which included an article by James Bryce on the "Constitution and Political Institutions of the United States" and a number of monographs by other leading American authorities under such headings as "A Short History of American Politics," "Aborigines and Aboriginal Remains," "Physiography of North America," "Climate and Climatic Resorts of the United States," "The Fine Arts in America," and "Sports." (Henry Harmon Neill, the author of this last article, had the

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following tip to give: "To enter into the spirit of American pastimes, an Englishman need only learn to admire the gait of the trotting horse and to admit the merits of base-ball as a substitute for cricket.") Greatly valued in its own time by Europeans and Americans alike, "The United States" reads today as fascinating social history. For example, in the section "General Hints," in the introduction, we find Muirhead giving this advice to the visitor from Europe:

> The first requisites for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States are an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate oneself to the customs of the country. If the traveller exercise a little patience, he will often find that ways which strike him as unreasonable or even disagreeable are more suitable to the environment than those of his own home would be. He should from the outset reconcile himself to the absence of deference or servility on the part of those he considers his social inferiors; but if ready himself to be courteous on a footing of equality he will seldom meet any real impoliteness. In a great many ways travelling in the United States is, to one who understands it, more comfortable than in Europe. The average Englishman will probably find the chief physical discomforts in the dirt of the city streets, the roughness of the country roads, the winter overheating of hotels and railway cars (70-75° Fahr. being by no means unusual), and (in many places) the habit of spitting on the floor; but the Americans themselves are now keenly alive to these weak points and are doing their best to remove them.
>
> Throughout almost the whole country travelling is now as safe as in the most civilized parts of Europe, and the carrying of arms, which indeed is forbidden in many states, is as unnecessary here as there.

As "The United States" went into new editions, Muirhead continued working on it, to keep it respectably current and to make it more complete. By the time the 1909 edition came out, the book had bulged to eight hundred and twenty-six pages, with thirty-three maps. It offered excursions to Alaska, Cuba, and Puerto Rico as well as to Mexico, and Muirhead, with his own schedule overloaded, had called in Professor Clifford H. Moore, of Harvard, to amplify the coverage of Yellowstone National Park, the Grand Canyon, and some parts of California. From the first, Muirhead had been dazzled by the natural beauty of America, but by 1909, with so many regions and sights to extoll, he could afford now and then to temper his enthusiasm for a one-star attraction—Lake George, for example:

> Lake George (323 ft.), a picturesque sheet of water in the state of New York, to the S.E. of the Adirondack Mts.

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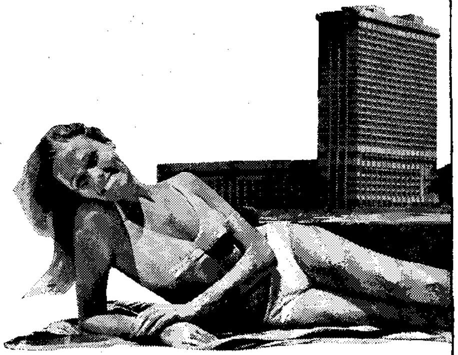

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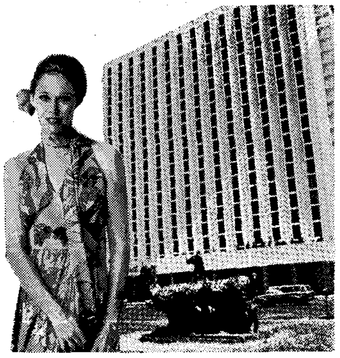

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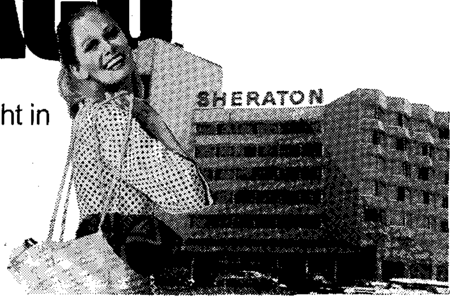

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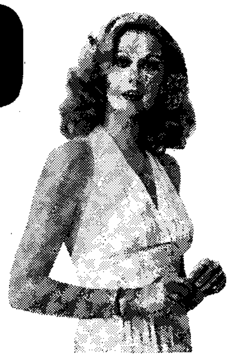

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> (p. 104), is 33 M. long from N. to S. and ¾-3 M. wide. It is flanked on both sides by wooded mountains, sometimes descending to the water in bold crags, and is dotted with pretty islands (220 in all). It is sometimes called, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, the Como, the Windermere, or the Loch Lomond of America.

The volume on Russia was a different kind of achievement. According to Karl Friedrich Baedeker (who is the best source available, since no books have ever been written about the publishing house, and, unfortunately, the company's own records were destroyed when Leipzig was bombed during the Second World War), the writer of the manuscript that was the starting point for the 1914 "Russia" was a Prussian artillery officer, one Captain Pauli, who at several periods lived in Russia for fairly long stretches as a military attaché, and who, in addition, had read exhaustively in Russian literature. To supplement Pauli's reportage, journalists who lived in the big cities of Russia were asked to set down everything they knew about them. (Baedeker was particularly concerned about lining up a man with the proper credentials to write about the art treasures in The Hermitage, in Leningrad, or, as it was then called, St. Petersburg.) In the guidebook, both Moscow and St. Petersburg are described in such detail that they leap instantly to life, but what is even more astonishing, when one considers how hard it has always been to get around in Russia and find anything out, is the wealth of material presented about the more remote reaches. Here, for example, is an excerpt from Route 45, a voyage down the Volga from Tver to Nizhni-Novgorod, Kazan, and Suizran:

> The Volga is the highway of more than 2000 steamers, all using oil-fuel (masút, the refuse of petroleum; comp. p. 457).... The chief freights which it bears are grain, petroleum, and salt, carried in "tows" of six or more barges, arranged in double rows. Huge quantities of timber are floated down in rafts. ...The fishing and the caviare industry are also important. The finest fish is the sterlet, the best specimens of which are caught in the Surá. The sturgeon is a similar but very much larger fish. The fishing is said, however, to be deteriorating owing to the pollution of the river by the oil-fuel used in the steamers.

The next paragraph begins:

> "Mátushka Volga," or "Little Mother Volga," is spoken of in Russia so often and with such affection that it is easy to cherish too high hopes of the attractions of a voyage upon it. The scenery is nowhere of an imposing character, and the length of the voyage is very fatiguing; the trip in the most beautiful part, *i.e.* from Nizhni-Novgorod to Samara, takes 3 days. The simple landscapes of the broad river often recall the peculiar and intense colouring of evening scenes on the Nile.

It is easy to understand, after reading passages like these, rich in fact and written in such a direct and durable style, why the 1914 Baedeker is still considered the best guidebook on Russia and why Arno Press/Random House chose in 1971 to reissue it in a facsimile printing. Harrison E. Salisbury, in his introduction to the 1971 edition, had these things to say:

> I went to Russia for the first time in 1944.... Almost every step of the way my companion was Baedeker's 1914 handbook for Russia. It was my most precious asset....
>
> I have been back to Russia a dozen times in the past 25 years. Baedeker has gone on every mile of my travels....
>
> Baedeker has never failed me. Its description of Russian cities even though written a half century in the past is more accurate, more vivid, more complete and more revealing than will be found in any contemporary reference book.

THE outbreak of the First World War brought the great days of the house of Baedeker to an end. During the war, the company invested loyally in government bonds, and lost a good part of the fortune it had made. After the war, it lost most of the rest in the wild inflation that afflicted the defeated, dazed nation. Fritz Baedeker had also suffered a deep personal loss in the war. In early August of 1914, when the fighting had hardly begun, his son Karl, who had risen to prominence at the University of Jena as a professor of physics, was killed outside Liège. In the postwar years, of course, Fritz could no longer afford to live like a grand seigneur. The rowboats were still afloat in the Elster in front of his mansion, but the horses were gone, the gardener and most of the gardens were gone, and the blue Daimler was gone.

Gradually, however, Fritz, who was nearing eighty, and his three sons got the business stirring again. Doing so was not easy. Anti-German feeling remained strong for years. French travellers did not want to buy travel books put out by a German company, and neither did many English or American travellers. (This is not the principal reason that most of the Baedeker guides one finds in our public and private libraries were published between 1875 and 1914. Rather, it is simply that during that forty-year span interest among Americans in travelling à la Baedeker had been at its height.) In the early nineteen-twenties,

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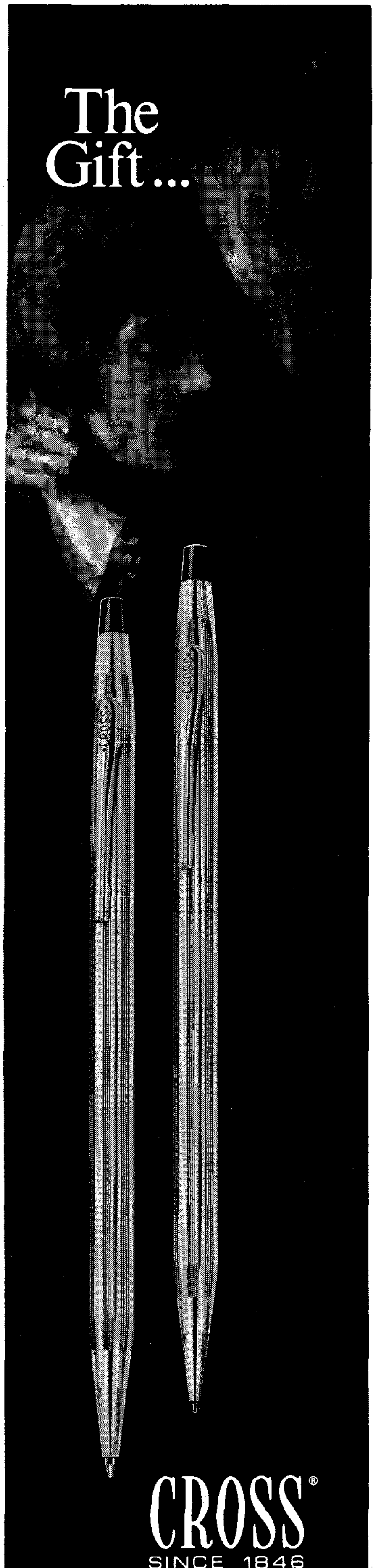

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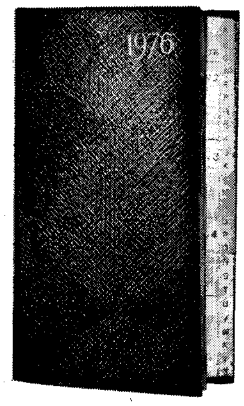
consequently, the firm busied itself with bringing out guides to a dozen or so districts of Germany, such as Westphalia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Thuringia. It tried its luck with a few traditional Baedekers—an English edition of "Canada" was published in 1922, for example, and a new German edition of "The Tyrol" in 1923—but the results were not encouraging. (Down through the years, by the way, the best-selling Baedekers have been "The Tyrol" and "Switzerland." The former has gone into forty-two editions, the latter into thirty-nine.) While none of its German rivals were doing any better, Baedeker now fell well behind its foreign competition. Hachette, the mammoth French publisher and bookseller, which had entered the travel-book field around 1850 with its blue-covered Guides Joanne, was currently making giant strides with its successor to that series, the Guides Bleus. Michelin's travel guides were attracting a much larger public. In London, Findlay Muirhead, a younger brother of James F. and for many years joint editor with him of the English-language Baedekers, had started up his own series, the Blue Guides (published by Ernest Benn, Ltd.), and was faring quite well. That is how things went all over. In Italy, to cite one more case, the Touring Club Italiano, fastidiously copying earlier Baedekers, brought out its own guides to many regions of the country. It was during this period, incidentally, that the best maps in the world began to be produced in Italy. There was nothing complicated about this. Soon after taking power, Mussolini, knowing he would need good maps and plans in the years ahead, made a number of cartographers from the firm of Wagner & Debes the kind of offer they couldn't refuse.

Fritz Baedeker died in April of 1925, at the age of eighty. The last guidebook he worked on, like his father before him, was a new edition of "Paris." He was succeeded by his eldest son, Hans, then fifty-one—a tall, slender, intellectual man who had studied at Edinburgh University and had for years been one of the firm's most valued editors and writers. (Hans and his wife, who were childless, had been living in an apartment overlooking King Albert Park, in Leipzig, and they continued to live there after Fritz's death. The two other sons, Ernst and Dietrich, moved into their father's house. Ernst had lost his wife and child in childbirth. Dietrich had two sons.) "As you would expect, my Uncle Hans went about things differently from his father," Karl Fried-



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rich Baedeker told me when I visited him not long ago. "Hans acted much more like a crown prince than like a sovereign. He was a kindly man and a patient man, very good at developing young editors into excellent *Redakteurs*." In his quiet way, Hans was determined to win for the company its old position in its field, and while he was not altogether successful—the name of Baedeker never regained its old magical ring—the company did make a substantial comeback. A lot of things contributed to this, among them a timely loan in the late nineteen-twenties from Allen & Unwin, the London publishing house, which had become Baedeker's British "agent," or distributor. A few years after this, Baedeker made a helpful deal with Bibliographisches Institut, an extremely large publishing and printing company, then based in Leipzig, which put out a popular series of travel books, called Brown Guides, first published in 1874, as part of its extensive list, which ran the gamut from the famous encyclopedia Meyers Lexikon to a topnotch series of mountaineering guides. Since there was no longer a sufficient market in Germany for two competing series of travel books, Bibliographisches Institut agreed to give up its guides and, in return, Baedeker contracted to have its books printed at the former's plants.

For all its preoccupation with the business side of business, under Hans' direction Baedeker not only issued a healthy number of guidebooks each year but—what was even more to its credit—maintained a high editorial standard. In fact, a good many experts are of the opinion that the finest guidebook ever published is the edition of "Egypt" that Baedeker brought out in 1929. The *Redakteur* was Georg Steindorff, a professor at the University of Leipzig, who had done all the Baedekers on Egypt since 1897. Hans had enormous respect for his abilities. When Steindorff was about to leave for Egypt in 1925 to begin research on the new edition, Hans presented him with a special set of notebooks—five inches by eight, and bound in hard red covers—in which each page from the most recent edition of "Egypt," printed on thin paper and pasted on a right-hand page, faced a blank left-hand page on which Steindorff could make his notes. No other *Redakteur* ever got that red-cover treatment—or, perhaps, deserved it.

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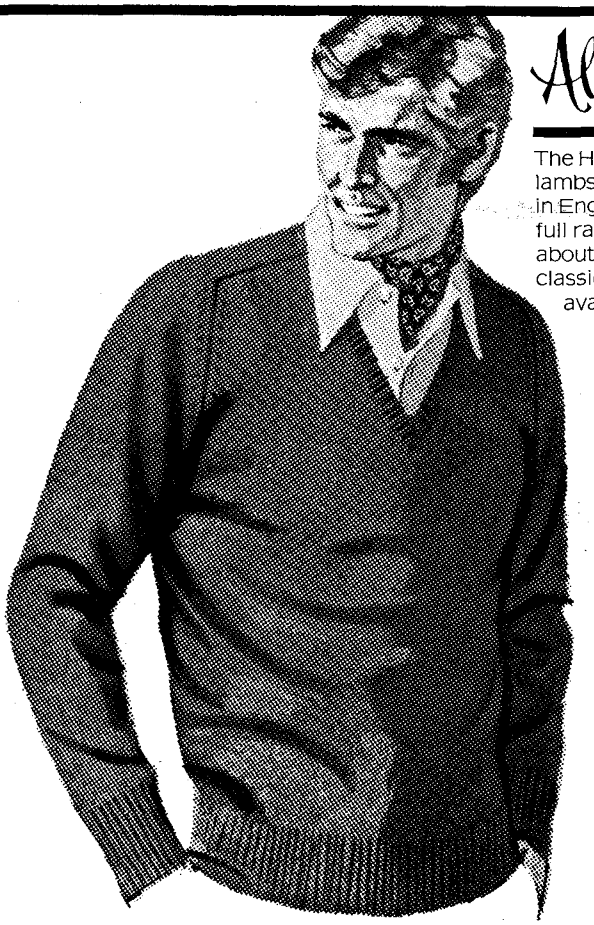

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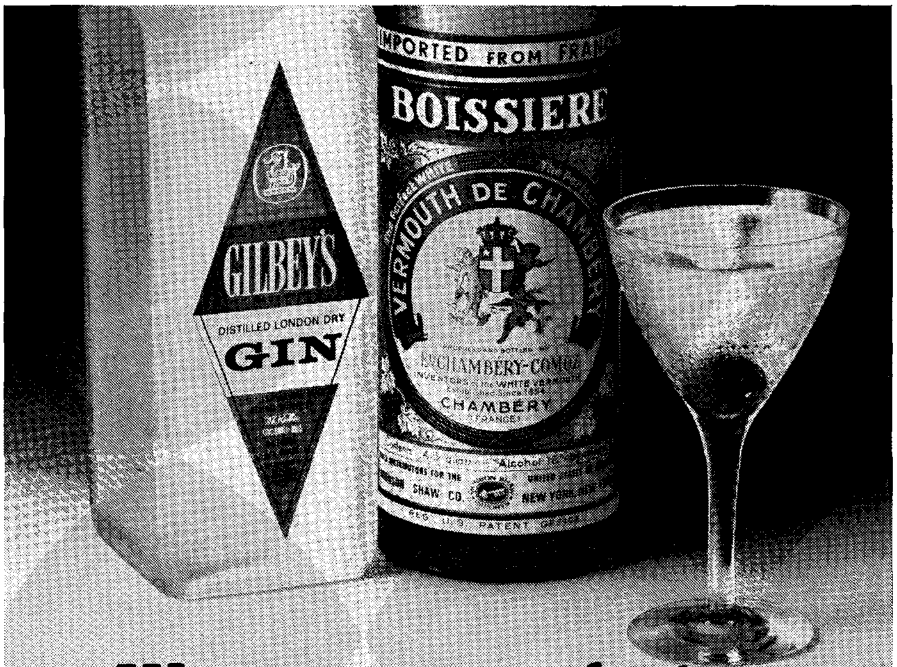

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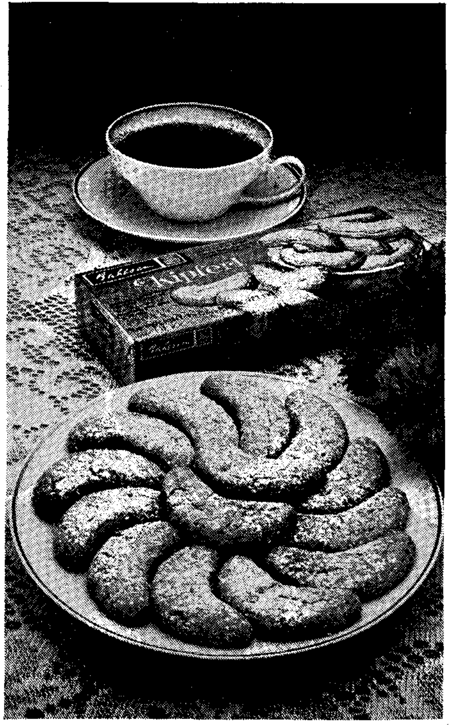

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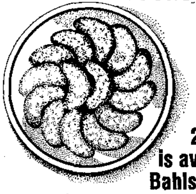

7½" Rosenthal China dessert plate in "Romance" pattern with 24 karat gold border is available only through Bahlsen at $5.00 each, including postage and handling. For each plate ordered, send $5.00 (check or money order) and the names "Bahlsen" and "Kipferl" from front panel of package to: Bahlsen-Rosenthal China Offer, P.O. Box #744, Darien, Conn. 06820.

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ly packed pages of text, a hundred and six beautifully drawn maps and plans, and fifty-six equally arresting woodcut illustrations. The text consisted of two main parts, the body of the book—the various routes—preceded by a ten-section introduction, two hundred and eight pages long, which included a thirty-two-page outline of the history of Egypt, a twelve-page section on hieroglyphics, a nineteen-page section on the religion of the ancient Egyptians, and a twenty-three-page section on the history of Egyptian art, all by Steindorff, plus a twenty-page section on the Egyptian dialect of Arabic, by Dr. Curt Prüfer, complete with grammatical hints, an English-Arabic dictionary, and salutations and phrases. From the first page to the last, "Egypt" had that rare sparkle which occurs when immense erudition is combined with an easy, unforced liveliness. Here, for example, is a short excerpt from the section of the introduction entitled "Preliminary Introduction":

> Story Tellers (who in private domestic circles are generally women) are still a characteristic oriental institution, but in Cairo they are now very scarce. Wherever they make their appearance, whether in the public streets or the coffeehouse, in the densely peopled alleys of the large towns or in the smallest country villages, they are sure to attract an attentive, easily pleased, and exceedingly grateful crowd. The more sensational the tale, the better, and the oftener is the narrator applauded with protracted cries of "Aah," or "Allâh," or "Allâhu akbar" (God is the greatest).

Steindorff sustains this vitality all the way. He devotes nineteen pages to the Pyramids of Giza. Here is an excerpt from the description of the Great Pyramid of Cheops:

> The Ascent of the Pyramid, though fatiguing, is perfectly safe. The traveller selects two or three of the Beduin (p. 133). With one holding each hand, and the third pushing behind, he begins the ascent of the steps (usually at the N.E. corner), which are each about 3 ft. high. The strong and active attendants assist the traveller to mount by pushing, pulling, and supporting him, and will scarcely allow him a moment's rest until the top is reached. As, however, the unwonted exertion is fatiguing, the traveller should insist on resting as often as he feels inclined. All requests for bakshish should be refused, and it is as well to keep an eye upon one's pockets.—The ascent may be made in 10-15 min. but, in hot weather especially, the traveller is recommended to take nearly double that time, in order to avoid the discomfort of arriving breathless and heated at the summit.
>
> The space at the top at present is about 12 yds. square, so that there is abundant room for a large party of visitors. The **View is remarkably interesting and striking. There is perhaps no

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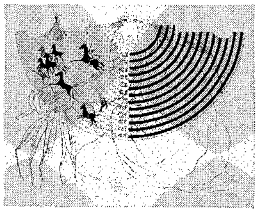

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other prospect in the world in which life and death, fertility and desolation, are seen in so close juxtaposition and in such marked contrast.

BAEDEKER's slow but sure recovery came to an end with the Second World War. During the war years, the firm, reduced to a skeleton staff, did some work for the Organization Todt, the huge construction company charged with building coastal fortifications to repel an Allied invasion of Festung Europa. The thousands of German engineers and other specialists sent out by Todt to key points along the Atlantic Coast knew next to nothing about these areas, and Todt sought to remedy this situation by distributing local guides, which Baedeker prepared. In 1943, Baedeker was called on to bring out a guidebook for the German Army of Occupation in Poland. The introduction to this publication, which was called "Das Generalgouvernement," told of the role that Germany had played in the development of the western section of Poland, which had belonged to Germany prior to the First World War; not surprisingly, this introduction hewed to the Third Reich's party line.

Late in 1943, disaster struck the house of Baedeker. On the night of December 3rd, its office building in Leipzig was hit during a Royal Air Force attack on the city. Some coal in the cellar caught fire, and everything went—the lead for type, which was stored in the cellar, along with the plates for several books; the lithographic stones, incised with the long-renowned maps and plans, which were kept in a special subcellar; the complete archives (including the originals of the maps and plans), which had been set up in a separate above-ground section of the building. When the fighting in Europe ended, American officials tried to persuade Hans Baedeker to follow the lead of Brockhaus, another of the major German publishers, and move his firm to Wiesbaden, in the American Zone, but Hans, who was then seventy-one—a very old seventy-one—preferred to stay put, although Leipzig was in the Russian Zone. In 1948, Hans brought out the first postwar Baedeker, a guide to Leipzig, which was published by Bibliographisches Institut, since Baedeker had not been granted a publishing license by the Russian authorities. Hans ordered a printing of ten thousand copies. About a thousand had been sold when the Russians seized the rest and forbade further sales. The reason they gave for suppressing the book was that

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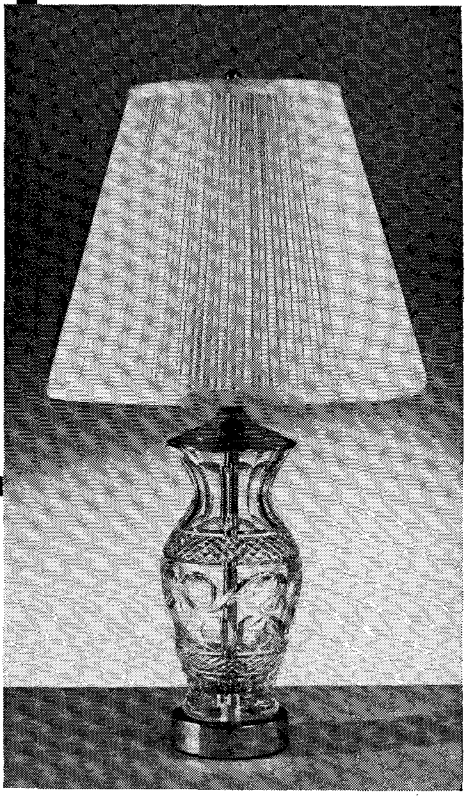

Because you like things easy, you're into the big smock.

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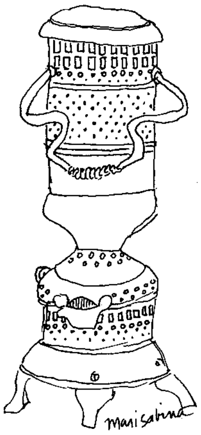
Saks Fifth Avenue

it revealed military secrets: the site of the Russian Kommandatura in Leipzig had been shown on the map of the city. For a man like Hans, who was struggling to get something started up again, this was a bitter blow. He was convinced that if the guidebook had *not* given the site of the Kommandatura, it would have been banned for that reason. “Leipzig,” as it turned out, was the last book that Hans published.

At about this time, the leadership of the publishing house passed to Hans' nephew Karl Friedrich Baedeker, the son of the physics professor who had been killed in action in the early days of the First World War. The eldest of the great-grandchildren of the first Karl Baedeker, Karl Friedrich had worked for a few years in the family business in Leipzig before the Second World War. A tall, sandy-haired man with pale-blue eyes and clean-cut features, he was thirty-five when he returned home to Germany, in 1945. He had been a captain in the Army, commanding an artillery battery in Crete, and in the final months of the war, when the Allies were advancing on all fronts, he had, to his colossal relief, been taken prisoner in Austria not by the Russians but by the Americans. Upon his release, he headed for the village of Malente, in Schleswig-Holstein, in the British Zone, where his wife and children were living with her father, Dr. Willy Bessau; in 1938 Dr. Bessau, a judge on the German Supreme Court, had become so deeply upset by what was happening in Germany that he had resigned his position and gone to live in a cottage in Malente. Karl Friedrich's first postwar job was with the Schleswig-Holstein Office for the Preservation of Monuments. He was hired to sort out a mountain of church bells that the cities, towns, and villages of Schleswig-Holstein had been ordered to send to Hamburg during the war to help relieve the shortage of copper and bronze. Some of the bells had not been melted down, and after the war they had ended up piled in a field near Kiel. Each of the bells bore an identifying inscription, however, and Karl Friedrich was able to get them lined up neatly in long rows, duly tabulated, so that a swift, definite answer was possible whenever a community inquired by mail or sent a representative to find out if its bell had survived the war. He was next hired by the Schleswig-Holstein government to straighten out its archives. While he was engaged on this assignment, the idea came to him to do a Baedeker on Schleswig-Holstein. He made his field trips mostly on foot or on his bicycle. His license to reëstablish the firm, interestingly, was signed by an old friend—Hermann Augustine Piehler, an Oxford-educated Englishman of German extraction, who had succeeded James F. Muirhead twenty-five years before as Baedeker's top English editor and now, as a colonel in Intelligence, was a figure of some importance in the British Control Commission, for he headed the books section. “Schleswig-Holstein” came out in December of 1949. It was printed by J. J. Augustin, an old printing house in Glückstadt, near Hamburg, and was illustrated, as the first Karl Baedeker's guides had been, with simple line drawings. In a few years' time, the first edition, of ten thousand copies, was sold out. By then, Karl Friedrich had gone on to publish guides to Hamburg and Frankfurt, which also did well. (These two books, and other handbooks on German cities and districts, which Karl Friedrich later brought out, carried some advertising in the back. This was not a new departure. After the First World War, Fritz had accepted advertising when he published his series of guides to German districts.) Early in the postwar period, when Karl Friedrich was just getting things going again, he was given permission to make a trip to Leipzig. “My first day there, my Uncle Hans and I went to look at what was left of the old Baedeker building,” he said recently. “When I was walking through the subcellar, I saw one of the cartographical stones at my feet. I reached down and picked it up. It was the town plan of Toronto. As I was studying it, it crumbled in my hands.”



Born in Jena in 1910, Karl Friedrich had spent his first nine years there before moving to Freiburg im Breisgau after the war with his widowed mother and his sister Charlotte. An old and historic city, Freiburg is situated in the southwestern corner of Germany, and serves as the main gateway to the southern part of the Black Forest. Like many of the young men in that area, Karl Friedrich skied in the winter and climbed mountains in the sum-

Birchbark canoes and 5-cylinder diesels, I love you... especially in print.

By Gene Novak
President and Creative Director
Rumrill-Hoyt, Inc.

I was leafing through a magazine the other night when my eye was stopped by a five-cylinder engine. Five? I always thought cylinders had to come in pairs—two, four, six, eight—like hands, feet, hooves. Five minutes and some 1,000 words later I felt that the Mercedes-Benz diesel advertisement might well rekindle my love affair with the automobile. I turned the page slowly, almost reluctantly. Soon I was deep in the late 17th Century while two Ojibway Indians built a birchbark canoe, with nothing but a crooked knife and a pointed piece of bone, and glided off into the endless waterways of the northeast wilderness. "Magazine," I said, "that was fun—thank you." In bed that night I had two coupons and a torn out ad next to my briefcase, a feeling of warmth toward my fellow strivers, and a thimble of Courvoisier on my night table.

Before I dropped off I wondered if various media find various receptors in the limbic area of the mind to attach to. Electrons attach here, newspapers there, magazines somewhere else. Lower, higher? Perhaps they all find the same receptors but some sink deeper? Maybe electrons bounce off while print words and pictures sort of deep etch? The electronic impact may be purposely transient—otherwise how can the receptor site hold those end-to-end exhortations? They'd pile up like too many layers of paint and begin to chip off...

Earlier that same evening I had jotted down some of the exhortations that preceded a network special for which I was waiting:

8:28.30	gas/indigestion
8:29.00	arthritis
8:29.30	denture cleaner
8:30.00	station ident/promo
8:30.10	vitamins/iron
8:30.40	(local) retail sale
8:31.10	(local) movie promo

They sure piled up and sure chipped off.

*****

I grew up in radio and watched and used TV as it grew from nothing to a major selling force. But even as a writer-producer I was a wordworm—a print-wordworm. A picture man—a four-color-process man. I think I save more magazines than I throw out. Ask my wife. If you build any more shelves, I'm leaving.

In advertising I've always sensed that people planning serious and thoughtful purchases wanted all the information they could get. Choosing between two cans on a supermarket shelf is sometimes a decision that can be influenced by a cute 30-second commercial seen the night before. But, choosing between brands and types of cars, sofas, dishwashers, clothing, garden tractors, travel packages and such—non-impulse purchases if you will—these, I felt, called for lots of facts and thought.

Food, too. Biggest annual family outlay. Packages are starting to give us some nutritional data but how much easier to study them at home in ads where it's convenient instead of standing at the market shelf...C'mon Mom, Let's go!...Are the thriving store magazines telling us something? Along with the ads, the editors are telling us how to eat better and cheaper.

Maybe that's why I think of magazines as the Idea Medium. Essentially, people go to TV for the entertainment of comedy or drama or sports. They go to radio for the consistency of music or news or both. They go to newspapers for a full report of today's world.

But, dammit, I think they go to magazines for Ideas. Consumer. Product. Idea. Fuse. Match. Dynamite. How to make—how to do—how to take care of—how to manage—how to save—how to be happy, handsome, healthy, wealthy and wise. And, after all, my business *is* ideas. Advertising and magazines. A communication marriage made in heaven!

Special interest magazines, I love you, too. Antiques, backpacking, filmmaking, fishing, flying, gardening, cookery, photography, sailing...name your interest and you've got a magazine. With depth. With ideas. With point of view. With instruction. With education. A medium that just doesn't pique my curiosity—but satisfies it.

Thank you, Johann Gutenberg. Your invention sure was a zinger.

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mer. Tough and rangy and persistent, with a streak of the daredevil in him, he was exceptionally good at both sports. At eighteen, he climbed the Matterhorn. At nineteen, in a competition between a team from the Black Forest and a French team from the Vosges Mountains, he won the ski jump with a leap of forty-five metres. The winter after that, he won the Black Forest Junior Skiing Championship, which consisted of three events: jumping, downhill racing, and cross-country racing. In 1929, after finishing his course of study at the local *Gymnasium*, young Baedeker spent two years in Munich working in the university bookshop. This was followed by a year in England, during which he lived with H. A. Piehler in his combination home-and-office, in Hammersmith; by two years at the University of Munich, studying geography and philosophy; and by two years at the University of Heidelberg, where he continued his studies in philosophy. He then entered the family business, beginning as a *Redakteur*'s assistant and working on new editions of "Great Britain" and "Switzerland." He was also involved in the first Baedeker motoring guide, which covered Germany. The world had changed again. Each year, more travellers were forsaking the railroad for the automobile. Accordingly, the old road systems, which had been rendered obsolete by the railroad a century before, were being rediscovered, and it was the railroad that was becoming passé. As the Michelin series demonstrated, any guidebook that hoped to be *au courant* would have to be totally overhauled, with the train routes giving way to new and extended automobile routes. Baedeker, of course, did not want to be left at the station. Among the new books that the firm began to work on in 1937 was a motoring guide to Yugoslavia, which was assigned to Karl Friedrich, who had just been promoted to *Redakteur*. That year, accompanied by his wife, Eve, who liked camping out, he made a six-week trip along the Adriatic coast from Fiume to Albania, driving a Stöwer cabriolet. The next year, they made a five-week trip in the Stöwer, exploring the mountain regions of Croatia and Slovenia. A third, and last, trip, scheduled for 1939, was to be a solo motorcycle expedition by Karl Friedrich to Macedonia, but it had to be cancelled when the war broke out. (The first two hundred pages of the new guide to Yugoslavia were already in proof.) During these years before the war, the young *Redakteur* and his Uncle Hans became really well acquainted. "I was

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kind of his favorite," Karl Friedrich recalled a short time ago. "He used to say to me, 'You're the oldest Baedeker of the next generation. You will carry on.' After the war, we remained good friends, although we lived on opposite sides of the Iron Curtain. Hans did some of the writing for a number of guidebooks, like the ones on Northern and Southern Bavaria and on Munich. We had some differences of opinion, naturally, but they were more interesting than serious. He became very fretful, I remember, when I told him, in the mid-nineteen-fifties, that we had started on new editions of 'Rome' and 'Paris.' 'You don't know Paris as well as I do,' he said. 'I've written all the "Paris" editions since 1925, and I should be doing this one.' We sent him a copy of what had been done so far on the new manuscript, and told him we'd welcome any assistance he could give us. He was by then a very old man, so he wasn't able to do much work on the new guide. He died at eighty-four, in 1959. It's amazing, isn't it? As with his father and his grandfather, the last book he worked on was 'Paris.' "

Through the years, the heads of the house of Baedeker had differed considerably in makeup and manner—Hans had been as different from Fritz as Fritz had been from Karl—but they had had in common a deep-rooted pride in the family business and it had never waned throughout their lives. The more one learns about the Baedekers, the more positive is the feeling one gets that they believed that no other business in the world could compare with theirs in the pleasure and satisfaction it gave. They felt inseparable from the Karl Baedeker company, like the lichen on a stone, and they realized that they had certain obligations to the company that could never be forgone. These attitudes and feelings applied emphatically to Karl Friedrich. In the years after the Second World War, when, with the invaluable archives destroyed and no real funds behind him, he was doing his agile best to get something moving, hopping around from this burgomaster to that burgomaster in the hope of interesting him in putting out a nice little Baedeker on his city, Karl Friedrich was frequently approached by rich American and British publishers (and by some German publishers as well) who wanted to buy the name of Baedeker and were prepared to pay a handsome price for it. "It would have been the easy way out," Karl Friedrich said recently. "The war had been almost too much for us. But I never seriously considered any of the offers. I

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photo: Arthur Todd

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Please order STRETCH early; we can't reorder from Holland.

— A. Pettingill

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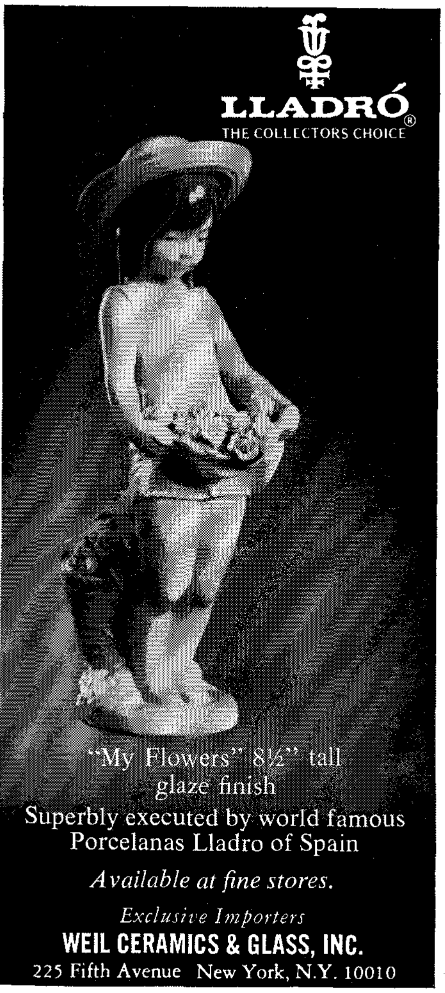
had been brought up to regard Baedeker as a family company. It was as simple as that."

Certain changes had to be made, though, if the company was to survive, and Karl Friedrich, especially for a high-strung, complex person whose basic bent was editorial, demonstrated himself to be a resourceful businessman. In 1950, he arranged for another loan from Allen & Unwin, which enabled him to bring out a revised English edition of "London" and, later, other English editions. (With H. A. Piehler still on duty in Germany, "London" was done by Piehler's younger brother Edward.) Then, in 1951 he worked out a major three-cornered deal with Royal Dutch Shell and the very large Stuttgart printing and publishing firm of Mair, which had been doing motoring guides, maps, and atlases for Shell. Over the next four years, Baedeker prepared and Mair printed a series of motoring guides to European countries. Baedeker and Mair still work together on the German editions. It is the responsibility of the Baedeker company to write the guides, supply the illustrations, do the layouts, and have the type set, while Mair is responsible for printing, promoting, and distributing the guides. This new series is much closer in format, content, and tone to the Michelin Green Guides than to the traditional Baedeker handbooks, not only because it is geared to the automobile rather than to the train but also because it cuts down appreciably on the descriptions of historic palaces, churches, castles, and ruins, and pays a good deal more attention than the handbooks had before to the art, ideas, mores, and diversions of the modern world. In size, these motoring guides are longer and slimmer than the classic Baedekers. They still fit with no trouble into a man's jacket pocket, but they are designed to fit at least as easily into the glove compartment of his automobile. To make them both more flexible and less subject to wear and tear, plastic covers are used. The plastic is raspberry red. To date, thirteen motoring guides have been published in German—on Switzerland, Austria, Benelux, Northern Italy, Central and Southern Italy, Scandinavia, France, Spain and Portugal, Yugoslavia and Greece, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and Turkey—and eight of these have also been published in English. The German-language series has done remarkably well; over three hundred thousand copies of "Germany" have been sold to date, and well over a hundred thousand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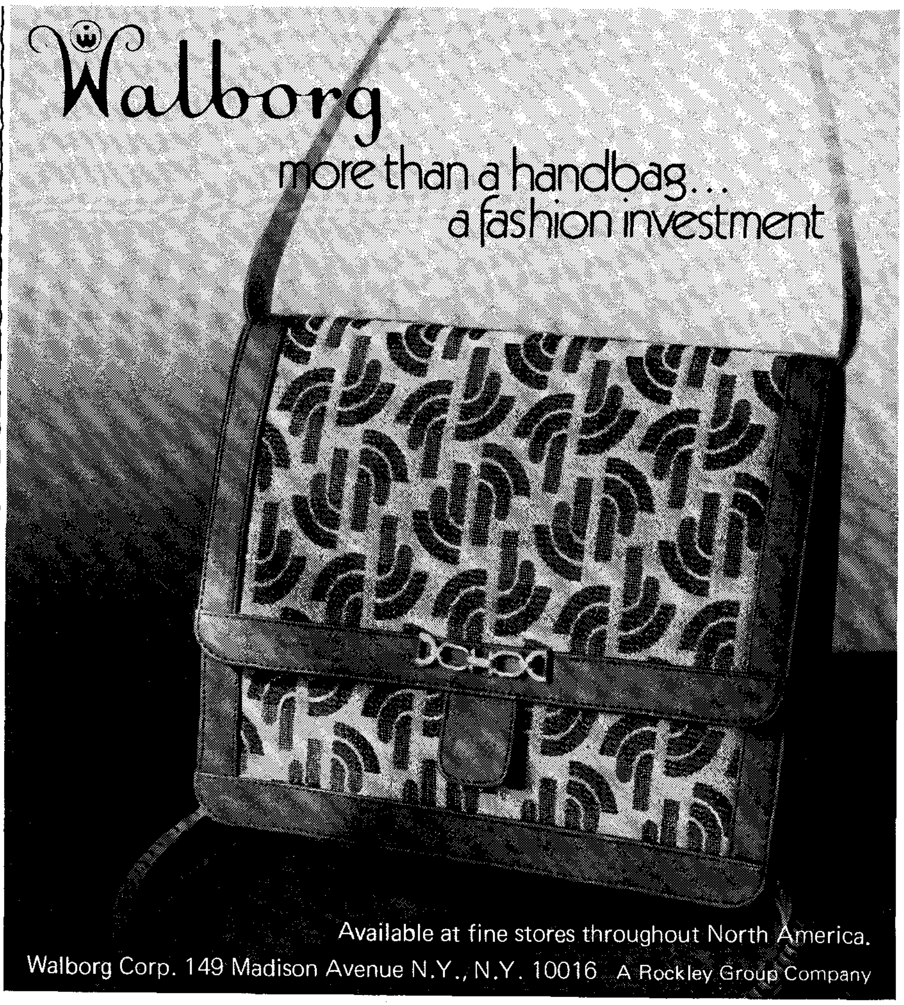
copies of "Austria," "Switzerland," and both books on Italy.

During this transitional period in the early nineteen-fifties, Karl Friedrich continued to bring out city guides (to Munich, Cologne, and Berlin) and regional guides (to Southern Bavaria, Northern Bavaria, and the Rhineland). The guide to Cologne was made possible by the interest of Max Adenauer, a son of the West German Chancellor, who was an official in the city government and who hoped to have Cologne officially recognized as the capital of the whole Rhineland area. By far the most significant of these city and district guides, however, was the one to Berlin. It came out in 1954, a hundred and twelve years after Karl Baedeker devoted twenty-three pages to the city in his first guidebook on Germany, and seventy-six years after Fritz decided that Berlin was worthy of a book of its own. Although Berlin is much younger than many of the European capital cities, it exerts a hold on the Germans hardly less powerful than, say, Paris does on the French, and it seemed urgent to Karl Friedrich to bring out a detailed guide that would cover West Berlin and East Berlin with equal care and attention. The book ran to three hundred and forty-six pages, and Karl Friedrich worked closely with the writers all the way. Taking a leaf from his great-grandfather's "Paris," Karl Friedrich had the artist who did the line drawings for "Berlin" set down the notes of the tune played on the carillon of the old Garrison Church in Potsdam—a tune known and loved all over Germany. The first English edition of "Berlin" appeared in 1965, and it was Karl Friedrich's idea to list on the page facing the preface the names of the thirty-nine British, thirty-one American, and four German members of the air and ground crews who had lost their lives during the Berlin airlift of 1948-49, when, to beat the Russian blockade, 212,621 flights were made into Tegel, Gatow, and Templehof airports to supply the people of West Berlin with food, coal, and the other necessities. There have been a number of subsequent editions of "Berlin"—some in abridged form—in French, German, and English. When Karl Friedrich autographs a copy of this book for friends, he likes to write above his signature, "Berlin is divided, but not in Baedeker!"

IN 1956, Karl Friedrich moved Baedeker's main office from Malente to Freiburg, the prepossessing university town in which he had spent the



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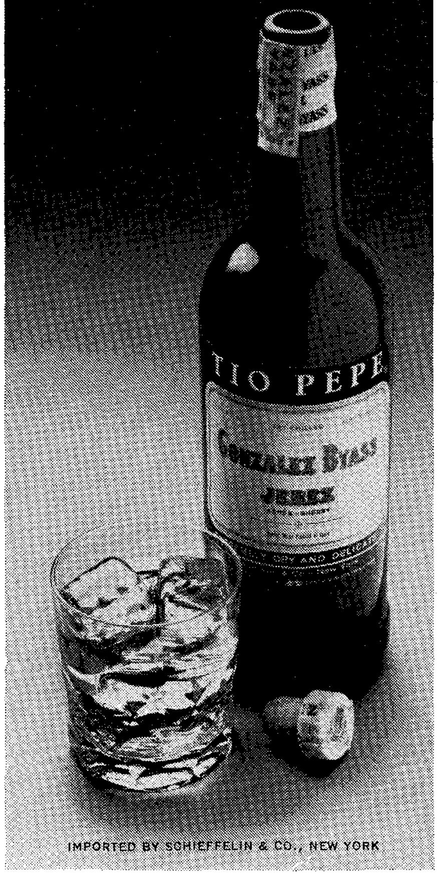

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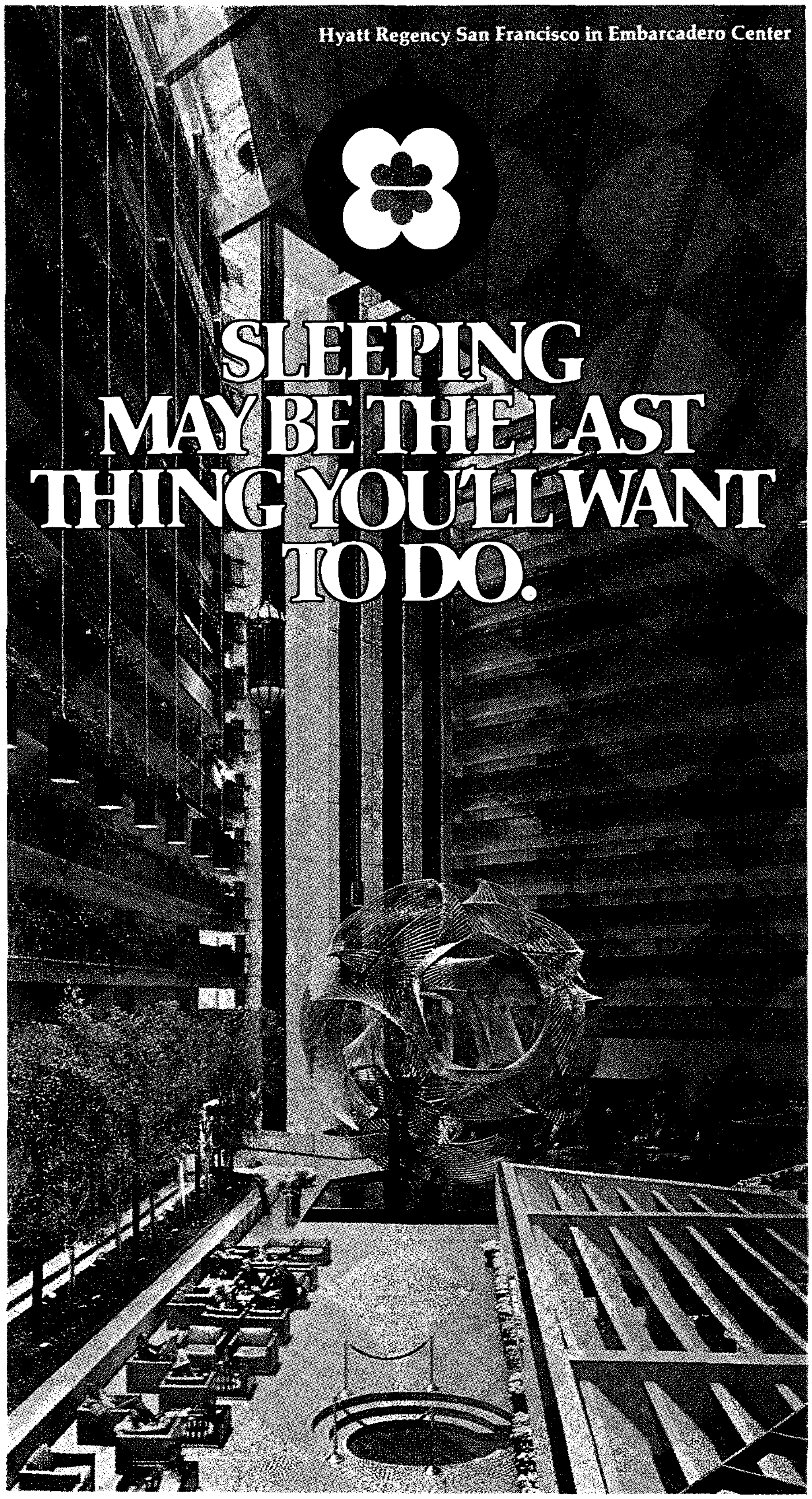
latter part of his boyhood. By that year, the company was well on its way to regaining its old position as Germany's leading publisher of travel guides. At present, it makes its headquarters in Freiburg at 7 Rosastrasse, on the ground floor of an unimposing four-story building given over half to residential apartments and half to commercial offices. The modest quarters of the house of Baedeker consist of six rooms, including Karl Friedrich's office and a fairly large room that serves as a secretary's office and also as a file room and a small stockroom. The archives are in the cellar. (The Baedeker office in Ostfildern, outside Stuttgart, which specializes in the motoring guides, has five rooms.) When Florian Baedeker, Karl Friedrich's only son, is in Freiburg, he works at a desk in the large room. A dark-haired, athletic six-footer, whose main diversions are skiing and parachute jumping, Florian, who is now thirty-one, has been studying typesetting and the other technical aspects of book production since 1971, when he finished his studies, in economics, at the University of Munich. He has also been exposed gradually to the editorial side of the business. He assisted his father in preparing an updated version of the handbook on Munich, which was issued (in German and English) shortly before the 1972 Olympics, and he did most of the work on the current guides to Baden-Baden, Constance, Strasbourg, and Wiesbaden. At the moment, aside from Karl Friedrich and Florian, there is only one other Baedeker in the business—Karl Friedrich's cousin Hans, one of Dietrich's two sons, who works as a *Redakteur* in the Stuttgart office and is also in charge of the technical production of the motoring guides. Hans had wanted to be an engineer, and his younger brother, Otto, a gifted pianist, had planned a career in music, but after the Second World War they changed their minds and both went into the business. Otto spent the nineteen-fifties in the London office, after which he worked as a *Redakteur*—a particularly talented one—in the Stuttgart office, but in 1971 he left the firm. His explanation was that he felt the day of the classical guidebook was over. He is affiliated with the firm of Ernst Klett, Germany's largest publisher of textbooks, and is at present working on an atlas for them.

Karl Friedrich's office is a good-sized room, about twelve feet by eighteen, with rough-textured buff wallpaper and a soundproof ceiling. In one corner, a low sofa and chairs are gathered around a coffee table, and next to a large window is a plain modern desk of light-finished birch, at which Karl Friedrich does most of his work. On the desk is a jumbo magnifying glass, made of Plexiglas, which he uses for checking the details of maps and other illustrations. Alongside the desk is a rubber plant. Rubber plants, he explained with a smile when I called on him not long ago, are considered to have the talismanic power of bringing in money for their owners. The room is not overdecorated, but for anyone interested in the four generations of Baedekers there is a lot to take in. On the wall at the right as one enters are separate photographs of Hans, Karl, and Fritz; the one of Karl, which is in the center, hangs a notch above the others. Hans looks mild, ascetic, and scholarly. Fritz looks like a cross between Bismarck and Hindenburg. Karl wears muttonchop whiskers, his dark hair is parted at the side and swept laterally across a broad forehead, and he peers out with steady, earnest, friendly eyes. On the same wall there is a group photograph of Fritz's wife and their four sons, along with a group photograph of three of the sons—Dietrich, Hans, and Ernst—taken much later in their lives. Nearby on that wall is a blowup of a caricature of the corporate Karl Baedeker that ran in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1959: he has the founder's face; on his head a bowler perches atop a pith helmet; he is dressed in a knickerbocker suit and an evening cape; on his right foot is a high boot, and on his left a Turkish slipper and a snowshoe; he carries a parasol, a small telescope, binoculars, a motion-picture camera, a food pouch, a flask, and an open guidebook. Near the window hangs a photograph of the first Karl Baedeker's friend John Murray III, as painted by Sir George Reid. On display here and there around the room are such memorabilia as the enamelled nameplate—KARL BAEDEKER—that was just above the bell outside the entrance to the company's offices in Leipzig; a diploma that the Austrian government sent the company in 1965, in appreciation of the quality of its coverage of that country in the guidebooks; a colored print of the city plan of Essen in 1823; and a late-nineteenth-century print that depicts a group of foreign travellers in Naples, with one of them passionately absorbed in his Baedeker. Against the wall on the right side of Karl Friedrich's office, two bookcases, with thirty-five or forty books on each shelf, hold copies of nearly all the editions of the classical-style Baedekers published over the past hundred and thirty-five years in German and in French. The German editions, which have been banded with a white strip at the base of the spine, take up twelve full shelves, and the French, banded with a yellow strip, take up four. On top of one of the bookcases, terra-cotta busts of Karl and Fritz serve as bookends for a complete set of the new motoring guides. (The English editions of the classical guidebooks are kept in the hall, next to a photograph that shows Karl Friedrich presenting Willy Brandt, when he was the mayor of West Berlin, with a copy of the Baedeker on Berlin. Banded with a green strip around the spine, these English editions fill seven shelves.) Also on top of the bookcases are nine motorcycle models, each about eight inches in length, made by Karl Friedrich and Florian, both addicts of this particular method of travel. Among them are a single-cylinder Norton, a two-cylinder BMW, a three-cylinder Gilera, a four-cylinder MV-Augusta, and an eight-cylinder Moto Guzzi. Most of the left wall is given over to three bookcases. Two of them are filled with reference books, including the 1930 and 1960 editions of the Brockhaus Encyclopaedia, atlases, German histories, and such odd volumes as a special lexicon on Austria and a Rotary International handbook. The third bookcase contains copies of the guidebooks to German cities and districts. In large cupboards at the foot of these bookcases materials for books in preparation are filed. Karl Friedrich has also found space in his office for a few pieces of modern art that have nothing to do with the travel-book business, but, somehow or other, the room has a comfortable, uncluttered feeling about it.

At the office, Karl Friedrich usually wears a woollen sweater. It suits his mode of operation better than a jacket, for he expends a tremendous amount of physical and nervous energy in the course of an average working day. For one thing, I have never seen a man who makes such frequent use of his reference books or is more adept at using them—looking up something in Volume X that leads him to



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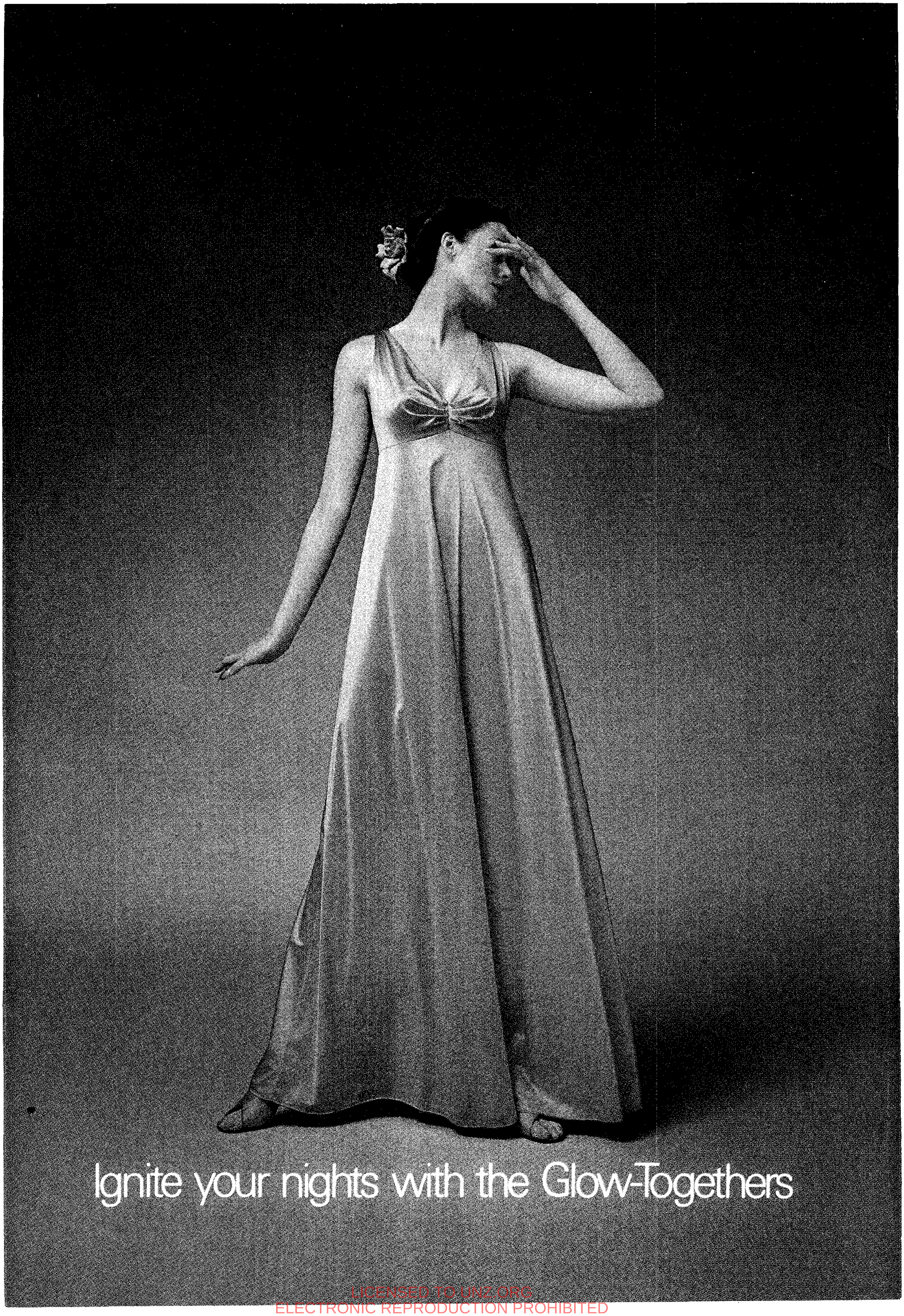
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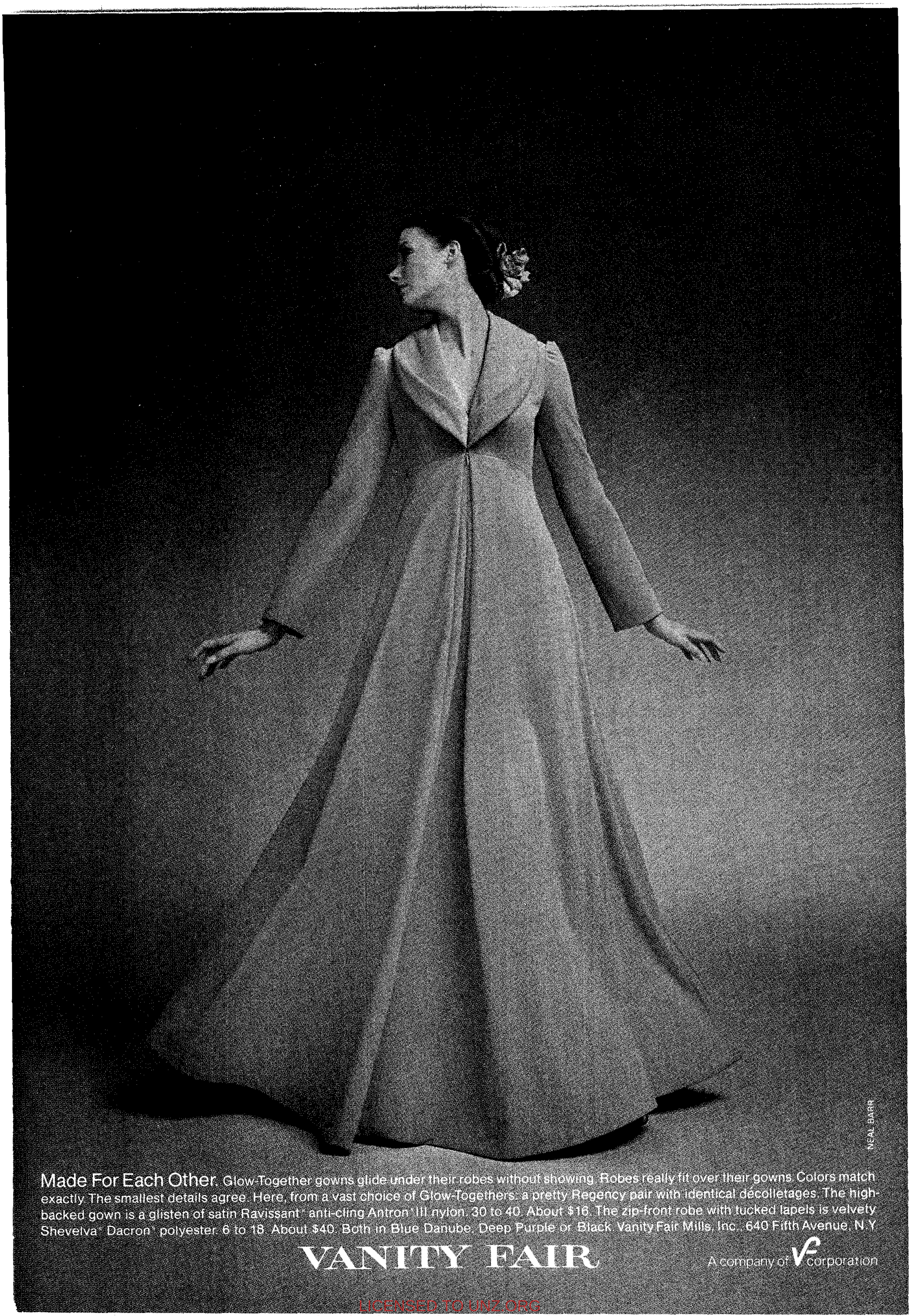

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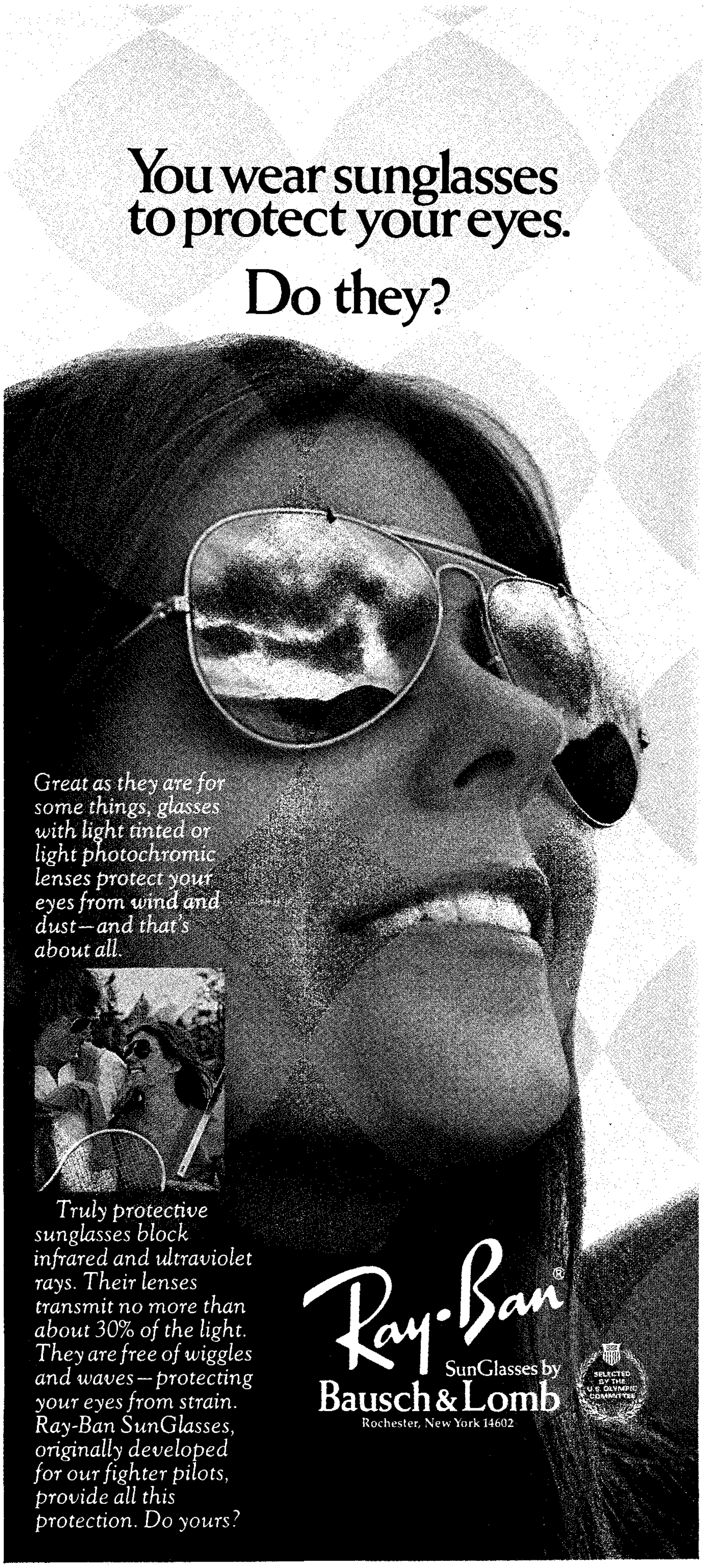

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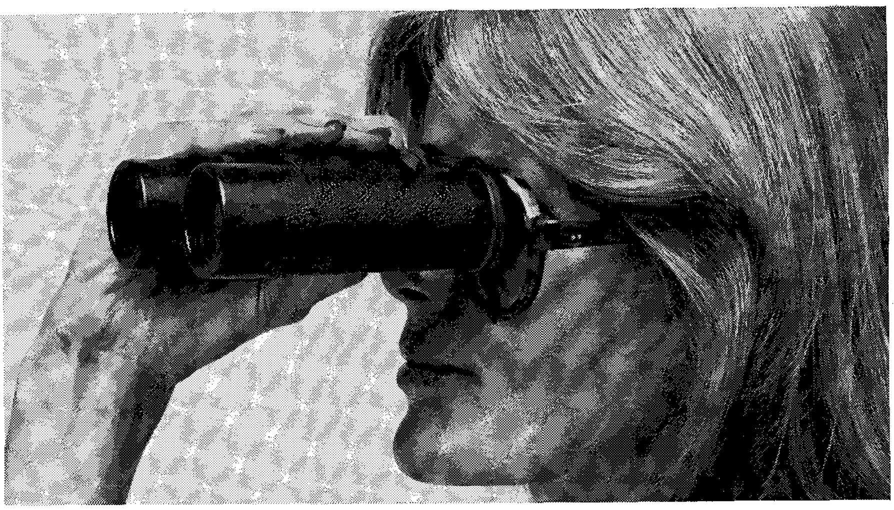
Volume Y and on from there to Volume Z as he closes in on the information he is after. There is something about Karl Friedrich's sure progress from bookcase to bookcase and from shelf to shelf that calls to mind a chamois's movements along an Alpine crag. With both publishing and editorial problems to take care of, he works at high speed. To begin with, there is a wide variety of correspondence to be answered or noted: a reader in St. Louis wants to know where he can buy a copy of the 1867 English edition of "Paris and Northern France" and the 1873 edition of "The Rhine from Rotterdam to Constance;" several booksellers have questions to ask about upcoming guidebooks, and Geo Center, the chief jobber of maps and travel books in West Germany, has a number of queries that require prompt attention; a reader in Soltau has sent in a postcard—a postcard is inserted in each Baedeker, and criticisms are invited—to the effect that the Costa del Sol has changed so much that the section on it in the motoring guide to Spain needs drastic revision; H. A. Piehler, now in his eighties, has written from London to say that he will be sending along another fifty pages of the English edition of "Innsbruck" he is working on, to be ready for the 1976 Winter Olympics; a leading American map company wants to explore a sinuous business proposition; a man in Prague is offering to sell his collection of old Baedekers. (In this last case, since the company is always on the lookout for any volumes missing from its own collection of Baedekers, the writer was asked to supply the title and publication date of each of his books.) Like most businessmen, Karl Friedrich spends a good part of each day on the telephone. Though he visits the Stuttgart office every two or three weeks, in between times there are innumerable points to discuss over the phone with the department heads at Mair and with the four-man editorial staff in Stuttgart. Nine other writers and *Redakteurs* report directly to Karl Friedrich. Since only two of them live in Freiburg, with the rest scattered all over Europe, a good deal of their communication takes place over the phone. In addition, there are business visits in the town to be made—for example, to Rombach & Company, which prints the classical guidebooks and the English editions of the motoring guides—and there are regular weekly sessions around the desk or the coffee table at 7 Rosastrasse with people like Georg Schiffner, who has been Baedeker's principal cartographer for the last twenty years. Between interruptions, Karl Friedrich reads and checks each new manuscript before it is sent to the printer. From time to time, to keep his hand in, he writes a guidebook himself, and is currently working on one to Frankfurt, to be published later this year.

ON the last day of my stay in Freiburg, Karl Friedrich and I had lunch together, and afterward he took me on a walk around the town. We ate at the Falken restaurant, in the Rathausgasse, the new name for the old part of the Eisenbahnstrasse. The Falken is only a five-minute walk from the office, but that short walk took us past an exquisite villa in the New English Gothic style, which the widow of the Count de Colombi, who had been the Spanish ambassador to Russia, built in 1859; today it serves as the seat of Freiburg's Civil Senate and as the heart of a small, pleasant public park. Adjacent to the Colombipark is a mini-vineyard—perhaps a third of an acre. "The burgomaster makes it a practice to toast visiting dignitaries with wine that comes from this hillside," Karl Friedrich remarked as we passed it. "After all, how many cities have their own downtown vineyard?" The Rathausgasse, which is not far from the cathedral that marks the center of the Old Town, is without a doubt the most charming street in Freiburg. Like nearly everything in that section of town—except the cathedral, which went untouched—the buildings on the Rathausgasse were bombed flat during the Second World War, but most of them have been diligently rebuilt along their original fourteenth- and fifteenth-century lines, their plaster façades painted blue-gray, buff, apple green, and other pale colors. A narrow street of de-luxe shops, the Rathausgasse was closed to automobiles many years ago, and it is a delight to stroll down it—the more so since it is one of several streets in the city where fast-running water tapped from the Dreisam River, a clear mountain stream, flows down stone gutters. At one stage of our lunch—I followed Karl Friedrich's recommendation and had the Black Forest trout—he mentioned that he had given the street one star in his sixty-page guide to Freiburg, which he wrote and published in 1971. "That was not a hard decision," he continued. "Everybody, native and visitor alike, loves the Rathausgasse. Matters aren't always that simple. I remember a difference



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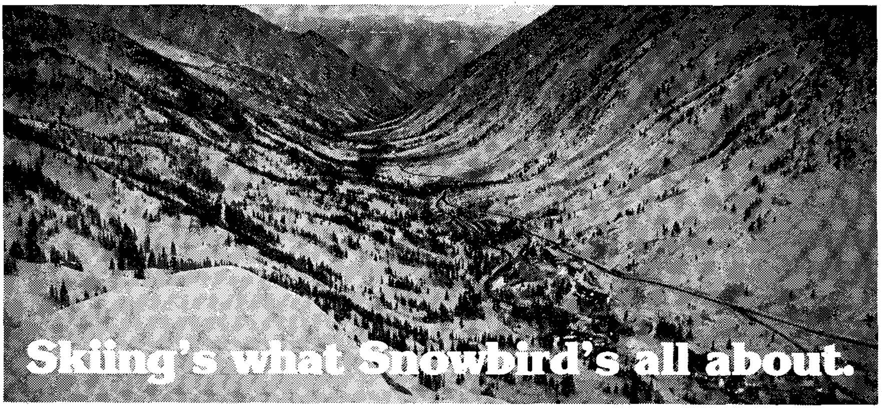

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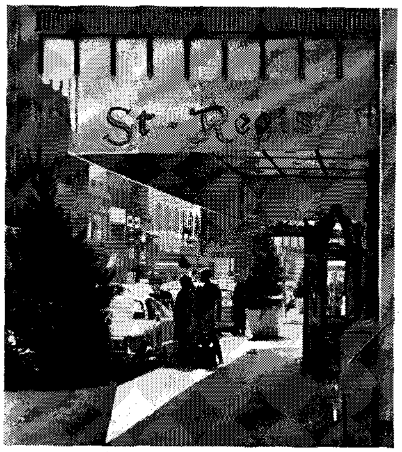

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of opinion I had with my Uncle Hans when we were working together on the guidebook to Munich, in 1950. In the field where the Oktoberfest takes place, there is a big bronze statue of the Goddess of Bavaria. It's been there since 1850 or thereabouts. I proposed that the statue be given one star, but Hans could not see it that way. As we talked it over, it became clear that we were proceeding from two different standards of judgment: I thought the statue deserved a star because it was a famous sight; Hans approached it purely and simply as a work of art. Anyhow, in the 1950 'Munich' the statue didn't get a star. In the 1972 'Munich,' it does." Karl paused for a moment. "I would suppose that, deep down, I think that we at Baedeker have always been a little too frugal in awarding stars."

Karl Friedrich's guided tour of Freiburg lasted an hour and a half and took in most of the standard tourist sights: the two town halls side by side in the Rathaus Square, one medieval and the other Renaissance, both a glowing red-brown trimmed with gilt; the old Kaufhaus, or Merchants' Hall; the Bären, or Bear, which is the oldest inn in Germany, dating from 1318; the university, founded in 1457, with a present enrollment of some fifteen thousand students; and above all, literally and figuratively, the red sandstone cathedral (two stars), begun in the early thirteenth century and long considered one of the most breathtaking churches in Europe, what with the open latticework of the "helmet" of its steeple, which thrusts some three hundred and eighty feet into the sky. Karl Friedrich patently knew every corner of the city, but he didn't burden me with too many dates and prepackaged anecdotes, and he even managed to invest our walk with the spontaneity of a ramble. I remember that we stood outside an old music school near the cathedral for three or four minutes listening to a clavichord solo. "I love baroque music," he said when the number was over. Later, when we crossed Kaiser-Joseph-Strasse, a main shopping street thick with autos and electrified buses, he took pains to point out an equestrian statue in the middle of the street—a founder of Freiburg, Duke Berthold III of Zähringen. The Duke's sword is raised high, and his head is half turned. "I like to tell friends I'm showing around the city that Duke Berthold is addressing some soldiers riding behind him," Karl Friedrich said. "The Duke is telling them, 'Men, watch out for that tram wire.' "

During the walk and after we returned to 7 Rosastrasse, our conversation shuttled back and forth between the past and the present. I was interested, for instance, in knowing how often Karl Friedrich's travels took him to Coblenz and Essen. "I don't think I've been back to Coblenz since 1947," he told me. "I went there then to see how my great-grandfather's house had got through the war. It was a three-story house, and, as was the custom in the old days, the bookshop was on the ground floor, with the living quarters above. Well, the only thing left was the front wall. One or two shutters were still up, and the name Baedeker was still in gold letters on the wall. However, my great-grandfather's grave was in good order—and still is, I am told. Essen is another story. The bookshop founded by my great-great-grandfather G. D. Baedeker, and his father, Zacharias, is still flourishing. Since the nineteen-twenties, it's been operated with exceptional efficiency by Martha Baedeker, a girl from East Prussia who married a Baedeker from another branch of our family. Today, it's one of the biggest and best bookshops in Germany. Martha Baedeker's plans are to leave it to the city of Essen. Then, too, Essen's daily newspaper, the *NRZ*, which stands for *Neue Ruhr Zeitung*, is a descendant of the newspaper that G. D. Baedeker began. We have a special agreement with the present editor. We send him review copies of each new Baedeker guidebook several days before we send them to the other German newspapers and periodicals."

Speaking a bit more slowly, Karl Friedrich went on, "We know at Baedeker that we will never see the great days of Karl and Fritz again. On the other hand, I would say that we have been fairly successful in reëstablishing the house on a solid foundation. The new motoring guides have done well. We will be adding more countries to our list and regularly revising the existing motoring guides. Since the war, we've done sixteen district guides for Germany—about six are in English editions, also. We've done something like forty guides to German cities—a few of them in English. I would like to see us extend our list of town guides, adding some in Austria and Switzerland. Vienna, of course, and Bern, Zurich, Basel, and so on. Another thing: we have just undertaken a new series on the celebrated resort areas along or close to the Mediterranean—the Southern Tyrol and the Dolomites, the French Riviera, the Italian Riviera, Dalmatia, Majorca, to name a few of the obvious ones. And we are continuing with our classical guidebooks. Dr. Hans Kramarz and his wife, Ingeborg, who did the motoring guide to Bulgaria for us, and Dr. Baumgarten, our chief *Redakteur*, travelled extensively through the United States, researching the third edition of 'Nordamerika'—we call it 'Baedeker's USA'—which came out last year. It is aimed at German tourists who are planning trips to America. It was a costly project, and Lufthansa has helped finance it. We will publish a French edition next year, in coöperation with Hachette, and we are looking for an American publisher."

I asked Karl Friedrich if he himself had ever been to the States. "Not yet," he answered, in an abstracted way. "Perhaps now that the new volume has come out I will go. To check on it." He was silent for several moments, his forehead creased in thought. "I should add something to what I've just been telling you," he said, speaking again with his usual definiteness. "While it is true that we have done quite a good job of rebuilding the business, in one critical respect we have not been successful. It is this: The word 'Baedeker' has lost its old lustre. People today look upon Baedeker guidebooks as part of a bygone epoch. They conjure up the world of the spirit flask and the steamer trunk—a vanished world. Baedeker, to use a modern phrase, needs to create a new image for itself. How does one go about it? That is the problem. In its golden age, for example, Baedeker guidebooks appealed very much to American travellers, because Americans used to follow the European method of travel. For that matter, there was very little difference in those days between educated travellers, whether they were Americans or English or French or Germans or whatever. Most of them had a classical background. They all liked to walk. They all took their time and let things sink in. They liked to do things on their own. In this present age of mass travel and the package tour, I have a feeling that our guidebooks must surely bore most American travellers as they rush from capital to capital. Or perhaps we are not as skilled as we ought to be in discovering the changes we should be making so that our

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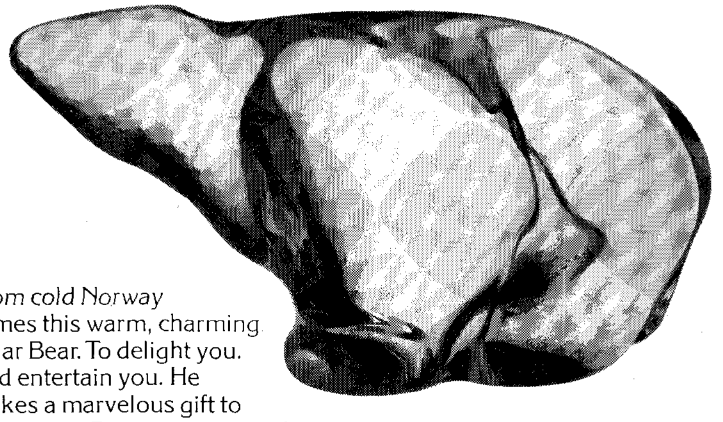

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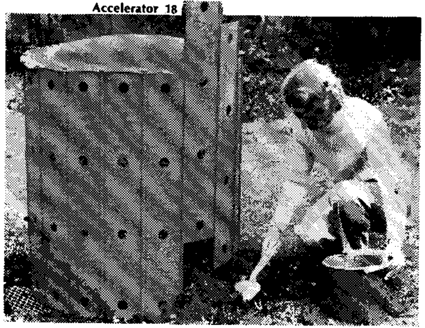

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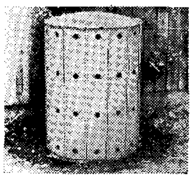

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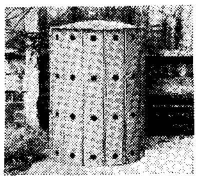

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guidebooks can be of more service to the Americans and other modern travellers."

I told Karl Friedrich that in my opinion it would be best for Baedeker to forget about the present-day American traveller and to concentrate on bringing out the most interesting, dependable, and readable guidebooks possible. I added that the task confronting the publisher of guidebooks today is incomparably harder than it was back in the days of his great-grandfather and his grandfather. They came along at the perfect time. Barriers between countries were breaking down. The river steamer and the railroad and Thomas Cook & Son were just coming into their own. It was the glorious dawn of the era of international travel.

"Yes and no," Karl Friedrich replied. "My great-grandfather Karl and my grandfather Fritz were men of unusual abilities, and sometimes I think that they would know what today's travellers want as precisely as they knew what their contemporaries wanted. What made the early Baedeker handbooks so successful? The feeling the reader got that he could trust every word. If Karl Baedeker told you that his goal was to give you all the information you needed to travel through Austria or Italy or France without having to engage a guide, you knew you could do it. The other evening, I was glancing through an early guidebook on Holland and Belgium, which I think Karl did, and what struck me most forcibly was the charge made in the introduction that the heads of many of the art museums in Belgium were in the habit of frequently changing the locations of the paintings so that they could sell the public more catalogues. No wonder every traveller looked upon Karl Baedeker as his friend!

"And Fritz, despite his arrogance—what a sure instinct he had for just the thing that was needed to turn a good guidebook into a first-class guidebook! Let me give you one example that comes quickly to mind. After Fritz had decided that Baedeker would make it a practice to bring out French and English editions of the guides, it did not satisfy him merely to produce routine translations of the German guides, which is what most publishing houses would have done, believe me. Let's say the volume in question was an English edition of 'Italy.' Fritz would discuss the project with the *Redakteur* to make sure that certain specific information that the English would want was introduced into the book. For exam-

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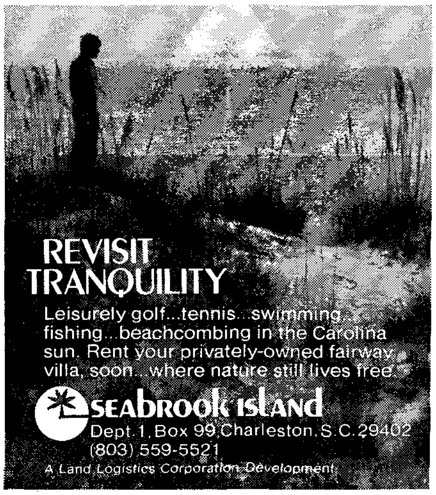

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ple, what were the main cities in which Lord Byron lived, and what did he write when he was living in each of them? Was Elizabeth Browning as devoted to Italy as her husband? Things like that. This was one of the reasons English travellers preferred to travel with Baedekers rather than with guides put out by English publishers. But returning to today, as I have told you, I do not know what has to be done to give our Baedekers the vitality and the pertinence that will make them great guidebooks. I think, however, that if we work hard we can find at least some of the answers."

At the end of the day, when Karl Friedrich was walking me back across the Colombipark to my hotel, I asked him where he went on his vacations. "Oh, there are a number of places I'm extremely fond of," he said, lighting up at the thought of them. "I love Carinthia, in southern Austria. I love the Dolomites, farther to the west, and the kind of mountain climbing you have there. There is a village named Blokhus in Denmark, on the Skagerrak, that my wife and I like very much. The Isle of Wight. Weymouth, on the coast of Dorsetshire—the area where Portland stone comes from. Polperro, in Cornwall. The island of Rügen, in the Baltic Sea, off the coast of Mecklenburg. Zermatt, of course. I could go on and on, but I think that my favorite place of all is the one I named first—Carinthia. It has just the kind of landscape that appeals to me. The land is not too flat, the mountains are not too high or too close. When we go there, we pitch our tent at a spot about five kilometres from that long, low range of mountains called the Karawanken. For me, that is perfect." He broke into an easy laugh. "You can see why I love travel. It gives me the change I need. It takes my mind off my work." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an article by Joseph F. Sullivan in the Times*]

The Assemblymen also were miffed at their Senate counterparts because they have refused to bite the bullet that now seems to have grown to the size of a millstone to the Assemblymen whose necks are on the line.

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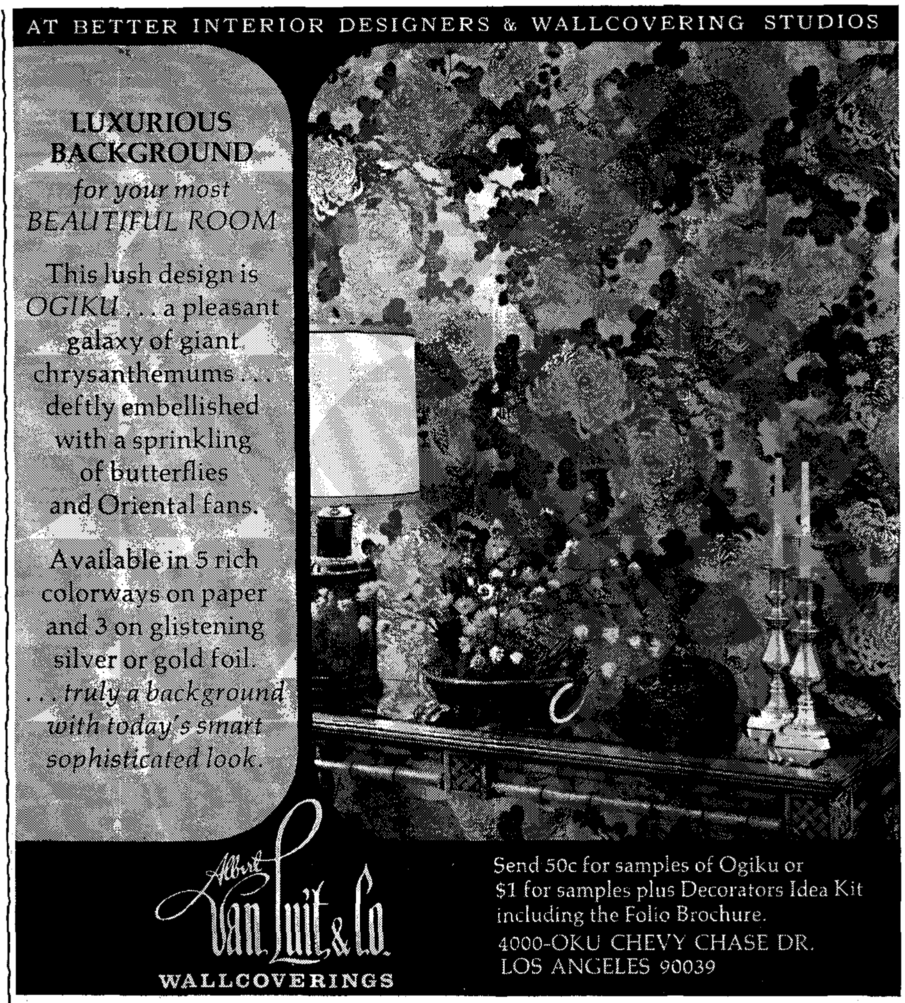

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Vivid Doldrums

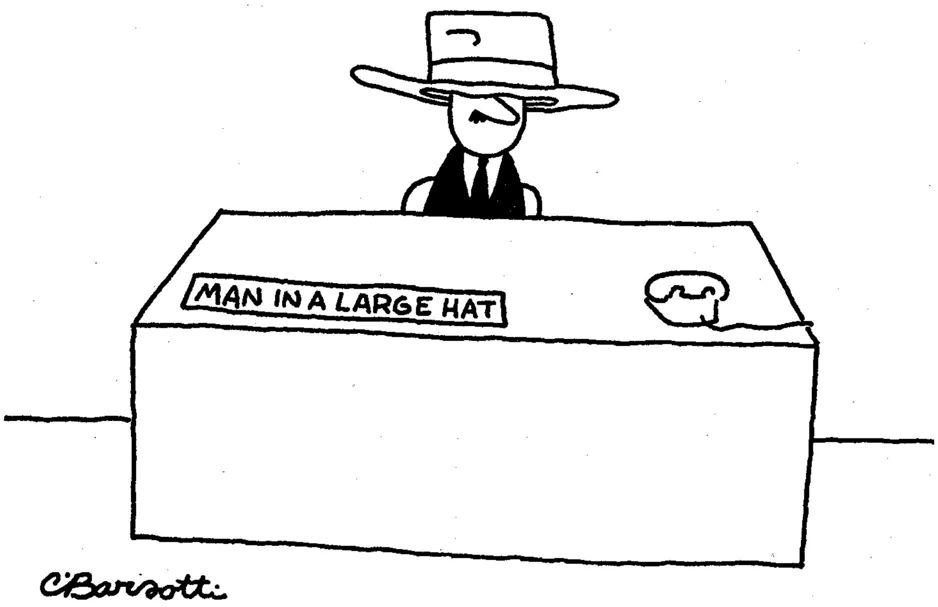
RACKED by acrimony, shuddering with curses, alive with snippings at élitism, an Italian yacht plows its very Latin way through a magnificently even summer sea. The weather is calm and lucid, but the temper of the people sailing is obstreperous and hectic. Lina Wertmüller's new film, called "Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August," is about a set of rich hedonists who argue violently over Stalinism-versus-capitalism while the members of the crew sullenly reheat coffee that they undoubtedly long to throw in the upperdogs' faces. The boss is an ill-natured bottle-blond beauty—the wife of an industrialist—who flounces as much as anyone can in a bikini, complains that the crew's T-shirts stink, and roars her route through an endless argument with a guest about Communism. She is, of course, against it. She is also capable of the full downrightness of the very wealthy in capping an idiocy about Stalinism with just as inadequate a riposte about the proficiency of Hiroshima. Settling everything. As she spouts polemic against Socialism and the smell of the crew, her swimming guests tread water in the warm sea and answer back hard, revived by a row as only Latins can be. She expresses blistering disdain of a friend's shorts, which are indeed rather long and baggy. But it is, after all, a holiday. "These happen to be very chic. Bermudas," he says, not at all unmanned.

This is the highly Latin situation between the sexes which Lina Wertmüller's wry Italian film proposes, like her earlier "The Lizards," "Love and Anarchy," and "The Seduction of Mimi": that the viragoes of so much Mediterranean sexual comedy will always meet their Petruchios. The termagant here is played by Mariangela Melato. The sailor whom she has tried most energetically to subjugate—played by Giancarlo Giannini—slowly becomes her buoyant master when they are marooned. She has told him that he looks terrible, that he should change his shirts more often, and that he is no sailor. She has demanded to be taken by him in a yellow rubber dinghy to join the other guests, who have gone to a grotto for a swim. There is no fear in her of sex rearing its festive head. Not even when the outboard motor goes dead. She simply sleeps, adrift, without seeming to miss food or drink, apparently fortified by natural resources of contempt, wakening with the dawn to use her parched lips to provide a good breakfast of abuse for the poor man, who is without a compass but not without either mechanical ingenuity or masculine fury.

Having seethed about the idea of eating raw a pilchard caught by the hero with his bare hands, having even thrown it disgustedly back into the sea, the glamorous loudmouth starts to waver, and to wish for some of the lobster that he cleverly catches on the desert island where they land. Her wealth, which is immense, comes from industry, and she still can't take in the fact that safety, servility, and comfort aren't up for sale. Habits of authority die hard. Difficult to believe that the ancient coinage of rule has no currency in a new civilization of two. Sometimes, against custom, she starts to behave with grace. She predictably grows to worship the casual ability to stay alive of the mysterious lout whom she no longer employs but still feels to be her rightful property. This is a very Marxist film, beneath its complexion of comedy. Who belongs to whom? Is it the now unpaid wage earner to the rich employer separated from any bank? Or is it the burdensome complainer to the amused survivalist? The tenaciously habitual in arrogance to the newborn in command? The one who feels the greater need to the one who feels the freer?

Neither belongs to the other, says Lina Wertmüller, with characteristic political skepticism about emotional combat. (She wrote the screenplay.) The heroine falls in love with the underdog master and relishes being vanquished, but only for a time. During the long episode of desert-island life, she is quelled by her own eroticism. Yet the instinct of the privileged remains, latent, after her serf seems to quash it: she is made to say "Mister," made to say "please," made to wash his sailor pants, made to regret her haughty recoil from the sight of a rabbit that her lover has caught for them to eat. "I feel like that poor little rabbit," says this floundering malfeasant of women's lib, limp with longing, identifying with the skinned, speared, about-to-be-roasted rabbit, but still enough of a born overlord to despise the naked sight of the food she regularly respects when it is clothed in sauce. She learns, but only for a time. In the rubber boat, when she was haranguing her lover about the uses of dieting to cleanse the system, and recommended it for women in the south of Italy, he said, "They're on a constant diet. It's called poverty." Watching her situation now, he loves her, teaches her a lesson, knows how hard it is to be the one knuckling under, and finds his sympathies keeling. Only a primal, untaught Marxism upholds his resolve. Every now and then, he remembers how rich she is in the outside world, how likely she is to revert, how the rich burn food to keep prices high.

Lina Wertmüller's fine film is apparently a simple parable about a social irony, like J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," in which the butler in a shipwrecked party of aristocrats is eventually called Gov because he is the most capable person. But "Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August" is about more than token amusements of paradox. It is about certain things' being swept away. The man, cast socially as a servant, regains in his native state his born


MAN IN A LARGE HAT
C.Barsotti

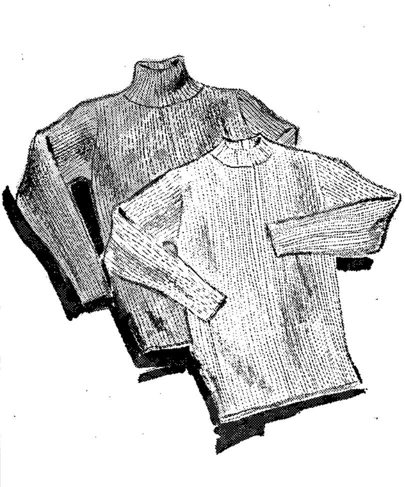
worth, but he loses his heart; the woman, cast socially as the boss, is forced to admit her subservience, but as soon as she rejoins her husband and friends she loses her acquired pliancy. In other words, the hero is swept away by her. And what she learned from him, which caused him to love her, is also swept away: the broom of social groupings has brushed naturalness under the carpet. Back in what the film would sarcastically call civilization, the hero sends her a topaz ring bought with the total stingy reward that her husband gave him, and tries to arrange to return with her to their desert island. She half promises on the telephone that she will. He simply sits on a quay and waits for her. An expensive helicopter rises. Leave it behind, after all: a nasty incident, an aberration, a joke.

SIDNEY LUMET'S "Dog Day Afternoon"—good title—is the first movie I know of about a bank robbery and an attempted hijacking to have been made as a farce. Based on a magazine story by P. F. Kluge and Thomas Moore elaborating actual events, the screenplay is by Frank Pierson. Two men ineptly rob a Brooklyn bank that has only eleven hundred dollars in the vault. The men are played by Al Pacino, as a character named Sonny, a married homosexual with kids, who has also had a full-dress white wedding to a man, with seven male bridesmaids; and by John Cazale, as Sal, a sombre-looking man with the forehead of a Nobel Prize-winning physicist and long hair that has the distraught and literary look of a water spaniel's ears. Sal, a poorish specimen who seems in need of a spine, believes in physical fitness. The body is the temple of the soul, he affirms during the bank robbery—which is not so much a heist as a composition of peculiar courtesies and reveries, of sorties for pizza to soothe the thieves' hostages, and of mild attacks of violence on the part of the more pushy thief in his requests to the police for not a little jet but a *big* jet.

The bank, surrounded though it is by police working in a temperature of ninety-seven degrees, quickly begins to take on a domesticated look. The bank's television, watched with a goldfish glaze by the bank manager and Sonny alike, shows holdup men and victims what is happening at the time it is happening, and this is one of the intellectual points of the film: that behavior is controlled and amended by being publicly reported. The film depicts publicity affecting action again and again, both by making the action feverish and also, contrariwise, by making it complaisant to expectation. The theme is extended in the robbers' playing to the gallery; they bungle things because they seem to think they are in a Neil Simon play. Sonny is hopeless at his task of being a bank robber, because he gives in all the time to the making of gags, including a ritual scene with a Jewish mother. He is beaten at his job by a jocularity borrowed from show biz. He possesses no traits that do not seem pilfered from Broadway comedy hits or from situation comedies or from one of the other limbs of entertainment that make a fortune out of presenting men as incapable. He is both show biz's product and its victim.

Though the farcical tone of the movie is blusterous, falling into the common show-biz habit of supplying energy in place of intent, the movie succeeds, on the whole, because it has the crucial farcical virtue of not faltering. The achievement of a stylistic note purely held very nearly carries the film through its flashes of crassness, though not altogether. There are some ill-earned laughs about homosexuals. Other sequences indulge in a sort of knowing psychoanalytic slapstick. The characterization in the screenplay is rather oafish, so that people seem to be wearing generic labels on their backs in some windowless party game. There is the spinsterish fusser, the distractible homosexual, the stolid TV watcher, the interchangeable chorus of backchatters whose repartee gives not much notion of particular temperaments behind it. But perhaps farcical style demands that characters be prototypes. Technically, the film is a feat. It is full of ensemble and crowd scenes that must have been fiendishly difficult to get, and some of the closeups of Al Pacino's wavery face express not only fine acting but also fine direction of acting. It is the picture's overspill of galvanism that prompts questions about the pumped-up energy that has been a trouble to popular show business for centuries, right up to the nineteenth-century farces of Scribe and to the more strident examples of our own musicals. Perhaps it could fairly be said of Sidney Lumet's muscular and intelligent work that it has every virtue but doubt. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

EDITORS' NOTE: Penelope Gilliatt and Pauline Kael alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Gilliatt concludes her current six-month period. Miss Kael will appear next week.



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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE COMPANIONS OF THE GAME

THE San Francisco Giants, it seems, have been sold to some Japanese businessmen. The news, which appeared in the *Times* late last month, was somehow both startling and boring—instant antipodal emotions that only stories about quintuplets or the business side of sports arouse in me. The *Times*' account was a blurry, hedging affair, beginning with a denial by the Giants' front office of the reported deal, followed by several paragraphs explaining why it probably would go through. It was generally known, of course, that the club has been in financial difficulties for several years, and earlier this summer its president, Horace C. Stoneham, announced that his controlling share of the National Exhibition Company (which is the team's florid, nineteenth-century corporate handle) was up for sale. A San Francisco-based group, headed by a real-estate man named Robert A. Lurie and including the National League president, Chub Feeney, who is a nephew of Stoneham's, and Bill Rigney, a former Giant manager, had been talking with Stoneham, but the Japanese offer of seventeen million dollars—for the club, its minor-league affiliates, and some baseball and hotel properties at the Giants' spring-training headquarters in Phoenix, Arizona—is apparently a good deal higher than any other bids so far. The Japanese sportsmen, whose names have not been announced, have promised to keep the Giants in San Francisco and to appoint an Occidental management team to run things—both probably crucial assurances if the sale is to have any chance of approval when the other National League owners vote on it, after the World Series. At that time, it may also be determined whether the Oakland A's will be moved next year to Seattle (which has a new domed stadium waiting for a tenant) or to some other city, thus reducing the competition for the Bay Area baseball audience, which has been proved insufficient to sustain two clubs. The Giants' refusal to acknowledge the sale may be because the bidding is in fact still open, or because they do not want to perturb Oakland owner Charles O. Finley or other baseball nabobs with any suggestion of a kamikaze attack *accompli.*

As a lifetime Giants fan whose passionate boyhood attachment had been slowly cooled by the departure of my heroes from the Polo Grounds in 1958, by the decline and eventual retirement of Willie Mays, and by the pale neutrality of middle age, I tried to summon up a semblance of outraged xenophobia at the news of this sudden Toyotafication of my old team and my old pastime, but it became clear to me in the same instant that I simply didn't give a damn. Big-league baseball is a commercial enterprise, and the business of Japan, as Calvin Coolidge probably meant to tell us, is business. There was a time when the ownership of a ball team by a hometown brewer or chewing-gum family did not seem an especially important part of its public identity, but in the past twenty years eight of the original sixteen big-league clubs have been sold (and in some cases resold and re-resold) to new business interests, while eight new clubs have been born, four of which have later changed hands. As a result, the financial adventures of some teams are almost better publicized (and often a good deal more interesting) than their achievements in the pennant race. A typical modern ball team is operated coldly and from a distance, just like any other conglomerate subentity with interesting tax-depletion build-ins and excellent P.R. overtones. Their owners and operators are men whose money derives from, and whose deepest loyalties adhere to, insurance companies, broadcasting chains, oil wells, whiskey manufacture, real-estate sales, trucking and shipping lines, quick-lunch chains, and the like, and it doesn't seem to make much difference if one of the teams should now land in the portfolio of some enterprising visitors whose hero is Sadaharu Oh instead of Babe Ruth, and whose cash comes from the marketing of *sake* or electronic calculators or sushi-burgers.

For all that, there is one aspect of the sale of the Giants that seems worth attention, worth caring about, and that is the departure of Horace Stoneham from baseball. The Stoneham family has owned the Giants ever since Horace's father, Charles A. Stoneham, purchased the club, in 1919, in partnership with a New

"I've forgotten, Benson. Is this a four-pronged program or a five-pronged program?"

York City magistrate named Francis X. McQuade and the team's famous manager, John J. McGraw. Charles Stoneham, who held the majority interest in the team, died in 1936, and Horace Stoneham, then thirty-two years old, succeeded him, thus becoming the youngest club president in baseball history. The Stoneham family has *been* the Giants for more than half a century, for it has had no other business in that time. Along with Calvin Griffith, of the Minnesota Twins (formerly the Washington Senators), Stoneham is the last of the pure baseball men, the owners who owned nothing but their team and cared for nothing but the game. (Tom Yawkey, the longtime Red Sox owner, is of the same breed, but he is also the possessor of a sizable fortune.)

In recent years, it has been the custom for men at baseball gatherings to talk about Horace Stoneham with affectionate and patronizing sadness. "I *like* Horace," the conversation always begins. "Hell, everybody likes him, but . . ." The sentence trails off, and the speaker shakes his head in the manner of a young lawyer who has undertaken to bring order out of his mother's checkbook. Nothing has gone right for Stoneham in recent years, but there was a time when he had his share of success. His Giants have won five pennants, a world championship, and one divisional title. He has hired winning managers. In his father's time, he recommended the selection of McGraw's successor, Bill Terry, who captured a world championship in his first year at the helm, and in 1948 he snatched Leo Durocher from the despised Brooklyn Dodgers. Stoneham was capable of risky and decisive moves, such as the housecleaning in 1949, when he traded away the stars of a popular but non-winning Giants club—Johnny Mize, Walker Cooper, Sid Gordon, Willard Marshall, and Buddy Kerr—to make room for Eddie Stanky and Alvin Dark and the others who would, under Durocher, fashion the marvellous winning summers of 1951 and 1954. The Giants' scouts and farms delivered up some true stars—Monte Irvin, Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Juan Marichal, and Orlando Cepeda—and estimable front-liners like Sal Maglie, Whitey Lockman, Bobby Thomson, Larry Jansen, the Alou brothers, Gaylord Perry, and Bobby Bonds. Until quite recently, in fact, the Stoneham record has been one of the better ones in baseball, a high-risk

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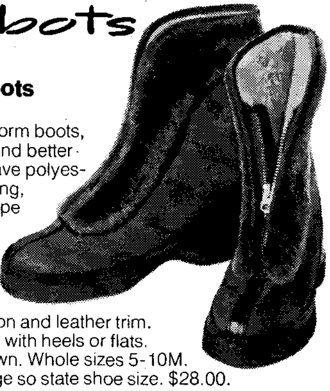

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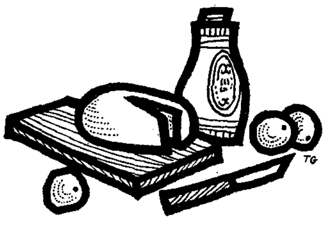
business in which true dynasties are extremely rare.

The Dodgers, to be sure, were far more successful than Stoneham's club in the last decade of their co-tenancy of New York, and when the two clubs moved West, in 1958, the disparity widened. The Los Angeles Dodgers have won five pennants and three World Series since their relocation, and the extraordinary season-long outpouring of fans to Dodger Stadium, which regularly tops the home-attendance figures of all other clubs, has made the team the most profitable franchise in baseball. For the San Francisco Giants, it has been quite the other way. The team was idolized in its first few summers, drawing one million eight hundred thousand customers in its first season in Candlestick Park, and there was a famous pennant (and very nearly a world championship) in 1962. From the day Candlestick opened, however, it was plain that its site and its design were disastrous. Its summer-long icy winds and swirling bayside fogs, which often made the act of watching a ballgame into something like an Eskimo manhood ritual, have become an old, bad local joke. These discouragements, coupled with five straight second-place finishes between 1965 and 1969, cut attendance in half by 1970, a particularly heavy falloff coming in 1968, when the A's established residency across the Bay. Since then, the proximity of the two clubs has clearly strained the limited audience and the dim baseball fealty of the area, but the A's, now three-time world champions, have had much the better of it. Last year, the A's drew 845,693, while the Giants, who finished fifth in their division, drew 519,991—the worst in either league.



The most riveting difference between the Oakland A's and the San Francisco Giants is not, however, in their comparative records or attendance figures but in their owners. Indeed, the temperament and reputation of the two men are at such utter removes that they almost seem to represent polarities of human behavior, and their presence in the same business and the same metropolis suggests nothing so much as fictional irony flung off by Charles Dickens. Charles O. Finley, the owner of the A's, is a relative newcomer to baseball, who has in a short time achieved an extraordinary success, and perhaps even greater notoriety. He is a self-made man, a millionaire insurance salesman, who has built a formidable championship club by relying almost exclusively on his own intelligence, quickness, hunches, and energetic dealing. He is a great promoter, with a perfect inner instrument attuned to the heat of the crowd, the glare of the event, and he is an instinctive and embarrassing self-aggrandizer. He is an innovator who has disturbed the quiet, dim halls of baseball and altered the game irrevocably. As an executive, he takes a personal hand in all the daily details of his club, including the most minute decisions on the field, and he swiftly disposes of managers and subalterns who cannot abide his meddling. The A's' headquarters, in the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, consists mainly of empty offices. Most of the time, Finley follows his team by telephone from an office in Chicago, either plugging into a local radio broadcast or being provided with a running play-by-play account of the action by someone on the scene. Baseball as occasion—the enjoyment and company of the game—apparently means nothing to him. Finley is generally reputed to be without friends, and his treatment of his players has been characterized by habitual suspicion, truculence, inconsistency, public abasement, impatience, flattery, parsimony, and ingratitude. He also wins.

Horace Stoneham is— well, most of all he is not Charlie Finley. He inherited his team and his position, and he does not want baseball quickly or wildly altered. Indeed, it may well be that he wishes the game to be more as it was when he first came to it as a youth. He is shy, self-effacing, and apparently incapable of public attitudinizing. He attends every home game but is seldom recognized, even by the hoariest Giants fans. His decisions are arrived at after due consideration, and the most common criticism levelled at him is that he often sticks with a losing manager or an elder player long after his usefulness to the club has been exhausted. He relies on old friends for baseball counsel and for company; most of his advisers and colleagues—men like Tom Sheehan; Garry Schumacher; Rosy Ryan; Carl Hubbell, director of player development; and Jack Schwarz, farm director—have been with the Giants for thirty or forty years. Perhaps because Stoneham grew up in a time when baseball was the only game in town and thus seemed to succeed on its own merits, he has a limited interest in vivid public relations, commercial tie-ins, and other hypes. His relations with the press have been cordial (in the words of Wells Twombly, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, he treats reporters like "beloved guests"), and his dealings with his players are marked by generosity and mutual admiration. In 1972, when his dwindling financial resources forced him at last to trade away Willie Mays, perhaps the greatest Giant of them all, he arranged a deal that permitted Mays to move along to the Mets with a salary and a subsequent retirement plan that would guarantee his wealth for the rest of his life. Horace Stoneham is convivial with his friends but instinctively private, and it is possible to guess that the only quality he may share with Charlie Finley is loneliness. He has been losing, and now he has lost, and he is thus fair game for the glum attention of writers and the secret scorn of men who understand nothing but success.

Early this summer, I began compiling information and talking to West Coast ballplayers and baseball writers with the idea of trying to interview Charlie Finley, perhaps while watching a game with him. For some reason (for *several* reasons), I kept holding off on the story, however, and then, when I read that the San Francisco Giants were up for sale, it suddenly came to me that the baseball magnate I really wanted to spend an afternoon with was Horace Stoneham. I got on the telephone to some friends of mine and his (I had never met him), and explained that I did not want to discuss attendance figures or sales prices with him but just wanted to talk baseball. Stoneham called me back in less than an hour. "Come on out," he said in a cheerful, gravelly, Polo Grounds sort of voice. "Come out, and we'll go to the game together."

I DRESSED all wrong for it, of course. The game that Stoneham and I had fixed upon was a midweek afternoon meeting between the Giants and the San Diego Padres in late June—a brilliant, sunshiny day at Candlestick Park, it turned out, and almost the perfect temperature for a curling match. I had flown out from New York that morning, and I reported to Stoneham's office a few minutes before game time. He shook my hand and examined my airy East Coast midsummer getup and said, "Oh, no, this won't do." He went to a closet and produced a voluminous, ancient camel's-hair polo

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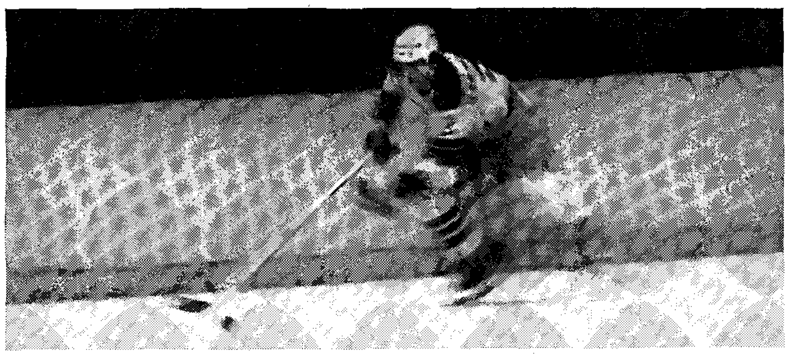

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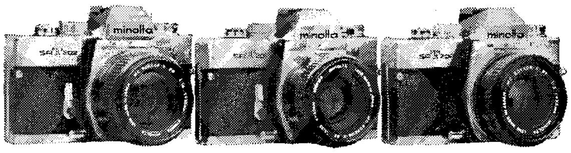

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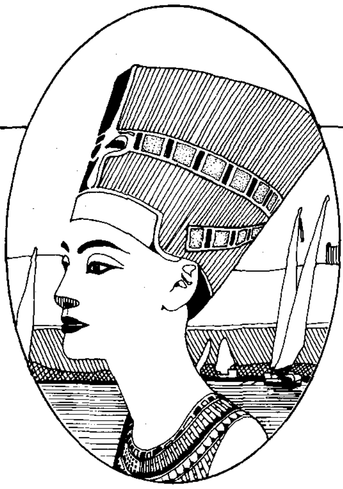

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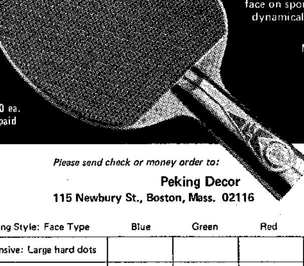

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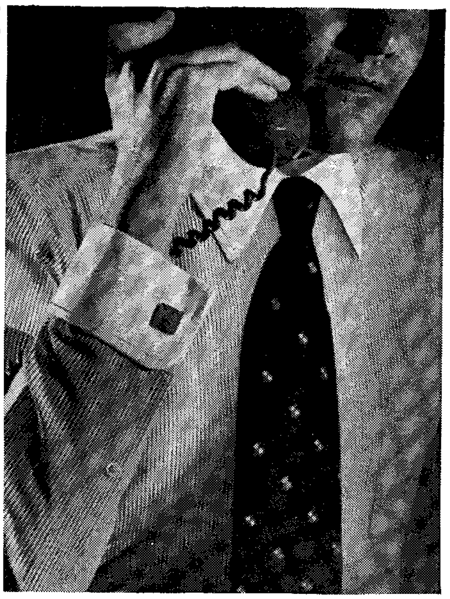
coat and helped me into it. He is a round, pink-faced man with close-cropped white hair, round horn-rimmed spectacles, and a hospitable Irish smile, and he looked much younger than I had expected. (He is seventy-two.) He was wearing tweeds, with an expensive-looking silk tie—a gambler's tie—but he, too, put on a topcoat and buttoned it up before we went out into the sunshine. Stoneham's box, on the press level, was capacious but utilitarian, with none of the Augustan appointments and Late Hefner upholsteries I have seen in some sports-owners' piazzas. There was a perfect view of the ballplayers arrayed below us on the AstroTurf, a few hundred scattered fans—most of whom seemed to be kids in variously emblazoned windbreakers—and thousands of empty orange-colored seats. The game matched up two good young right-handed fastballers—the Giants' John Montefusco and the Padres' Joe McIntosh. I kept track of things for a few minutes, but then I quickly gave it up, because an afternoon of Horace Stoneham's baseball cannot be fitted into a scorecard.

"I think the first Giants game I ever saw was the first half of a doubleheader on the Fourth of July in 1912," he told me. "The Giants' battery was Christy Mathewson and Chief Meyers. They opened with their stars in the first game, you see, because they charged separate admissions for the morning and afternoon games, and that way they got out the crowds early. I've forgotten who the other team was. I was nine years old. My father grew up in New Jersey, and his boyhood idol, his particular hero, was the great Giant left fielder Mike Tiernan, who came from Jersey City. Later, when my pop bought the club, he liked to say that he'd followed Tiernan over to the Giants.

"My father bought the team in 1919, and in 1921, as you may know, we played the first of three consecutive World Series against the Yankees, who shared the Polo Grounds with us in those days. That Series in '21 had a funny kind of ending. We were ahead by one run—I think it was 1–0—in the ninth, and Aaron Ward got on base for the Yanks. Frank Baker—Home Run Baker—came up and knocked a ball to right that looked like a sure hit, but our second baseman, Rawlings, made a great play on it, running it down almost in right field, and threw to Kelly to get him. Ward must have thought the ball had gone through, because he



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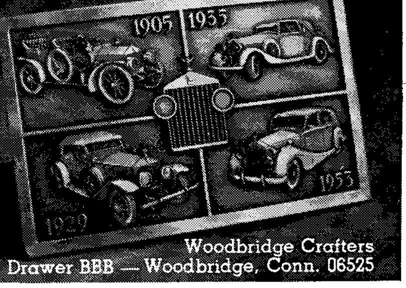

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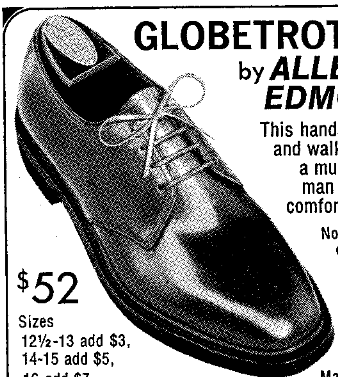

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passed second and just kept on running. George Kelly—oh, he had the best arm in baseball—saw him, and he fired the ball across to Frisch at third, and Frisch took the throw and tagged Ward just as he slid in. I can still *see* that, with Ward in the dirt and Frank Frisch making the tag and then landing on his fanny, with the ball still in his glove. It was a double play and it ended it all, but it happened so fast that everybody in the stands just sat there for a minute. They couldn't believe the Series was over."

Stoneham talked in an energetic, good-humored way. He reminded me of a good standup, middle-of-the-night bar conversationalist. "I was in the stands that day. I was still in school, at Loyola School. I was a mediocre second baseman on the team there. I went to a lot of Giants games, of course. Jimmy Walker was a state assemblyman then, and he used to come to the game every day. I got to know him very well— Hey, look at *this!*"

Von Joshua, the Giant center fielder—the 1975 Giant center fielder—had singled, and a run was coming across the plate. Within another minute or two, the Giants were ahead by 3–0, still in the first inning, and McIntosh had been knocked out of the game.

Stoneham resumed, but we were in 1939 now, at a famous Polo Grounds disaster that I had seen. "You were there?" Stoneham said. "Then, of course, you remember what happened. It was early in the summer, but that game cost us the pennant. We were playing the Cincinnati Reds head and head, and if we win we have a good shot at first place. Then somebody hit that ball for them—maybe it was Harry Craft—that hooked foul into the left-field upper deck, and the umpire called it fair and waved the runners around. Everybody could see it was foul, so there was a big squabble, and Billy Jurges, our shortstop, he spit right in George Magerkurth's face, and Magerkurth swung on him. Well, they were both suspended, of course—the player and the umpire both together. We called up Frank Scalzi to take Jurges's place, but a few days later Lou Chiozza and Joe Moore had a collision going after a fly ball and Chiozza got the broken leg, and we never did get going again."

I asked Stoneham about his first job with the Giants, and he told me that he had gone to work in the ticket department when he was in his early twenties. "We had a lady, Miss Wilson, who ran it all then," he said. "None of this

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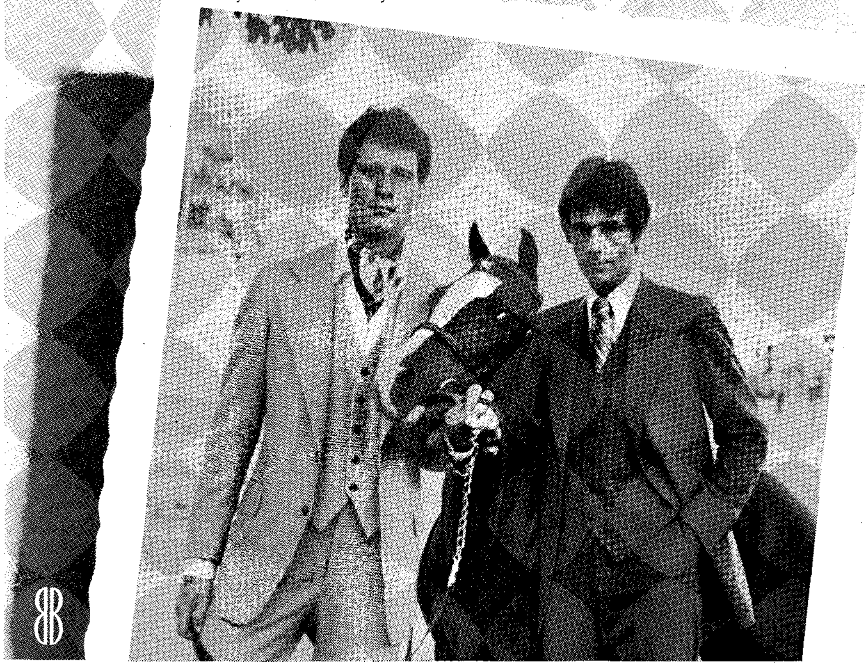

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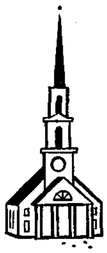
computer business. Well, bit by bit I got into the running of the ballpark, and then my father put me in charge of operations there. In those days, in the twenties, the Polo Grounds was open for events maybe two hundred days out of the year. The Coogan family owned the real estate, but the park belonged to the club. We had football—pro games and college games—we had the circus there, we had tennis and the midget automobiles. We had a skating rink in the outfield once, and even a week of outdoor opera. We had soccer—the Hakoah team came in after they won some international title, I think it was, and drew fifty-two thousand, so we knew it was a popular sport even then. We had visiting British soccer teams, and a team, I remember, that represented the Indiana Flooring Company. I think we had every sport at the Polo Grounds except polo. I did my best to arrange that, but we never could work it out.

"I came to know the ballplayers then, of course. I used to see them in the mornings. I got to be friends with some of them, like Ross Youngs, the great outfielder who died so young. Ross Youngs, from Shiner, Texas. When he first came along—before I knew him—he was signed by the Giants at a time when the team was on the road. Ross was in town and the Giants were away, and he went right over and got into a pickup baseball game over by the docks on Seventy-ninth Street, next to the railroad yards there. It's where they have the marina now. He had that intense desire to play ball.

"I was about twenty years old when Mr. McGraw asked my father to let me go to spring training. We trained in Sarasota back then. I remember that Mr. McGraw called me up to his room there and showed me a letter he had just written to my father about a young prospect named Hack Wilson, who'd been on a Class B team in Portsmouth, Virginia. He wore a red undershirt under his uniform. Mr. McGraw had written, 'If hustle counts, he's sure to make it.' Everybody called him 'Mr. McGraw'—everybody but my father, of course. Mr. McGraw, he called my father 'Charlie' or 'C.A.'—C.A. for Charles Abraham Stoneham, named after Abraham Lincoln."

We were in the third inning, and the Padres had a base runner on second. The next Padre batter, shortstop Enzo Hernandez, is an indifferent hitter, but now he singled to left and drove in the first San Diego run. "Oh, you sucker," Stoneham said, shaking his head sadly. "That's the history of the game. The pitcher lets up on the out man, and he hurts you."

The rally died, and Stoneham cheered up quickly. "We were talking about John McGraw," he said. "Well, another time in spring training he wrote a letter back to my father that said, 'There's a young fellow down here named Ott who is the best hitter on the farm level I've ever seen.' As you know, Mr. McGraw never did let Mel Ott go out to the minors. He brought him up to the Giants when he was just seventeen years old. He didn't want anybody spoiling that funny batting style—some manager telling him 'You can't hit that way. You must put that front foot down.' When Ott started out, he was a switch-hitter. He never hit righty in a game, as far as I know. Ott didn't get to play much the first couple of years, and McGraw would sometimes let him go over to New Jersey on the weekends and pick up some extra cash by playing with a semi-pro team. He played with the Paterson Silk Sox. Later on, Ottie and Carl Hubbell were roommates. Oh, my, there were so many games that Carl won by 2–0, 1–0—something like that—where Ott knocked in the winning run. You couldn't count them all."



IN the fourth inning, Stoneham took a telephone call at his seat, and I overheard him say, "We've sent flowers, and I wrote Mrs. Gordon this morning." I had read in the newspaper that morning that Sid Gordon, a Giant infielder-outfielder in the nineteen-forties, had dropped dead while playing softball. Strangely enough, I had read a story about him and Horace Stoneham in a sports column only a few days earlier. Gordon had been a holdout in the spring of 1949, but he finally came to terms for twenty-five hundred dollars less than he had demanded. Horace Stoneham was always made uneasy by prolonged salary disputes with his players, and in December of 1949 he mailed Gordon a check for the twenty-five hundred dollars—a considerable gesture, since Gordon had been traded in the autumn and was by then a member of the Boston Braves.

Now Stoneham hung up the telephone, and I asked him about the business of trades. "Well," he said, "you always hate to see your players leave. Maybe I'm too much of a sentimentalist. You can make mistakes trading, of course, but if you never make a mistake, you're not really trying. We made that big trade with the Braves involving Sid Gordon and the others because Leo Durocher wanted his own kind of team. He always had great success with players that could maneuver the bat. With younger players he was— well, he could be a little impatient. Everything with Leo was . . . *spontaneous*.

"One of the times that really hurt was when it came time to trade Freddie Fitzsimmons, who went over to the Dodgers in the middle thirties there, after more than ten years with us. He was really upset when he left us. He cried. What a competitor he was! He had no friends when he was out there on the mound. He'd show the batter his back when he pitched—he had that big rotation—and he was a remarkable fielder, with great agility for somebody with such a bulky build. Sometimes there'd be a hard grounder or a line drive hit through the box there, and he'd stick out his *foot* at it to stop it going through. Anything to win. I can still see him sticking out that foot and knocking the ball down or maybe deflecting it to some infielder.

"All those games in the Polo Grounds— well, most of the time I watched them from a window in the clubhouse, way out beyond center field. You remember what it was like there?" I did indeed. I always used to wonder about the distant figures that one could sometimes see peering out of the little screened windows set into that green, faraway wall. "There was just a table and chairs there—the same place where my pop used to sit and watch. I was out there when Bobby Thomson hit the home run in 1951 that beat the Dodgers in the last playoff game. We were down three runs in the ninth, and I was commiserating with Sal Maglie, who'd been taken out of the game, and trying to tell him what a great year it had been. We saw Lockman's hit that brought in the first run, but the side of the bleachers blocked our view so we couldn't see if Bobby's hit was going to go in, but I knew it was off the wall, so I said to Sal, 'Well, at least we've tied it up.' Some tie! The same thing with Willie's catch off Vic Wertz in the 1954 Series. I watched him come all the way out after it, and then he went out of sight behind that big black screen we had there that formed a background for the hitters. But I heard the crowd, and I knew he'd made the catch. I

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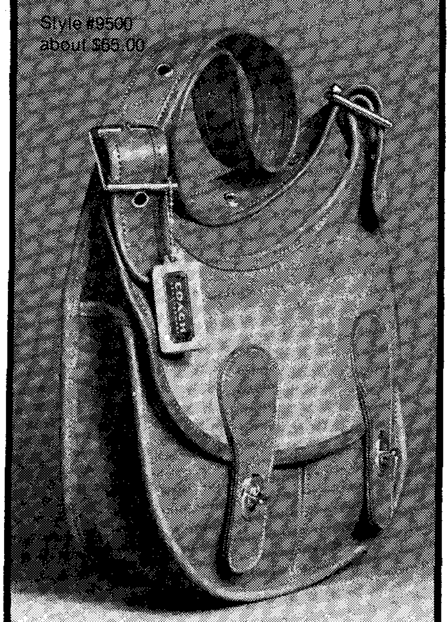

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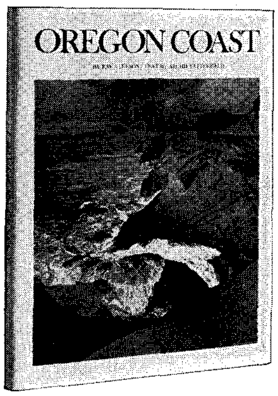

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knew it anyway, I think, because I'd seen him make all those other impossible catches. I liked that view of things in the Polo Grounds. The last day we played there, I couldn't go to the game. I just didn't want to see it come to an end."

WE were in the fourth inning and the Giants had a couple of runners on, and now the Giants' second baseman, Derrel Thomas, delivered them both with a sharp single up the middle. A thin scattering of cheers reached us, and Stoneham beamed. I ventured to ask him if he had a favorite among all the Giant clubs he watched down the years.

"Ah, I've seen so many of them," he said. "You'd have to break them down into periods. People are always asking me how the ballplayers compare now with the old-timers, and all you can say is they're at least the equal. The equipment is much better now, of course, but the competition for athletes [he gave it the old New York sound: "athaletes"] is greater, with the other sports getting so big. The best of them can play all sports, you know. We've lost some of our top draft choices to football. When I was a young fellow, all the colleges had good baseball programs, but now a lot of them have given up the game.

"You know, we have a good team right here, but we've had injuries. Garry Matthews and Von Joshua got hurt on the same day. Matthews is going to miss about a month, they say, with the broken knuckle on his left hand. But I think we're going to pick up and pull ourselves together. This is a young team, and I do like that. We have a lot of young arms."

He looked up at the scoreboard. "Those Cubbies are beating the Phils again, I see," he said. "They must have some kind of wind there—look at all those home runs. Yes, so many things can happen to a team in a year, you know. We had a lot of strange events in '33, when we ended up winning the Series. Johnny Vergez had an appendectomy, and Charlie Dressen came up and filled in—he'd been managing in the Southern Association. He told Adolfo Luque how to pitch to the final Washington batter in the Series—it was somebody he'd seen down there. Lefty O'Doul came back with us that year, too, and he got a big pinch hit in the Series, off of Alvin Crowder. I remember that Luque was limping around at the party after we'd won the last game, and when we asked him about it, it turned out he'd split his big

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toenail throwing those curves during the game. He bore down that hard, he broke his toe.

"When Sal Maglie was first with us, he was just an average pitcher. [Stoneham had moved along about fifteen years.] But when he jumped down to the Mexican League, in 1946, the team he played for there was managed by Dolf Luque, and when we got him back he'd mastered all those great curveballs, and nobody could touch him."

We were joined now by Garry Schumacher, the retired press director for the Giants, who was for many years a redoubtable Polo Grounds press-box sage.

"Garry, we've been talking about Luque and Sal and some of the other old-timers," Stoneham said.

"Hey, do you remember how Maglie used to have fun with Roy Campanella?" Schumacher said. "Every now and then, in a game when it didn't mean anything, he'd plunk Roy right in the belly with one of those curveballs. You know how Roy used to look when he stood up there and crowded the plate."

Stoneham laughed. "Sure, I remember now," he said. "Oh, Campy was a good man. He was a friend of ours."

"Did you get to the time Marichal and Spahn hooked up against each other for sixteen innings?" Schumacher asked.

Stoneham nodded several times, thinking about it, and it suddenly came to me that he and Garry Schumacher and his other friends had probably talked together hundreds of times about each of these famous games and vanished companions. Old afternoons were fresh and past players stayed young, and it was the talking that kept them that way.

Now, however, the Padres had two base runners aboard, and Stoneham leaned forward in his seat. "They've been getting some strange-looking hits here," he said. "It looks like they're slapping at the ball." He called to his pitcher. "Bear down, John!"

Montefusco struck out the next batter, and Stoneham said, "Boy, that fastball is the answer."

"Did you tell about that doubleheader against the Cards in '33?" Schumacher said. "The one where Hubbell won the first, 1–0, in eighteen, and Parmelee beat Dean, 1–0, in the nightcap, and we held on to first place?"

"That was a day," Stoneham said. "Hubbell sure won a lot of big ones in his time. You know, he first belonged

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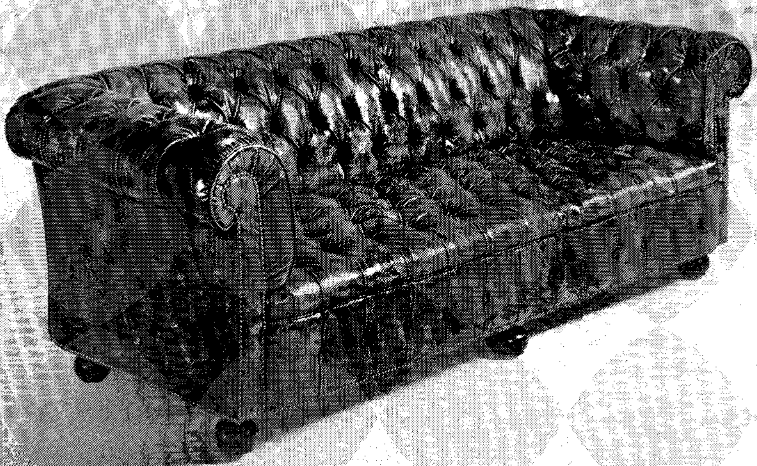

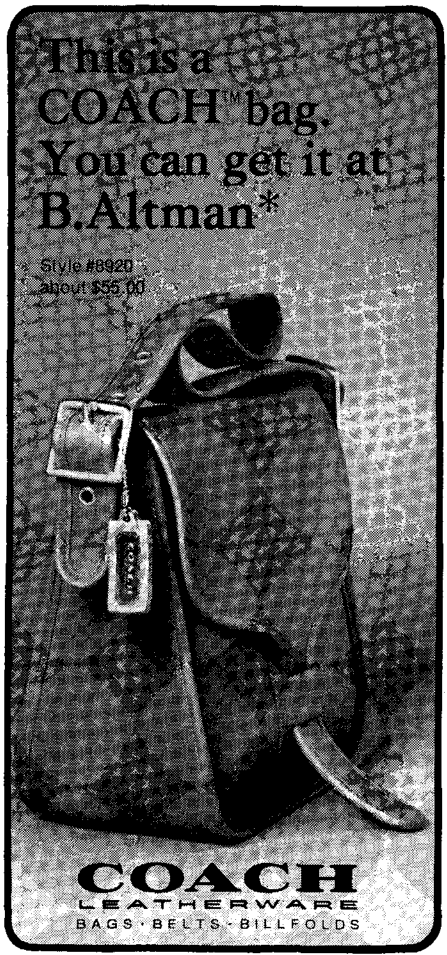

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to the Tiger organization, but he never played in the majors with them, because they thought that screwball of his would only ruin his arm. Then it happened that our scout, Dick Kinsella, was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1928, down in Texas, and one day when he was there he went to a game and saw Hubbell, who was pitching for the Beaumont club. He signed him up. He saw what that pitch would do for him."

Schumacher, who was not wearing a coat, had been blowing on his hands, and now he said goodbye and went inside to warm up.

"In any list of our teams, you'd have to mention the '54 club," Stoneham went on. (The Giants met the Cleveland Indians in the World Series of 1954, and beat them in four straight games, although the Indians had been prohibitive favorites. It was the only Stoneham team to win a World Series.) "Willie and Don Mueller and Dusty Rhodes. It's funny, but the thing I remember about that club is all the double plays they got that year that ended up with a base runner caught out of position—being put out by a throw behind him, or something like that. A great heads-up team. Dusty Rhodes got all the publicity for those pinch-hit homers, but I think Henry Thompson was the key man for us in that Series. Dusty's first home run was nothing—real Chinese—but the one he hit the next day went nine miles. You know, Dusty Rhodes works on a tugboat in New York Harbor now. He belongs to the seafarers' union, or whatever they call it. I still hear from him. And Davey Williams is a deputy sheriff down in Dallas. I try to keep in touch. I got a letter from Burgess Whitehead just this week, from— Let me see. From Windsor, North Carolina."

I asked Stoneham when he had first seen Willie Mays.

"Willie Mays first reported to us in New York carrying a toilet kit and three bats," Stoneham said. His face was lit up. "But the first time I saw him play was way before that. He was with Trenton, in a Class B league, and we'd just played a game in Philadelphia, and some of us rented a car and drove out to watch him play. They had a little press box, just about the size of this box. Bill McKechnie, Jr., was the general manager there, and Chick Genovese was manager, and Bill warned us that Mays might be a little tight because of our being there. Well, Willie got about two hits in the first few innings, and in the sev-

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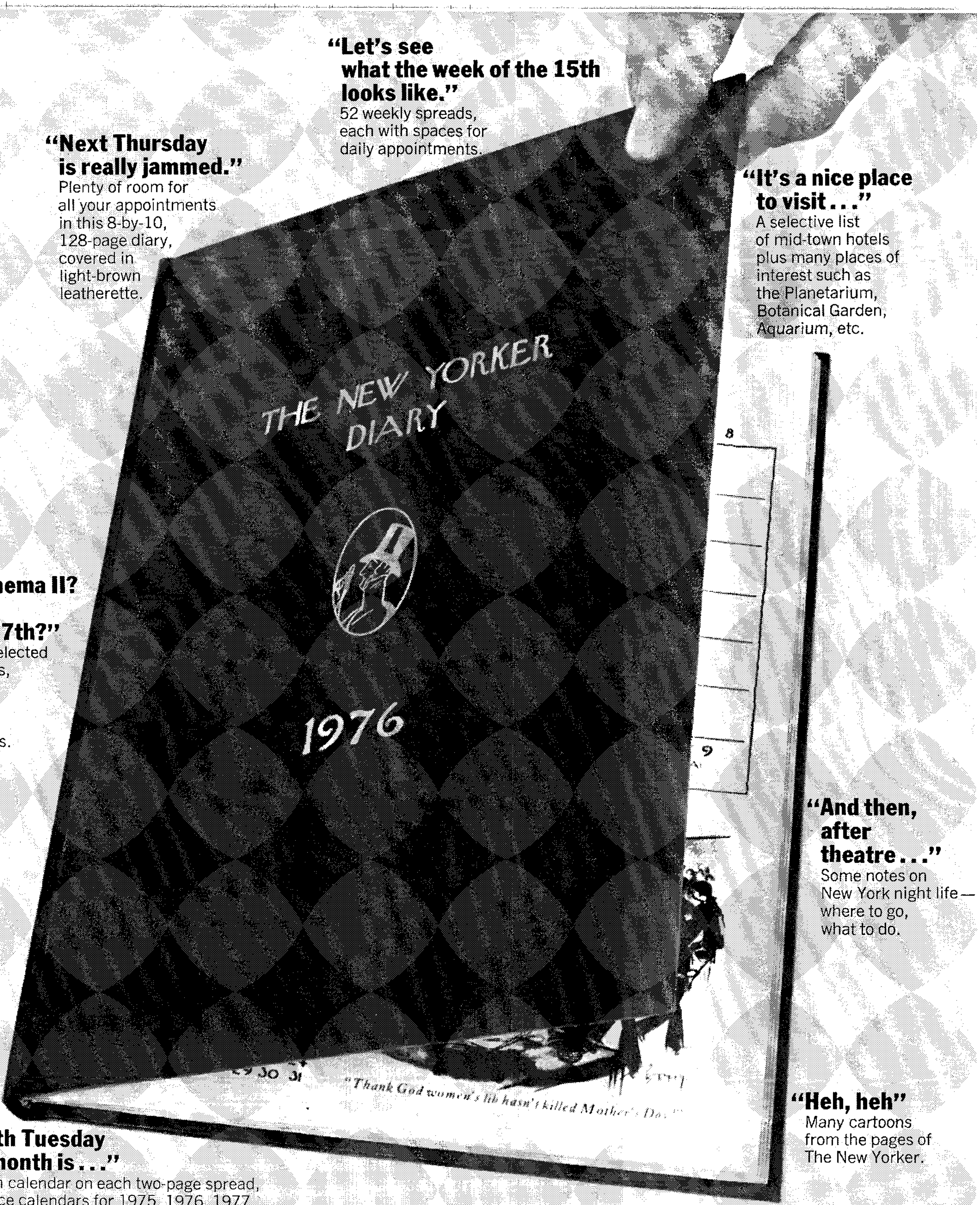

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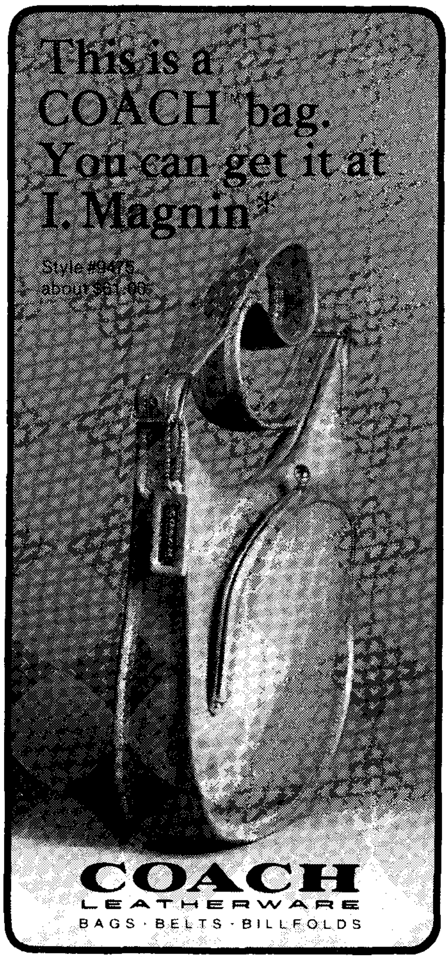

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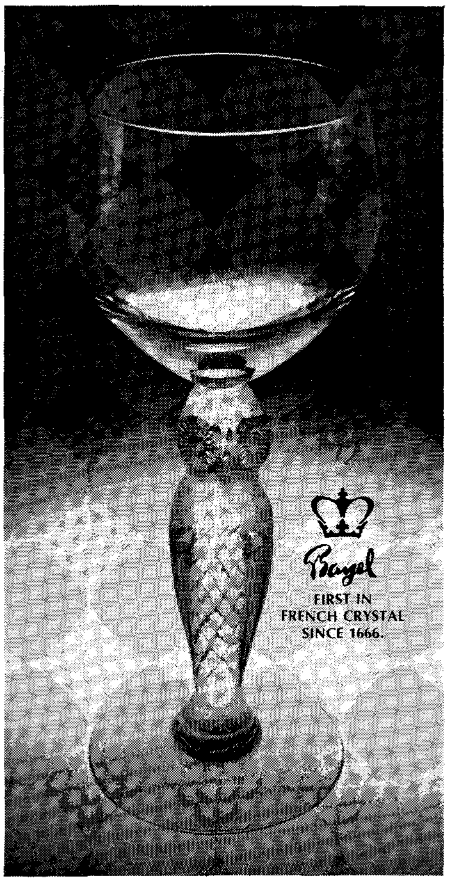
enth he came up and hit a ball into a gas station that was across the street beyond the left-field fence. That's how tight he was.

"Henry Thompson had seen him play in exhibitions, and he told me how Willie sometimes ran after a ball in the outfield and caught it in his bare hand. I said 'Oh, sure.' You know—I didn't believe it. And then, of course, he did it lots of times for us. I missed his greatest play, when he made an unbelievable catch like that in Brooklyn, just as he crashed into the outfield wall. And I remember after Willie had been with us a couple of years I was out watching our farm club at St. Cloud, Minnesota, and I saw all the young players—Willie Kirkland and Orlando Cepeda and Andre Rodgers—making those basket catches in the outfield, and I said 'Hey, who loused up all these kids?' It was Willie, of course—they'd seen him on the television and they were all trying to imitate him. Nobody else had those reflexes, though, and nobody else could get away with what he did."

STONEHAM left his seat for a few minutes to talk to some visitors who had been brought up to the box to be introduced, and then he made a couple of telephone calls. When he sat down again, we were in the eighth inning and the Giants were ahead by 6–1.

"We were talking about Juan Marichal," he said. "Well, one of the remarkable things about him was that even when he first came up he knew everything there was to know about the game of baseball. He came from the Dominican Republic, and young General Trujillo—the big man's son, I mean—he'd put Juan into the Air Force there in order to have him play on his team. There must have been some great coach or manager in that Air Force who taught Juan, because he did everything right from the beginning.

"I think we were the first club that signed players from that whole area. They'd have their winter leagues in the fall, and after the World Series we'd take a couple of scouts and go down and see our friends. I think the first time I ever saw Jose Pagan play—he came in a game to pinch-hit—he was fourteen years old. Our scout down there was Alex Pompez, who was a Cuban. He saw Fidel Castro play ball when Castro was a young fellow, and sent us a report on him. Castro was a right-handed pitcher. When he came up—you know, came



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into power—we checked back in our files, and it was the same Castro. A good ballplayer. I think if he'd stayed in the game he'd have made it to the majors. You know what a fan he is."

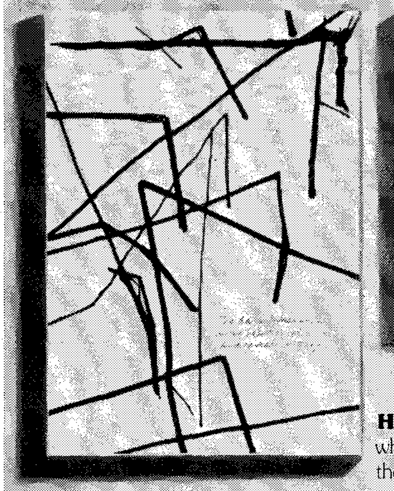
Bobby Murcer, the Giants' right fielder, doubled in a run, and a minute or two later Chris Speier drove in another. It was a Giants afternoon.

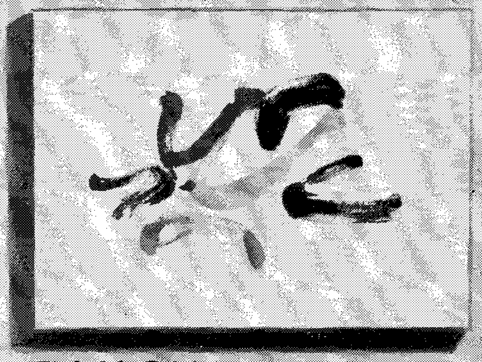
"I just hope fellows like Chris and Bobby get a break in the All-Star Game balloting," Stoneham said. "Bobby's done everything we expected when we got him from the Yankees—everything and more. He's a fine man. But the fans tend to overlook this year's play on their ballots, you know. They vote on reputation. Well, I'm *not* going to the All-Star Game this year anyway. They're having business meetings all day, before the game. Who wants *that*? That used to be a holiday. You'd go to the game and then you'd see your friends in the evening. It's the same way at our board meetings. When I first came on our board, all the conversation was about baseball. We'd sit and talk about the game. Now the lawyers outnumber the baseball people. In the old days, it was nothing but baseball people on the ball clubs—it was a personal thing. Even with somebody like Mr. Wrigley, it was him that owned the team, not the company."

The Padres came up in the ninth, trailing by 8–1, and Stoneham clapped his hands.

"Who would you pick on an All-Time Giants team?" he said. Then he answered his own question. "I'd have Travis Jackson at short," he said. "Travis never got in the Hall of Fame, but he came up with us and took Dave Bancroft's job away from him. Terry's the best first baseman. Can I play Frisch at second *and* at third? Mays and Ott and Ross Youngs in the outfield. But Monte Irvin's got to be out there somewhere, too. If Monte had come up from the Negro leagues a few years sooner, he'd be known now as one of the great ballplayers of all time. And we can't leave off Irish Meusel, either. Frank Snyder is catching. But Gus Mancuso was a great defensive catcher, and so was Wes Westrum."

Montefusco, who looked tired, walked his second Padre batter of the inning, and then threw a pitch past his catcher. "He's trying to aim the ball," Stoneham said. He stood up. "Come on, John!" he pleaded. Then he turned and said, "Oh, I almost forgot Willie McCovey. Where do we play him? Or Joe Moore, our best lead-off man. You'd try to bat him third and





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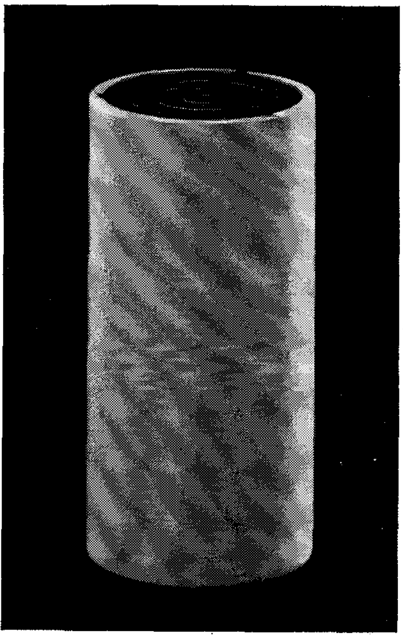

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he'd hit .250. Put him back up top there and he'd hit .330."

His all-time roster was growing by the minute, but now there was a swift double play on the field, and the game ended. "All *right*," Stoneham said. The Giants had won.

We went back to Stoneham's office. I took off the polo coat, and Stoneham hung it up in the closet again. I suddenly wondered how many Giants games it had seen. Stoneham signed a couple of letters that were waiting on his desk, and buzzed his secretary on the intercom. "I'm getting a haircut in the morning," he told her, "so I'll be a little late getting in. Good night, Florence."

We went outside and walked down a ramp in the sunshine. The wind had dropped, and the low hills around the Bay were all alight. It was one of those afternoons when you felt that summer might never end. I started to say something to Stoneham about his parting with the Giants and how I felt about it, but he smiled and cut me off.

"You can't get discouraged over a few bad breaks," he said. "In this game, you're always losing sometimes. You can't let yourself complain or feel sorry for yourself."

He walked me to my car in the parking lot, and we shook hands and said goodbye. —ROGER ANGELL

•

We read of corruption in courts, we hear of media reports defying corruption in courts; citizens of Bamberg County have witnessed corruption in court during the week of July 14, 1975. Perhaps, this is the fulfillment of the Holy Bible. It too speaks of corruption in courts. Ecclesiates 3:16 states, "... I notice throughout the earth, justice is giving way to crime and even the police courts are corrupt." Ecclesiates 4:8 states, "... for every official is under orders from higher up, and the higher officials look up to their superiors. And so the matter is lost in red tape and bureaucracy."—*Letter to the Editor in the Orangeburg (S.C.) Times & Democrat.*

It's nice, but we prefer that part about a time to be born, and a time to die.

•

8:30
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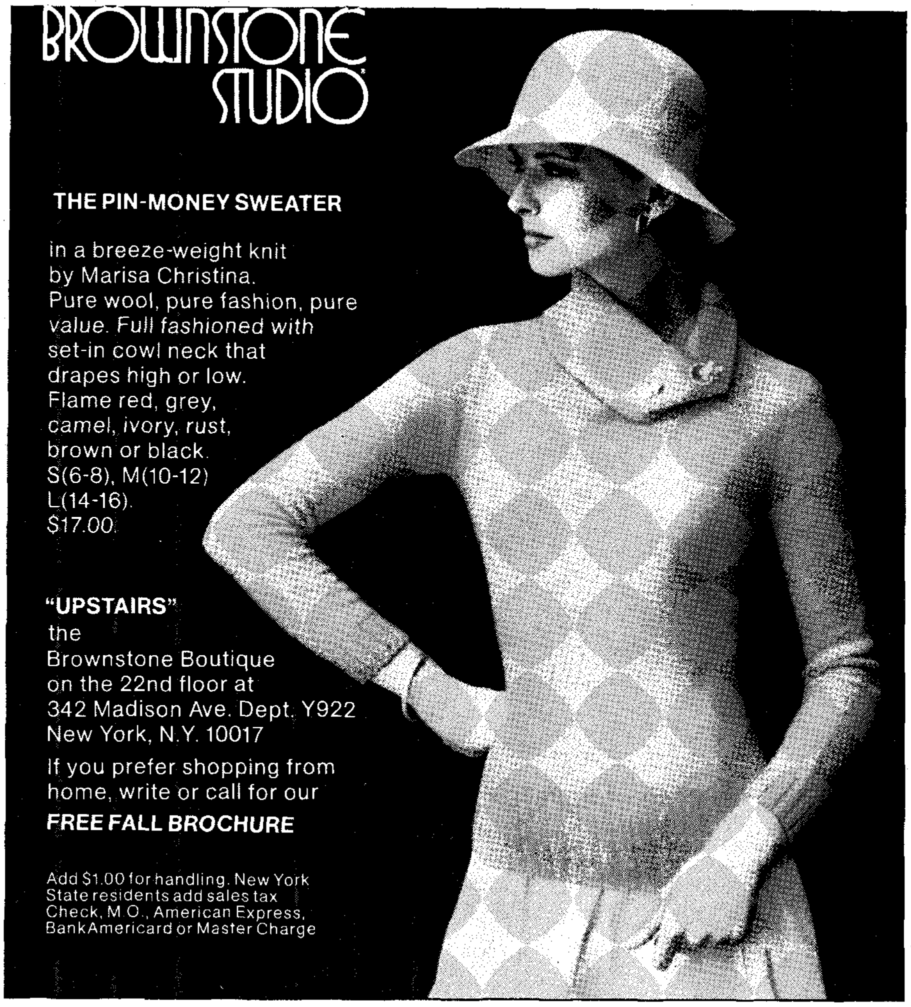

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THE RACE TRACK

A Cup for Wajima

WELL, Wajima did it again. This time, after an enthralling head-and-head confrontation down the long stretch at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon, he beat Forego by a short head in the $250,000 Marlboro Cup. Too bad it couldn't have ended in a dead heat; Forego deserved that much for his gallant try. Those two made the whole race. Indeed, I wonder how many in the crowd of 40,000—except those who had bet on them—knew before the numbers went up that Ancient Title was third and Step Nicely fourth. Foolish Pleasure was fifth, ten lengths behind the winner.

Thrilling as it was, the Marlboro Cup was the Governor Stakes all over again, for five of the seven starters ran in both. In the Governor, Media led by lengths into the stretch; in the Cup it was Royal Glint, a newcomer to Belmont, who was quickest out of the gate, and he might never have been headed if the track hadn't dried out from rain the night before. (He revels in muddy going.) As it was, Forego got away better than he had in the Governor (he also carried five pounds less weight, which helped), and closed with his usual rush on the turn for home. Wajima didn't have as clear sailing as he'd had in the earlier race. Baeza, who rode him, said after the Marlboro that he was in close quarters and was blocked several times in the early running, and had had to go wide on the turn into the stretch, where he overhauled Forego.

It was Wajima's fifth straight victory in a stakes race, the fourth in six figures (first money in the Marlboro was $150,000, bringing his earnings to $478,988), and the season still has months to go. It is too early to say whether the East-West Stable, the international syndicate that owns him, and Steve DiMauro, his trainer, will start him in the $100,000 Woodward Stakes, at a mile and a half, at Belmont a week from Saturday, but there are other pickings, far and near. There's the $150,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct next month, and the Ontario Jockey Club has increased the purse for the Canadian International Championship Stakes on the turf at Woodbine to $150,000. Moreover, Santa Anita has announced that it will put on a $350,000 race on November 1st with conditions similar to those for the Marlboro Cup. Jimmy Kilroe, who runs things out there, has his eye on Forego and Wajima, neither of whom has ever run on the grass. He may lure them away from Toronto and from the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 8th, but Bunker Hunt's celebrated Dahlia is expected to run in both those events.

Just before the Marlboro, Mrs. Bertram Firestone's Optimistic Gal, who has chased Dearly Precious home in a couple of stakes, romped away from seven other two-year-old fillies in the Matron Stakes, which is a sort of Futurity for members of the sex. An hour later, Mr. Firestone's colt Honest Pleasure bulled his way through a pack of eighteen other two-year-olds in Chicago's Arlington-Washington Futurity to win by about a length from Khyber King, with Rule the Rich third. Optimistic Gal and Honest Pleasure are both trained by LeRoy Jolley, and since the winner's share of the Chicago Futurity was $140,610 and top money in the Matron was $51,132, and the trainer gets ten per cent of the purse, these victories no doubt made up a little for Jolley's disappointment over Foolish Pleasure's failure in the Marlboro Cup. For my part, I couldn't find any excuses for the colt, but there always have been excuses when he has been beaten. He looked fit and ready in the paddock before the race, despite his last workout, which was far from impressive, and there was a ripple of applause for him from the grandstand as he passed on his way to the post. He was certainly favored over Wajima in the weights, carrying four pounds less than he did when he was beaten in the Governor Stakes, while Wajima picked up four. Foolish Pleasure will have to do a good deal better to be the next Horse of the Year. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*Patrick Brogan in the London Times*]

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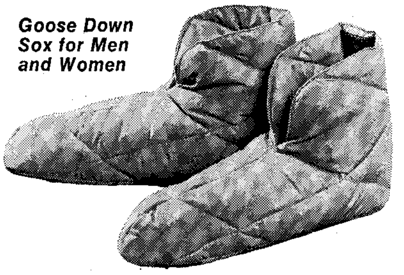

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Men Without Props

IN May, 1974, a series of fashion photographs appeared in *Vogue* which caused even the most impassive of vogue-followers to stare with astonishment. The first picture showed a tanned, bare-breasted girl with upraised arms, her chest marked by two glaring white circles created by her discarded bikini top, her rump pressed against the groin of a hairy man whose hand possessively curved around her thigh while his thumb poked into the corner of her bikini bottom, in the other corner of which she had tucked a comb, sunglasses, and a purse spray of the Lanvin perfume that was the nominal subject of the photograph. In other pictures, in aid of other scents, creams, and makeups, the girl lolled in the sand with this man and another one. Sometimes she sprawled over the prostrate body of one while resting her head on the shoulders of the other, or lifted her T-shirt to permit her stomach to be kissed; in a concluding picture, she sat holding up the two men, who seemed to have expired from heat, sex, or sheer boredom. Few readers had to look at the credit line to see who had taken these outrageous pictures. Richard Avedon's career as a fashion photographer—on *Harper's Bazaar* from 1945 to 1965 and on *Vogue* since 1966—has been consistently marked by its extremism and by Avedon's almost uncanny feel for the zeitgeist. In this instance, he had caught and crystallized, in all its unpleasantness and silliness, a moment in our national life when an unlikely but palpable pornographic spirit was in the air.

Although Avedon is one of the best known and least underrated of fashion photographers, his achievement is imprecisely understood. A common misconception—derived from the motion and the animation that are a signature of his fashion work—is that Avedon rescued fashion photography from a sorry condition of mannered rigidity and bloodless stasis and forged it into a medium of vital and forceful naturalism. In fact, when Avedon arrived at *Harper's Bazaar* as a nervous pupil and protégé of Alexey Brodovitch, the magazine's art director, fashion photography was at the peak of its efflorescence, and had just passed through a period whose best examples—by, among others, Baron Adolphe De Meyer, Edward Steichen, Cecil Beaton, George Hoyningen-Huené, Horst, Martin Munkacsi, and Louise Dahl-Wolfe—have never been surpassed. The stasis and rigidity that marked the fashion pictures of the twenties and thirties were the result not of ignorance and backwardness but of the stylistic conventions under which photographers, along with other decorative artists of the period, sedulously labored—the rectilinear forms (derived from Cubism, technological design, the Bauhaus, Russian Constructivism, American Indian art, and Aztec architecture, as well as from some of the period's more sinister political movements) that have recently been labelled Art Deco.

Avedon's achievement was to mark the passing of Art Deco and to grasp, before anyone else did, the outlines of its successor, for which a name has yet to be coined, but in whose thrusting curvilinearities we can read a recoil from the deprivations and politics of the war years and a foreshadowing of the escapist tendencies that shaped the next two decades—the privatism and the acquisitiveness; the obsessions with food, sex, children, and objects; the search for the "natural" and the "organic." Even at the start, when Avedon's fashion pictures were no better than those of other fashion photographers—and often, in fact, worse—they looked more *modern.* (Modern in relation to their own time, that is. Fashion photography's status as an art form is vividly demonstrated by a comparison of a fashion photograph of twenty years ago with an ordinary snapshot of a woman dressed in the style of that time; in the snapshot the clothes look peculiar and dated, while in the fashion photograph they have the timelessness and inevitability of the clothes in Renaissance or Empire paintings.) Avedon put his models into motion against blurred, smoky backgrounds for the sake not of naturalism but of style: his swirling capes and billowing ball gowns described the curves that major artists were dripping or slashing onto canvases and anonymous artisans were putting into things like sling chairs. Avedon's metaphors similarly drew on the spirit of the time; in place of the classical motifs, the Cubist designs, and the cold trappings of opulence that formed the settings of prewar fashion photography and projected an ideal of aristocratic remoteness and arrogance and languor, he created a no less preposterous but more *haemish* and democratic-looking vision of affluence. His Dior-dressed models strode down the streets of Paris, graciously mingling with shopkeepers, pausing to watch street shows of tumblers and strong men; at night, after the opera, they dismissed the chauffeur in order to gambol down the Champs-Élysées with their escorts and stop in for a nightcap at the

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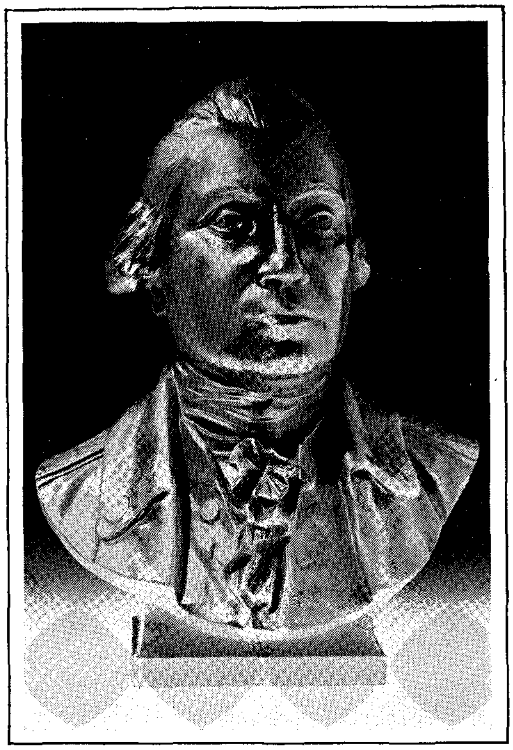

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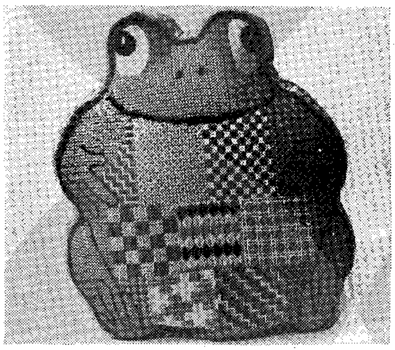

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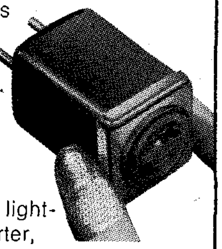
Chinese Bar, where they acted as if they were at a Howard Johnson's; in the summer, they flew away not to dreary rich resorts but to earthy fun places like the Temple of Karnak; and when other entertainments failed they stayed home and played with their clothes and makeup, painting and arraying themselves to look like women in Japanese prints or in Nabi paintings (or, perhaps more to the point, in Irving Penn's painterly color photographs).

Avedon's innovations were quickly adopted by other photographers, and just as quickly dropped by Avedon, who, on the Red Queen's principle, was forever running in order to stay in place. Sometimes he ran straight into trouble—most conspicuously in the April, 1965, issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, which the magazine had foolishly entrusted to his "guest editorship," and from which it has yet to recover. In this self-indulgent mess, filled with bizarre space-age costumes set against Op and Pop Art backgrounds, with glossaries of "in" expressions like "groovy" and "make the scene," and with long patches of inane cool writing, Avedon revealed what lay on the other side of the edge he likes to skirt. Soon after this debacle, he moved to *Vogue*, where he was able (or was made) to pull himself together and—as the May, 1974, pictures demonstrate—to reassert his dazzling preeminence among fashion photographers.

IN that same issue of *Vogue*, a few pages after the sex-in-the-sand pictures, there appeared an even more shocking picture by Avedon: a portrait of his dying father, selected from a show of eight photographs then on view at the Museum of Modern Art which Avedon took during the last years of his father's life and which traced, with devastating clarity, the course of Jacob Israel Avedon's incurable cancer. These painful, fearful images of aging and suffering were a culmination of Avedon's corollary career as a portrait photographer, which he has consistently pursued and on which his claim to being a "serious" photographer has rested. This career has passed through several distinct stages.

The earliest portraits, most of them of famous stage and screen personalities, are characterized by their aliveness and (often exaggerated) expressiveness, and by the photographer's conception of the subject as the embodiment of what he does: comedians are shown mugging, singers singing, actors acting, professional beauties being beautiful. At this point, the fashion



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work and the portraiture are stylistically and emotionally of a piece; both are animated by an innovator's spirit of experiment and risk-taking, and by a young man's wish to please and dazzle. Portraits of Fred Astaire, James Cagney, Alec Guinness, Kay Kendall, Vicente Escudero, Hermione Gingold, Charlotte Greenwood, Marian Anderson, and Anthony Quayle are some of the felicities of this exuberant period. Then, in the mid-fifties, Avedon's portraits begin to veer sharply in another direction. His subjects become older, and his camera dwells on the horrible things that age can do to people's faces—on the flabby flesh, the slack skin, the ugly growths, the puffy eyes, the knotted necks, the aimless wrinkles, the fearful and anxious set of the mouth, the marks left by sickness, madness, alcoholism, and irreversible disappointment. These pictures of people who no longer care how they look—or shouldn't if they do—were taken under the glare of strobe lights or in bright daylight, to pick out every degrading and disgusting detail; were often angled from below, to reveal the collapse of chin into formless flaccidity or to accentuate the tense, death-rattle attenuation of neck; and were printed in savage black contrast. Perle Mesta, Dorothy Parker, Coco Chanel, Isak Dinesen, Father Martin Cyril D'Arcy, and Somerset Maugham were some of the victims of this merciless inspection; they can be studied in the books "Observations," with text by Truman Capote (1959), and "Nothing Personal," with text by James Baldwin (1964). These portraits shocked and discomfited their viewers, and many people began to say of Avedon that he was mean and was "out to get" his subject—a reputation that still adheres to him.

A more charitable (and likely) interpretation of Avedon's motives in creating these distressing portraits is to see them as a reaction to the glut of idealized youth and beauty that fashion photography forces on its practitioners, and to the particular illusion of gaiety and pleasure that Avedon's own fashion photographs have fostered. Like the death's-head at the feast in medieval iconography, these pictures come to tell us that the golden lads and lasses frolicking down the streets of Paris today will be horrible old people tomorrow, that the pursuit of agreeable sensations and the worship of beautiful objects are all vanity. Avedon *means* to disturb and shock with these pictures, in the way that the young Rembrandt meant to disturb and shock with his anti-classical etchings of "real women"

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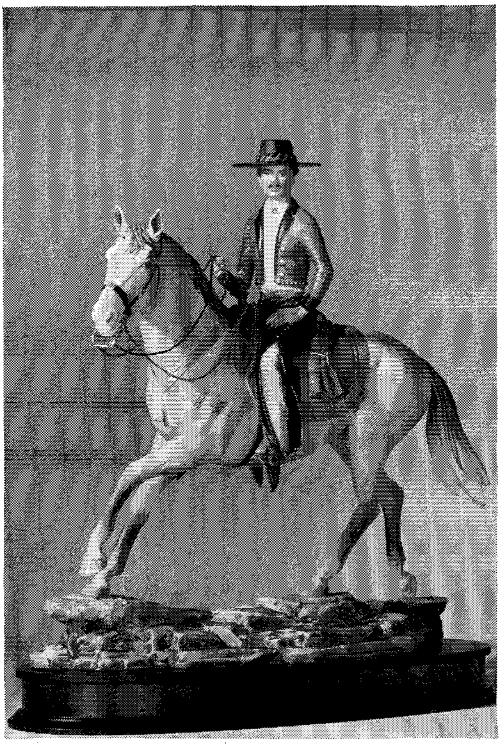

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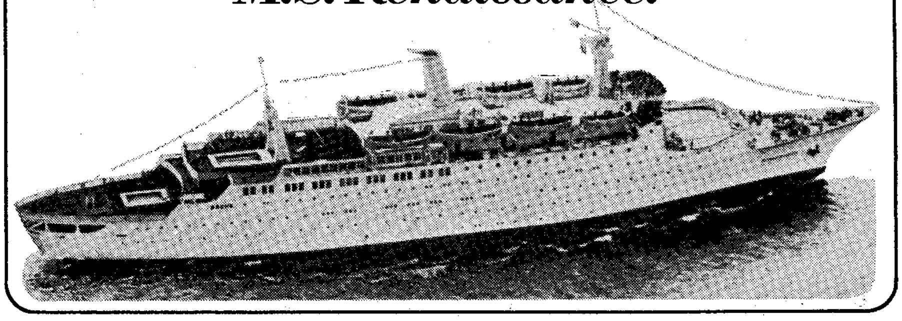

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(such as "Woman Seated on a Mound," with her grotesquely large and flabby stomach and repulsively fat thighs, on which every crease, bulge, and even garter mark is shown), and in the way that the aging Swift did in his disgusting poem "The Lady's Dressing Room," with its horrific inspection of the lady's dirty secrets and its infamous lament, "Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh---." Avedon's portraits of this period belong within this fierce didactic tradition; their savagery is directed not at the subject (he irritably points this out himself with his title "Nothing Personal") but at the vanity and hypocrisy of society. A series in "Nothing Personal" taken in a mental institution—including some of the most awful and powerful photographs of this kind in existence—hammers home the point, and also seems to be Avedon's own penance for his involvement, as a fashion photographer, in the bazaar of false values in which affluent America trades.

AVEDON has passed out of this railing and self-flagellating state, and for the past few years has been working in a new vein of portraiture, whose results, along with some carefully selected work of the past, are currently on view at the Marlborough Gallery. The recent portraits, all taken in daylight, are gentler and softer, and reflective of a larger intention, than their predecessors. Avedon now seeks the universality that is the portrait painter's difficult but achievable goal and the photographer's near-impossibility. Edward Lucie-Smith, in his study "The Invented Eye" (1975), acutely expresses the difference between the two mediums, observing that whereas "a portrait produced by a painter or sculptor is always a synthesis of impressions, and we assume that the artist is attempting a definitive view of the sitter—a verdict," the photographic portrait is limited to one impression and thus leaves the viewer with a sense of "the possibility of other views, other aspects of the sitter." A few photographers, nevertheless, have managed to break through the barrier of the partial view, and one of these masters—the German photographer August Sander (1876-1964)—has been selected by Avedon as a model for his own attempt. Sander, a commercial studio photographer, set out with characteristic Teutonic thoroughness to create a collective portrait of humanity by photographing every "archetype" he could find in Germany; he started out with the peasants and farmers in his native Westerwald and proceeded to artists, writers, statesmen, musicians, actors, shopkeepers, factory workers, industrialists, circus people, Nazis, and so on. Several hundred of Sander's portraits were collected in a book called "Men Without Masks: Faces of Germany 1910-38," published here in 1973, with a foreword by Golo Mann and a text by Sander's son. Anyone who expected to find a Grosz-like indictment of a nation in this collection of pictures received instead a chastening and complex statement about the human condition. Sander's portraits, marked by great beauty, simplicity of form, and veracity of emotional content, are permeated with a *sadness* that comes across not as a passing feeling experienced by the subject (or as a national characteristic) but as the permanent condition of mankind. Sander shows us that the human face in repose is tragic. When we remove the masks that we assume as social beings, we are left with our unalterable loneliness and alienation.

Avedon's identification with Sander is evidenced by the archetypal labels he planned, and inexplicably abandoned, for his portraits at Marlborough (identifying each subject simply as "writer," "actor," "secretary," "president," "professor"); by his adherence to Sander's formal head-on poses and eye-to-eye contact with the subject; and by the unrelieved sadness that runs through the selections. But Avedon's show at Marlborough produces a very different impression from that of "Men Without Masks."

The most striking difference is the enormous size of Avedon's prints (some portraits have been blown up to as much as forty-nine by sixty-one inches, with the average size being around twenty by thirty), which gives them a quality of impressiveness—almost of grandeur—that is never present in what we think of as the normal eight-by-ten- or eleven-by-fourteen-inch print. (This is leaving out of account, for the moment, three colossal, mural-size group pictures, which dwarf even the largest portraits.) The size of the pictures reflects, again, Avedon's instinctive feel for, and ability to connect with, the broader stylistic currents of the time; the show bristles with its connectedness to the morphologies of Warhol's "Chairman Mao," Christo's valley curtain, Smithson's earthworks, Chuck Close's Photo-Realism, the realism of William Bailey. More consciously and deliberately (and, again, characteristically), the prints reflect Avedon's grasp of the crucial importance of scale in the exhibition of photographs. Avedon has studied (as many gallery owners and museum curators have yet to

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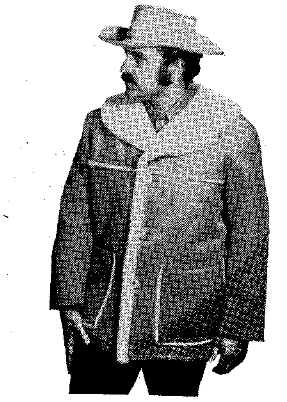

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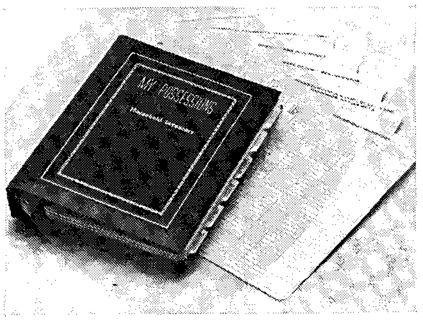

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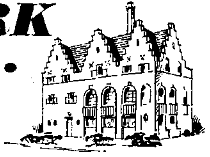

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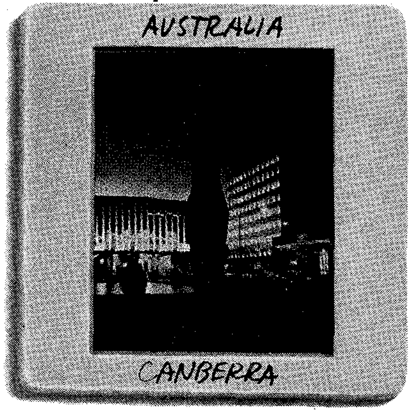
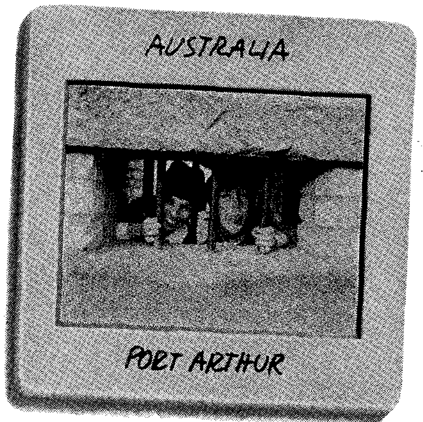

AUSTRALIA
CANBERRA

On to Hobart, where we covered the waterfront, then drove to Port Arthur, where they used to keep the convicts. No problem fitting into the local scene.

AUSTRALIA
HOBART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PORT ARTHUR

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IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y., N.Y. 94 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS do) the difference between photography as a publishing form and photography as an exhibition form, and with this show he offers an object lesson in the conduct of the latter. Avedon didn't just send his photographs to the gallery, as photographers usually do, but created the show expressly for the large white spaces and architectural features of the Marlborough rooms. Marvin Israel was hired to design the maze of partitions that permits the showing of more than a hundred pictures, and to lay out a scale model of the gallery in Avedon's studio, so that the relationship of each print to its space and to its neighbors could be premeditated and perfected. As with scale, so with print quality: the prints in the show were made specifically for it (and under a set of criteria different from those governing the prints made for publication in magazines) at the Modernage laboratories, under the supervision of Avedon's chief technician, Gideon Lewin, and at Avedon's studio, and they are of an exquisiteness that sets a standard for exhibition printing. Nothing could be more alien to the fetish of inexpensive equipment and simple darkroom technique so beloved of the great and near-great of photography (Weston was proud of his five-dollar camera, and Stieglitz's darkroom was like a schoolboy's) than Avedon's D Day-like preparations for this show, in which every modern technological resource was utilized, thousands of dollars were ungrudgingly and carelessly spent, and spates of technicians, assistants, and secretaries were employed.

An on-the-face-of-it-puzzling affinity that Avedon says he feels with Julia Margaret Cameron—whose blurry, exalted portraits of Victorian poets and little girls seem entirely unlike Avedon's incisive, existential examinations of twentieth-century people—makes sense in regard to the boundlessly energetic, stop-at-nothing working techniques of the two photographers. Cameron recruited her hapless family for her photographic ventures in the same way that the richer Avedon recruits his paid employees, and nothing deterred her. For example (one of many such anecdotes related by her biographer, Helmut Gernsheim), the night before the poet Henry Taylor visited the Cameron house, on the Isle of Wight, Julia decided that the guest room was too dark for such a luminary to stay in, so she engaged carpenters to work all night adding a west window in time for the sunshine to be pouring in at the poet's arrival the next afternoon. For Avedon, too, nothing is impossible: he spent seven weeks in Saigon waiting for the members of the United States Mission Council, which was running the war in Vietnam, to come together for the picture he had specially flown out to take, and he twice drove out to Rockland County to photograph Alexandra Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy's ninety-one-year-old daughter, because he didn't like the dress she had worn at the first sitting. (The second time around, he managed to sort through her closet.) And a week before the Marlborough show opened he decided that the metal screws holding the frames together were wrong, and he and his staff spent a frantic two days looking for plastic replacements. (They were finally unearthed in New Rochelle.) Yet one feels a subtle difference between the stories about Cameron and those about Avedon; while her extravagances emerge as the endearing willfulness of a lovable old eccentric, his have something of the off-putting compulsiveness of the boy who *has* to get an A in everything.

The portraits invite a similar antagonism. They bluntly raise (as Sander's portraits entirely evade) the question of the subject's attractiveness. From most of the pictures at Marlborough one gets the decided feeling that the subject looks considerably better in real life than he does here, that out of hundreds of possible aspects Avedon has chosen the least favorable one, that these enormous, artful pictures are really a kind of apotheosis of the "bad" picture of ourselves that we hastily pluck from the pile of snapshots to be pasted in the album—in contrast to the "good" selections that spare us the sight of our double chins, sunken cheeks, puffy eyes, bad complexions, peevish expressions, and so on. Although Avedon's approach has changed (he no longer photographs from below, or prints in the old dark, cruel way), his intention still seems unkind.

In fact, however, Avedon does not try to make people look bad; he simply doesn't do anything to make them look good. By eschewing all the painterly devices of lighting, pose, background, and printing that can produce a pleasing likeness—by simply taking straight pictures in the manner of a police photographer—he shows us to ourselves not as others see us but as the camera sees us. Like Muybridge's photographs of horses in motion (which revealed that the way horses had been drawn in art was all wrong), Avedon's pictures of men without props present an unpalatable truth. They show us that we are ugly creatures, and that as

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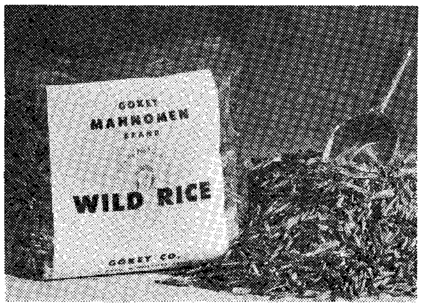

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we get older we get worse-looking, marked by the indignities rather than the nobility of aging. Just as Muybridge's motion studies contradicted timeworn conventions of draftsmanship, so do Avedon's pictures contradict the humanistic traditions of portraiture; and just as many of Muybridge's contemporaries dealt with the embarrassment of his findings by stubbornly denying their truth (Rodin, for example, ingeniously argued that the "wrong" position of art is really the "right" one, since it accords with the synthesis of impressions that we get when we view motion—i.e., the eye never sees what the camera records), so do many of Avedon's critics deny the validity of his way of seeing.

To this writer's mind, Avedon's revelations about our poor corporeal condition are true (if not whole) statements about humanity, and are a genuine (if small) contribution to the body of photographic work that at once refines and expands the medium. But where Avedon can't be defended, and where he gives his critics all the ammunition they need, is in his persistent use of famous people to make these statements with. Why them? Why Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Alger Hiss, William F. Buckley, Jr., Harold Brodkey, Marilyn Monroe, Truman Capote, R. D. Laing, John Lindsay, Jean Renoir, Oscar Levant, Louise Nevelson? Why not ordinary people? An interviewer for the Sunday *Times* asked Avedon this question and received a very metaphysical and entirely uninformative answer about "the secret" that is in every photograph. Avedon's "secret" may lie in a simple and practical fact—namely, that it is easier to get a famous person to sit for a portrait than to stop someone in the street and make the request. The question "Why me?" that the nonentity will ask ("Because I want a man with your kind of skin disorder in my show"?) is never asked by the celebrity, who already knows—or thinks he knows—the answer. But Avedon doesn't play fair. It turns out that he is in no way photographing the great writer because he is a great writer, or the renowned statesman because he is a renowned statesman, but for reasons of his own, and the discrepancy between the photographer's intentions and the subject's (not to speak of the viewer's) expectations unavoidably colors the work. The look of bafflement—sometimes even of reproach—on many of the faces at the Marlborough show may well be there not as a reflection of their common human predicament but as a reaction to the special predicament

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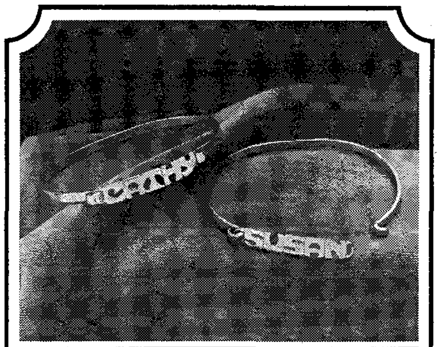

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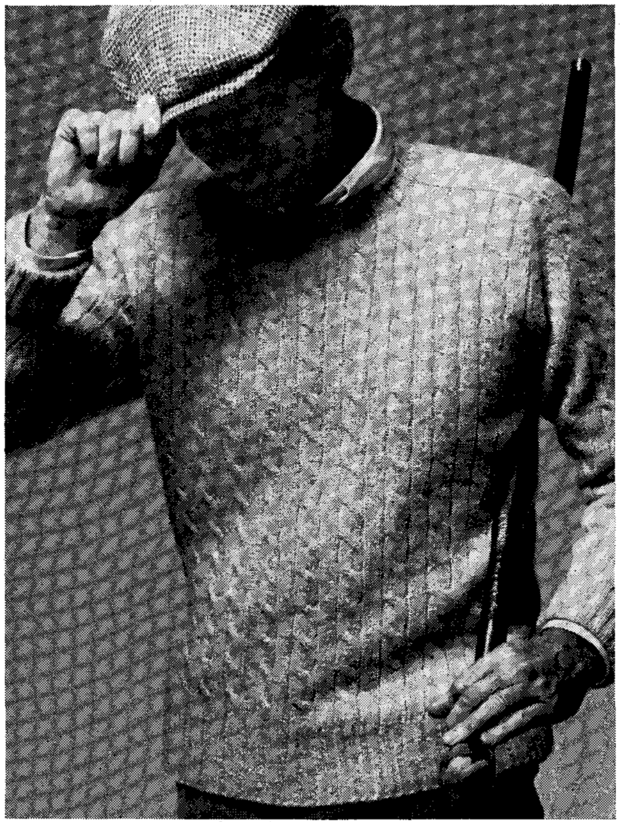
they have been placed in by agreeing to sit for Richard Avedon. In the catalogue to Avedon's show at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts in 1970, the photographer wrote, "I often feel that people come to me to be photographed as they would go to a doctor or a fortune teller—to find out how they are." It is doubtful, however, that Edmund Wilson came to Avedon to find out that he was a fat old man whose pants didn't fit, or that Truman Capote came to learn that he was a careless shaver, or that Igor Stravinsky came to confirm that he was a deathly-sick old man in a wheelchair. In Avedon's pictures of his father, no such discrepancy (and dishonesty) was present, and they remain the best works of his career. There are a few people in the show (Vladimir Horowitz and Renata Adler, for example, and Robert Frank, Jean Genet, and a neighborhood caterer) who exhibit an individuality based on character rather than on peculiarities of physiognomy. One feels, however, that this comes of their own strong photogeneity, rather than of any slackening of the photographer's scientific method.

The three enormous group pictures that loom over the gallery (the largest is four hundred and twenty inches by ninety-six)—one of the Mission Council, another of the Chicago Seven, and the third of members of Andy Warhol's Factory—at once diminish the portraits' impact and magnify their problems. The Mission Council picture shows eleven men of various heights, weights, and middle ages, dressed in various garments, standing and facing the camera—nondescript men who could be eleven members of any bank or plastics firm or, if it comes to that, little magazine. The Chicago Seven picture shows seven typically dressed and bearded and mustached young men. The Factory picture, in which several of the hands have taken off their clothes, provides a similar yawn of recognition (though one lovely creature with long blond hair, a delicately made-up face, and an incongruous penis affords a certain sickening fascination). One feels about these pictures, as one feels about so many of the portraits, that the most enormous and elaborate lengths have been gone to—for too small returns. One finally balks at the low sensationalism that is being offered as high seriousness. A master of the dazzling legerdemain of fashion photography, Avedon remains a pupil of the light-of-day simplicity that is the proper study of the photographer and the glory of photography.

—JANET MALCOLM

Paul Stuart



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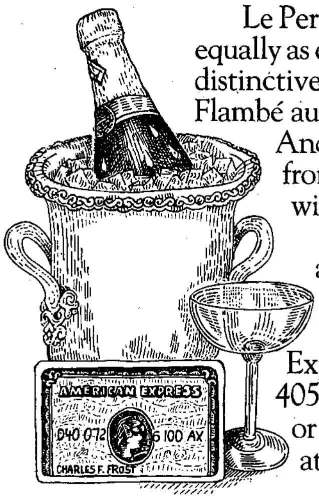

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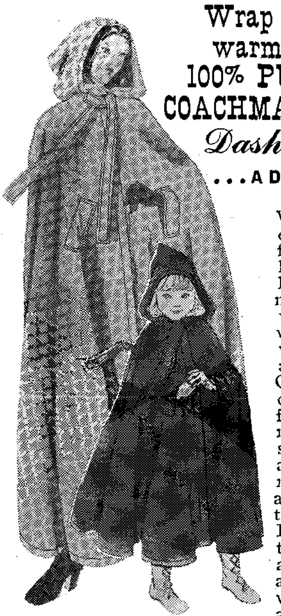

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

ROSSINI'S "The Siege of Corinth" has been recorded by Angel (SCLX-3819; six sides) with all the principals of the cast that introduced it at the Metropolitan last spring. One is Beverly Sills, who made her Metropolitan début in it; others are Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, Robert Lloyd, Delia Wallis, and Gaetano Scano. The orchestra is the London Symphony, the chorus the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, and the conductor Thomas Schippers. It may not be Rossini's greatest opera, but it provides for a wonderful outpouring of vocal virtuosity. Practically all the roles are of the fioritura type. Miss Sills outdoes herself with cascades of coloratura, and the rest are right up there with her. This recording is highly recommended to everybody who delights in vocal fireworks.

THE RECORD RACK

Bellini's "I Puritani" has been issued by London (OSA 13111; six sides) with a star cast—it includes Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Piero Cappuccilli, and Nicolai Ghiaurov—that is affectionately accompanied by Richard Bonynge and the London Symphony, along with the Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This is unquestionably a finer opera than "The Siege." Fioritura is not used everywhere for its own sake, as it is in "The Siege," and there are intensely dramatic moments. Miss Sutherland is, as usual, the queen of coloratura sopranos. Her "Qui la voce sua soave" lacks the drama that Sills and Callas put into it on other recordings, and her one fault—poor enunciation in Italian—is noticeable, but in other respects her singing is magnificent. The Messrs. Pavarotti, Cappuccilli, and Ghiaurov handle their roles with style.

Despite an occasional masterpiece or near-masterpiece (Purcell, Delius) and some remarkable and sometimes highly successful work (Benjamin Britten), British opera has never had the assurance of its counterparts in Italy, Central Europe, and France. Vaughan Williams' "Sir John in Love," a setting of the Falstaff theme, follows upon Verdi's delightful comedy and Otto Nicolai's charming "The Merry Wives of Windsor," both of which have survived in the repertory of popular operas. To say that "Sir John" is not as good as the two other works is to belabor the obvious. It is certainly a respectable opera, written with remarkable craftsmanship, and worthy of more frequent production, but it suffers from a lack of lyric inspiration and a frequent reliance on angular melodic idioms. Angel has given it its first recording (SCLX-3822; six sides). The cast is excellent. Raimund Herincx is Falstaff, and there are other prominent British singers, such as Felicity Palmer, Robert Tear, and Helen Watts. The New Philharmonia Orchestra and the John Alldis Choir are the background; the conductor is Meredith Davies.

I cannot speak too highly of two single discs issued by the Marlboro Recording Society. One contains Haydn's Trio in G Major for Piano, Flute, and Cello, Hob. XV:15, and Beethoven's Trio in B Flat Major, Opus 11, for Piano, Clarinet, and Cello; the other contains Mozart's Serenade No. 11, K. 375, and Gounod's Petite Symphonie, both for wind instruments. The pianist for the trios is none other than Rudolf Serkin, and the rest of the instrumentalists perform with exquisite style. The Mozart and Gounod items involve players too numerous to specify, but they are all virtuosos, and they play the music with the patiently achieved polish we expect of the Marlboro Festival players. The Gounod Petite Symphonie is practically unknown. It is not listed in most Gounod catalogues, and it has never before been recorded. It is a beauty.

The great autumnal symphonies of Gustav Mahler continue to be presented to an extent that suggests they are among the most popular of all works in the genre. The Utah Symphony, led by Maurice Abravanel, has undertaken the whole series under the auspices of Vanguard (SRV 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, and so on). The recordings have been made in Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle, which is famous for its acoustics. I have so far received the First (single disc), the Fifth (four sides), and the Sixth (four sides). Abravanel is a superb Mahler conductor, a shade gentler and less explosive than Solti (to compare this with another recent recording of the series), and his orchestra, way off in the Rockies, is a fine one. The Utah's discs of the Fifth al-

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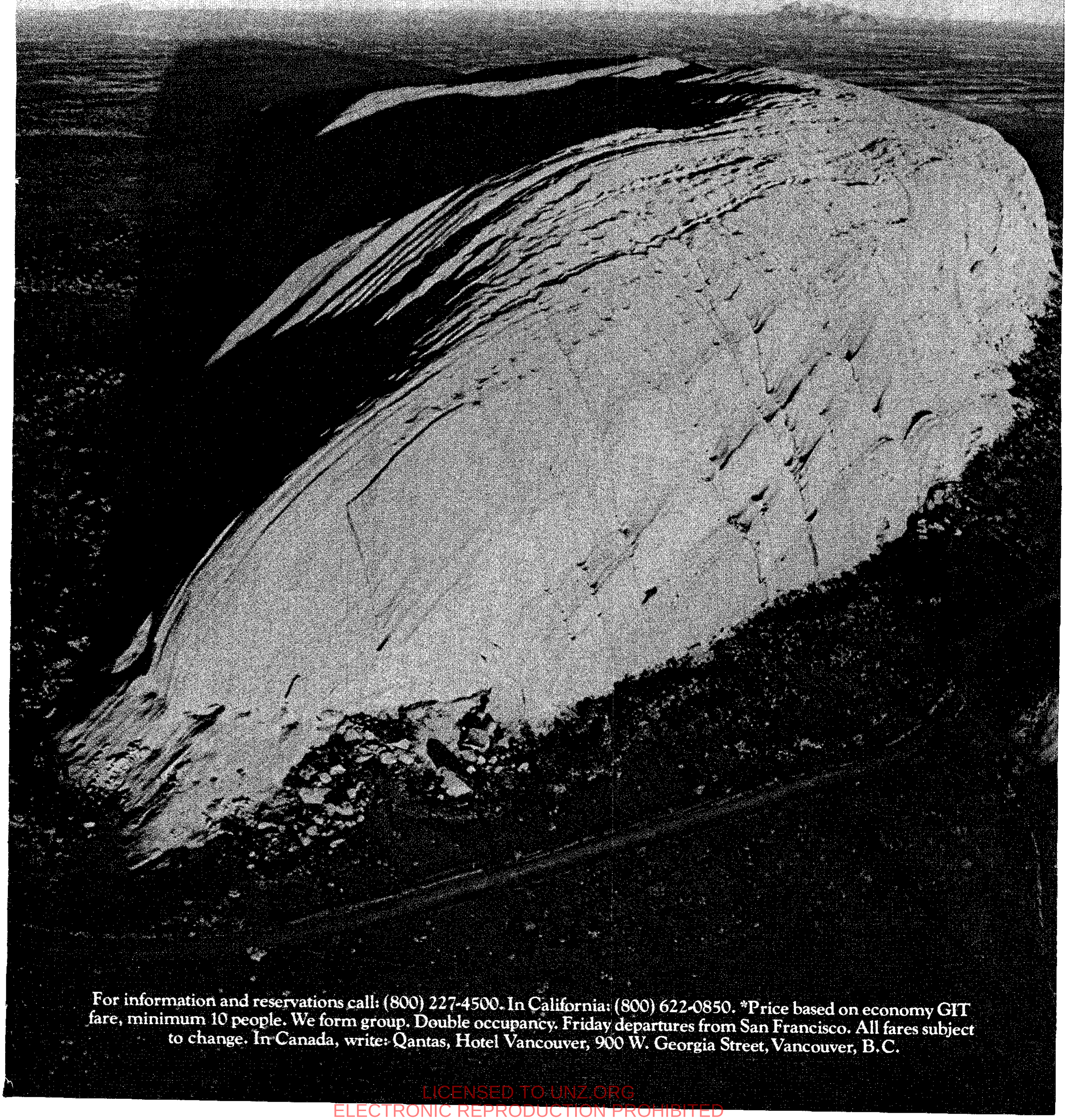

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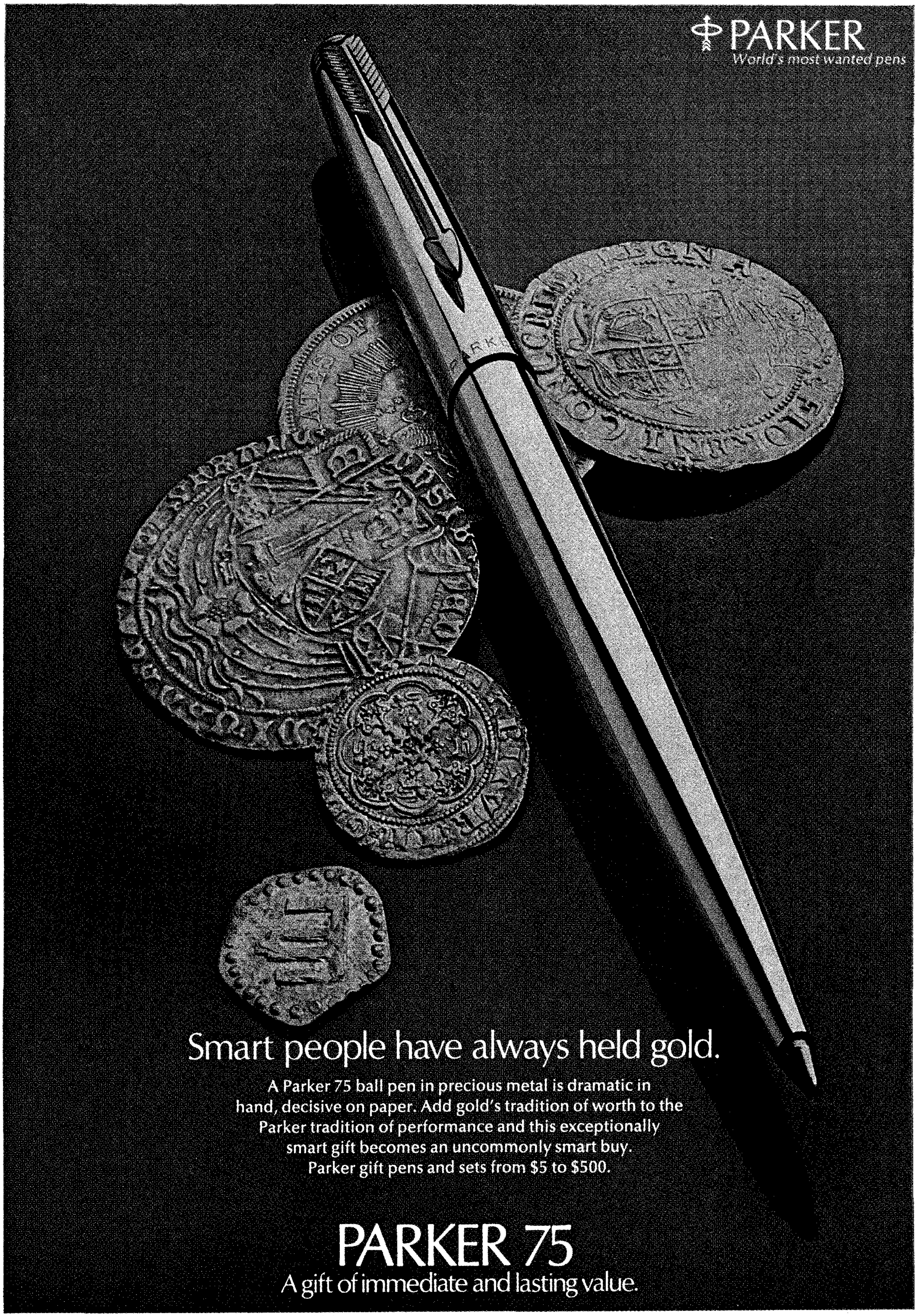

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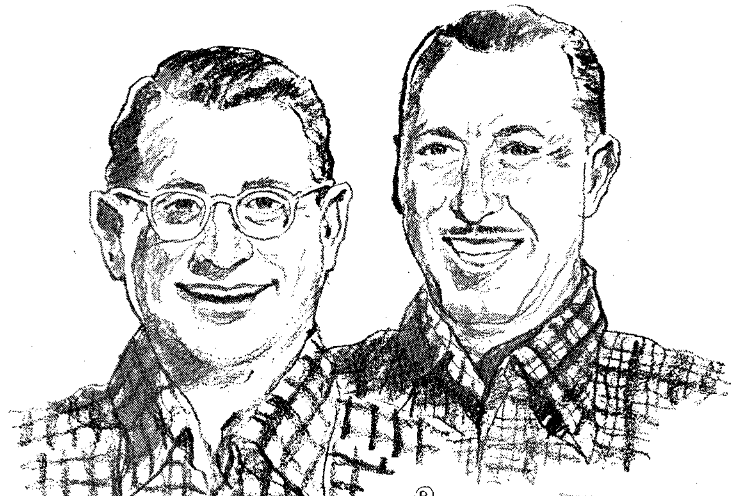
so offer the Adagio from the unfinished Tenth.

Our era seems extraordinarily rich in bravura pianists—the kind who dazzle you with thundering feats of virtuosity and magnificent pyrotechnics. A large number of single discs by pianists of the sort have arrived on the market—so many that to describe them *in extenso* would mean that I would simply run out of adjectives. All of these performers are tremendous technicians with a special feeling for Romantic works like those of Liszt and Chopin, and all of them are artists of stature. The melodies sing; the pianissimo scale passages are strings of pearls; no one ever pounds; the understanding of the grand Romantic rhetoric is profound. Liszt's Sonata in B Minor and Chopin's Sonata No. 2 in B Flat Minor are done by Tedd Joselson (RCA ARL 1-1010). This one is really special. Grieg's Lyric Pieces are performed by Emil Gilels for Deutsche Grammophon (2530-476). Leonard Pennario plays Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, accompanied by Erich Leinsdorf and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and Rachmaninoff's Third, accompanied by Walter Susskind and the Philharmonia Orchestra (Seraphim S-60237 and S-60239; two single discs). Alexis Weissenberg, a bravura specialist, devotes himself this time to more sober stuff—the Bach Transcriptions (Angel S-37088). Liszt's "Fantasy and Fugue on the Theme BACH," along with his "Mephisto" Waltz, Scriabin's Sonata No. 5, Opus 53, and a sonata by Ginastera are performed by David Bean (Westminster Gold WGS-8306). The Hungarian pianist Edith Farnadi produces a lot of beautiful clangor with her countryman Liszt's two Piano Concertos, accompanied by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult (Westminster Gold WGS-8313). Chopin's B-Flat-Minor Sonata, Scherzo No. 2, Andante Spianato, and Grande Polonaise are sensitively done by Martha Argerich (Deutsche Grammophon 2530530). Garrick Ohlsson does—on Angel S-37087—Chopin's Twenty-four Preludes, Opus 28, as well as the Prelude in A Flat and C Sharp Minor, Opus 45, and the Barcarolle, Opus 60 (remarkable restraint in use of the pedal here). Liszt's Opera Paraphrases are brilliantly performed by Michele Campanella (Philips 6500-310). Alicia de Larrocha does Ravel's Concerto for the Left Hand and his Piano Concerto in G Major, along with Fauré's Fantaisie for Piano and



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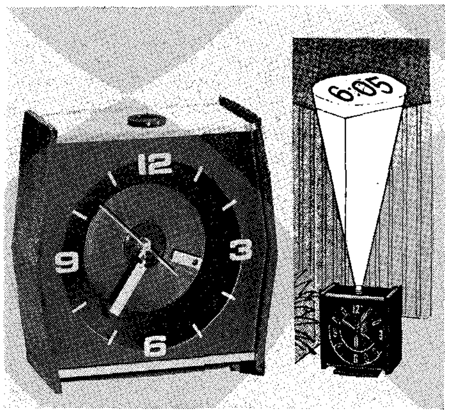

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Orchestra; she is accompanied by the London Philharmonic—under Lawrence Foster for the first two, and under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos for the last (London CS 6878). Finally, there is a historic performance by Alfred Cortot of Liszt's Sonata in B Minor and Chopin's Sonata in B Minor (Seraphim 60241; *mono*).

Drawing on its huge backlog of old recordings, RCA has put together "The Heifetz Collection: A Retrospective in Six Volumes," a monumental affair. Each volume contains four discs—forty-eight sides in all—and a considerable portion of the violin repertoire is included. The great Lithuanian virtuoso has undoubtedly been one of the most remarkable in history. The most striking things about him were always his enormous technique, his amazing fluency, his accuracy of intonation, and his silken tone. He was not the sensitive musician that Szigeti or Kreisler was. But then, neither Szigeti nor Kreisler had anything approaching Heifetz' technical mastery *of the instrument.*

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A. According to the state Department of Taxation and Corporations, the meal and alcoholic beverages tax did rise from 5 to 8 percent and this does include drinks at the bar. The reason meal and liquor taxes have been kept separately is that the meal tax begins when your order goes over $1, while the alcoholic beverage tax begins when your drink goes over 18 cents. The 18-cent figure is also a change in the new law. Alcoholic beverages tax used to begin when your drink went over 29 cents.—*"Ask the Globe" column in the Boston Globe.*

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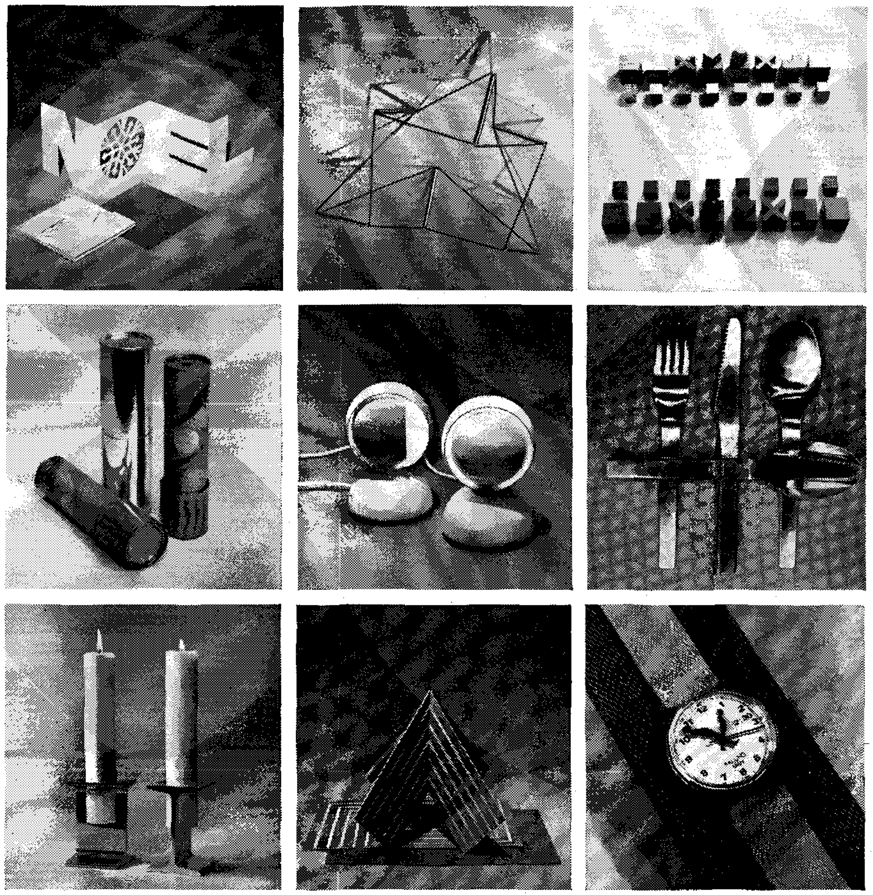

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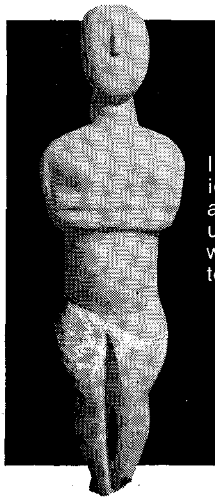

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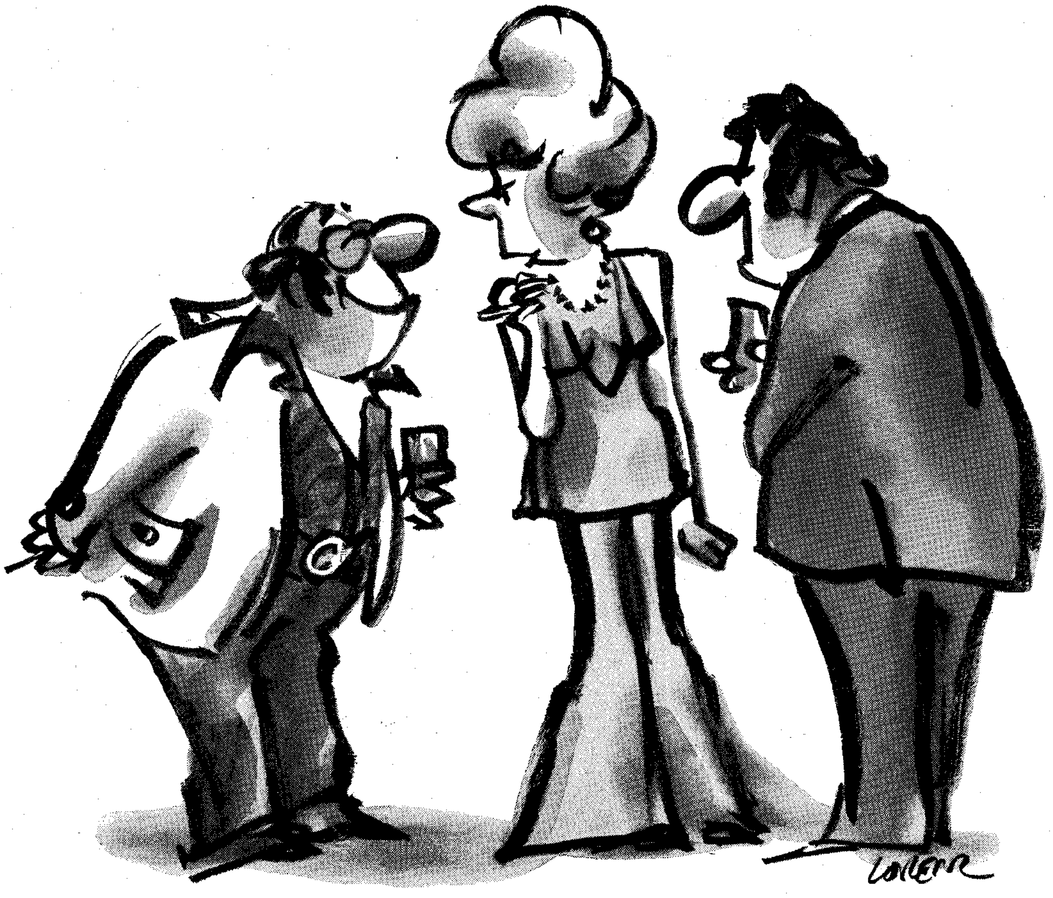
BOOKS

Life in an Iron Lung

THREE new books—"On Socialist Democracy," by Roy A. Medvedev, translated and edited by Ellen de Kadt (Knopf); "The Education of Lev Navrozov," by Lev Navrozov (Harper's Magazine Press); and "From Under the Rubble," a collection of essays by seven writers, assembled by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, translated under the direction of Michael Scammell, and with an introduction by Max Hayward (Little, Brown)—are all by Russians about the Soviet Union, and all three have been forbidden publication there. Some of the authors still remain in Russia; others are exiles. Not one of them agrees exactly with any of the others, and most of them are writing about different things or taking different approaches, but their facts cross-check, and everything they say clearly refers to the same reality—a country that has become a working model of hell. In several contexts, the reader finds references to unemployment (which supposedly does not exist in the Soviet Union), electoral fraud, and bribery. Some writers mention ranks or grades (classes, by Marxist definition, cannot exist under Socialism, so the authors use words from the Czarist past), and the distance between the highest and the lowest is evidently greater than it is in the West. The authors describe huge disparities not only in income but in the valuable fringe benefits of the Russian upper classes, such as access to good hospitals that are closed to the general public. The higher classes may read copious Tass news bulletins that the lower classes never see. Yet, in respect to liberty, the Soviet upper classes do not appear very different from the lower classes; whether one gets a little news or a lot, one is not allowed to say what one thinks about it. Medvedev's remarks on Party democracy and Navrozov's recollections of subjects that were ruled out when he was a child, in the thirties (and the embarrassment when anyone spoke of them), show the Soviet Union, like so many *anciens régimes*, in the process of cultivating stupidity. The government is an insult to human intelligence.

Medvedev, the only Marxist among these writers, believes that Socialism exists in the Soviet Union, that democracy can be attained, that its attainment would be the fulfillment of Marxism-Leninism, and that democracy will make Russian Socialism work better. (Economically, on the evidence he gives, it is hardly working at all, but he does not sum things up that way.) Medvedev, a gradualist, is careful to emphasize that none of the reforms he advocates can be accomplished overnight; he argues for creeping democracy. He is optimistic, generous-spirited, and courageous. He has been expelled from the Communist Party and has lost his job; his twin brother was put in a madhouse and then exiled; his father died in a concentration camp. Yet instead of rejecting the Soviet Union, Medvedev is trying to help his country live up to what he deems its true creed. He admits that the ideological group in which he is involved—he calls its members "party-democrats"—represents "at the moment . . . the weakest trend both within and outside the party," but he does not despair. His hopefulness can be ascribed only to his personality. One example, among many, will suffice. Medvedev pleads for the (gradual) introduction of freedom of movement and the (ultimate) abolition of the domestic passports that Russians must carry for the convenience of the police, not of themselves. One set of Russians at present has no passports—collective farmers, who need special permission even to get off the reservation. The translator's footnote to the passage in which Medvedev deplores this injustice says that "according to new regulations published in 1974, peasants will be given passports within several years." This is not Medvedev's vision of democracy: when this reform is carried out, all Russians will have the freedom of the blacks in the Republic of South Africa.

Navrozov's book is personal, angry, anguished, and funny—a prose "Guernica" with jokes. It mixes his recollections of growing up in the Soviet Union, accounts of Russian history, attacks on Marxism as theory and on Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky as men. (The last two, he thinks, taught Stalin savagery.) Navrozov, who now lives in this country, is an émigré who began as an inner émigré. In his youth, he had privileges—his father was a writer who made the necessary compromises, and his mother was a doctor—but he rejected both the compromises and



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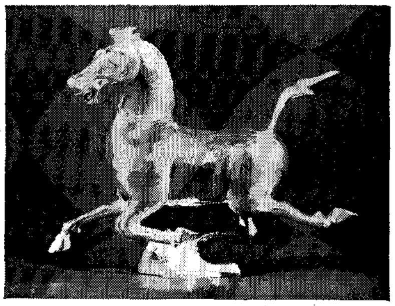

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the privileges. Unlike Medvedev, he writes to expose, not to reform, Russian Communism. He also pleads the cause of the Russian peoples. One cannot help realizing that Navrozov's attacks on Soviet heroes are mirror images of official idolatry. Russians are taught that Lenin was an incomparable genius, and that among his many by-the-way accomplishments was an ability to play truly great chess. Navrozov searches history and discovers that he could not. Jefferson, a much more gifted man than Lenin, played the violin, but no one teaches us that he was a great violinist who, if he had not devoted himself to public affairs, would have outshone Paganini. Are Russians more gullible than Americans? Or is Russian leader-worship the heritage of Byzantium, caesaropapism? Navrozov, I think, would say neither. To him, Bolsheviks are freebooters who keep a normal, rational population in slavery for profit. But Navrozov insists that the victims are not to blame—that ordinary Russians are not, and were not, stupid, backward, or credulous. He quotes Trotsky's mocking account of how the members of the last Russian parliament, in 1917, upon hearing that the Bolsheviks in St. Petersburg had trained the guns of the cruiser Aurora on the Winter Palace and had mobilized armed men and vehicles to attack the building, adjourned and walked together to the Winter Palace, determined that Russia's last democratic government would stand or fall as one. Navrozov then remarks:

> Some foreigners who have been more fortunate historically in the twentieth century than we have say that *Russians* (as they call more than a hundred nations of former Russia) are not fit for democratic development, for Russia never knew any. I can only say that when and if *their* democracy is destroyed by forces called left wing, right wing, anticommunist, red, national, socialist, green, communist, liberating, peaceful, pragmatic, or any other name, I hope *their* representatives of the people will decide to share the destiny of *their* democracy. In Germany in 1933, for example, I do not notice the spirit.

This wish to retain esteem for Russians—or for the peoples of Russia—and to distinguish the jailers from the prisoners links Navrozov's book to Solzhenitsyn's book and its contributors. In matter, though not in style, however, Navrozov is closer to Medvedev. They are this-worldly, in the sense that Medvedev talks about Russia's failures in production and distribution, and Navrozov compares real wages in Russia and America; both tell us that the only efficient sector of the Soviet economy is arms production. Medvedev is an atheist, and Navrozov's book is not

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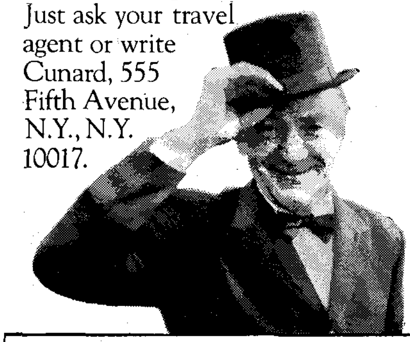

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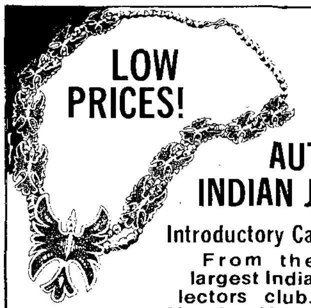

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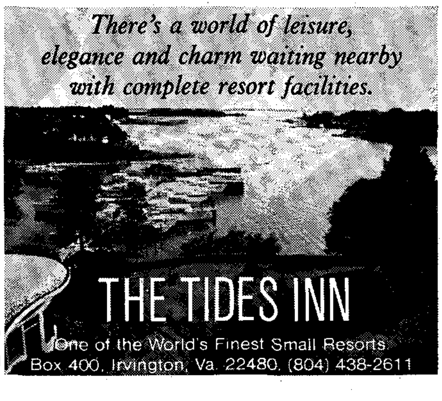

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particularly concerned with religion, but most of Solzhenitsyn's contributors, like Solzhenitsyn himself, are deeply concerned with the spirit, and frequently with the Christian religion. They respond to the degradation of their people, or peoples, by an effort of feeling—of prayer—as much as by thought; they attempt to maintain self-respect in circumstances so desperate that men's souls and their egos are in peril. The essays "The Schism Between the Church and the World," by Evgeny Barabanov, and "Russian Destinies," by F. Korsakov (a pseudonym), say that though the church in Russia is in bondage and Christians suffer, Russians must hold fast to the truths of the faith. "Christianity," Barabanov writes, "is not about power and coercive authoritarianism, but spiritual initiative and daring." Several of the contributors, including Solzhenitsyn, counsel martyrdom; none advises revolt. Vadim Borisov, in "Personality and National Awareness," argues for Russian nationality—and for nationality in general—as a suppressed but vital, not shameful, human quality that is not at odds with Christianity. Nationality in Russia seems, throughout these books, a truly desperate matter. National feelings are a way for Soviet subjects to assert themselves against the central government, but the peoples of the Soviet Union, it appears, hate one another, and the country is more like Europe in 1914—a crazy quilt of grievances—than like a nation-state.

These works testify to the variety of Russian opinion. Unlike Navrozov, Solzhenitsyn remarks, in "As Breathing and Consciousness Return," that Russians are unsuited to democracy, and in "The Smatterers" he criticizes the pre-Revolutionary intelligentsia, who, Navrozov insists, resisted Bolshevism more stoutly than French intellectuals resisted the Germans during the Occupation. Igor Shafarevich's essay "Does Russia Have a Future?" takes issue with Andrei Amalrik's prediction (in his "Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?") that Russia is approaching her end. Shafarevich, a mathematician, has contributed three impressively keen essays; he combines a remarkable analytic intellect, Christian devotion, and dedication to his miserable country in a way that is (to those of us who can never wholly outgrow the English and American political traditions of compact and contract) truly stunning.

Even as they demonstrate the unsuppressible variety of Russians' ideas about Russia, all the writers who discuss freedom of expression (except

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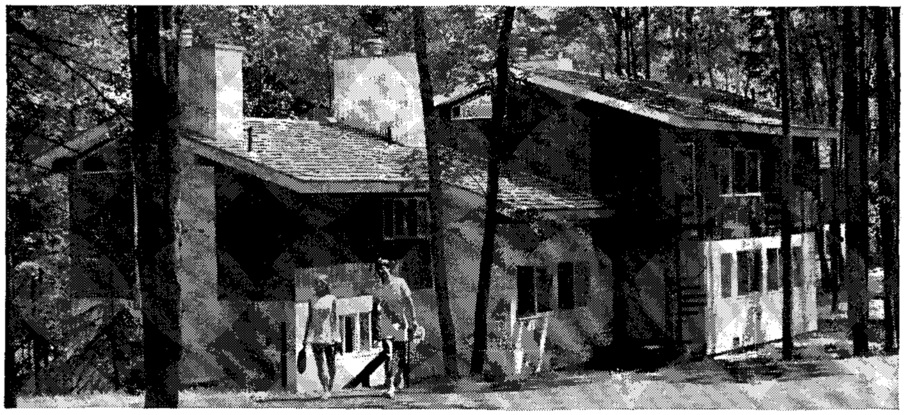

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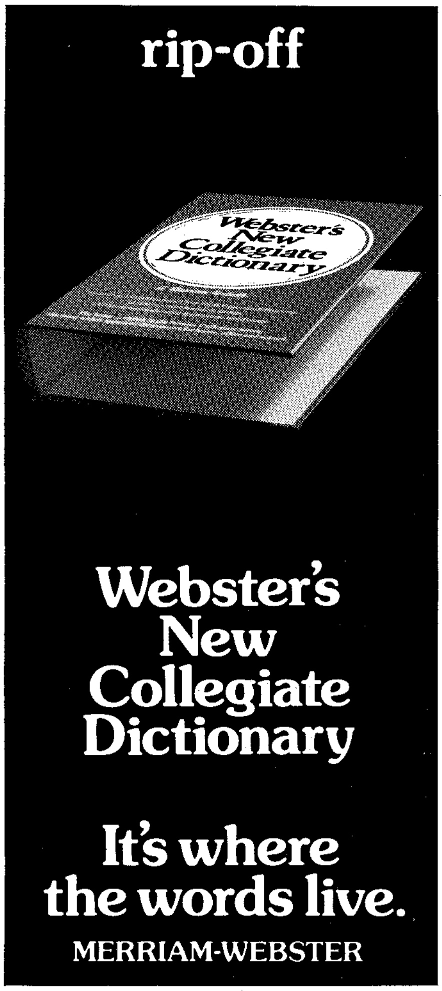
Navrozov) feel that it must have limits. In his essay "Contemporary Socio-economic Systems and their Future Prospects," Mikhail Agursky says that "one of democratic society's gravest defects is its lack of control over the mass media;" Medvedev, citing types of publication he would prohibit, mentions pornography and astrology. Both men deplore the fact that the West publishes so much crime news. Solzhenitsyn and his contributors do not share Medvedev's ideas of where authority should be lodged, but they do, for the most part, share his devout belief in the efficacy of authority. They are distressed by the squabbling that goes on in Western democracies; they dream of permanent social harmony and stability—even though human history has never been harmonious and every rosy improvement, from political democracy to DDT, comes equipped with its full set of thorns. Over the past millennium in Western civilization, the individual has increased his rights, his will power, his ability to express himself, and his individuality at the expense of every kind of authority—personal, public, and traditional. This process has speeded up in recent centuries: during the eighteenth, having a conscience was, like having gout, a mark of privilege, and German subjects did not express an opinion when they were rented out by German princelings to fight for George III, but in the twentieth Hitler could not make Jehovah's Witnesses join his Army. Shafarevich fears that this assertive tendency is coming to an end—that Socialism, whose main aim, he believes, is the destruction of individuality, will spread. Perhaps. But any new authoritarianism will have to rely on very brutal force to destroy the individuals of the Western world, where there are no more masses, no more mobs, no more faithful who can be treated as if they were sheep. Those of us who hope not to rely on force face enormous new problems, practical and philosophical, in finding appropriate, workable balances between the rights of individuals and their duties or responsibilities to the group—family, community, nation. But those are our worries, not (at the moment) the Russians': they need simpler things, such as bread and habeas corpus.

What problems do these books make us feel that we share with Russians? The worst, the hardest, the oldest human difficulties, such as: Why does the world always seem to need martyrs? And what makes martyrs—what are the springs of their courage? And why (one cringes as one thinks about it)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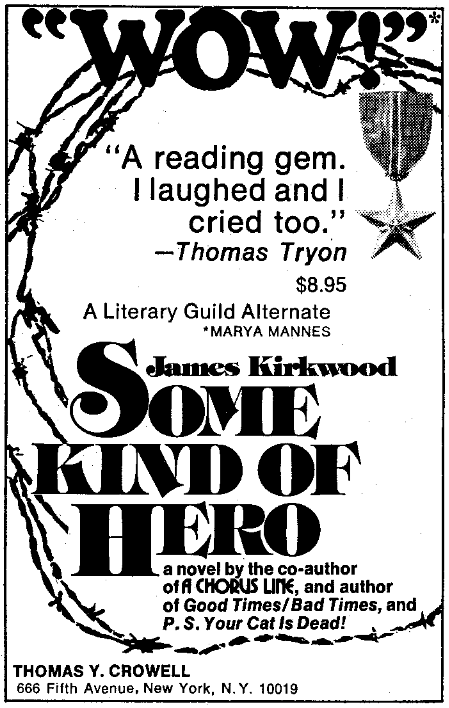
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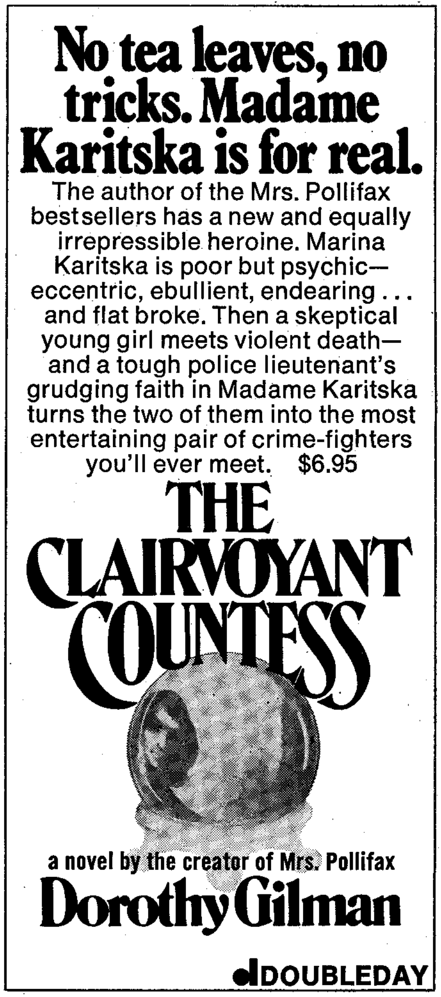
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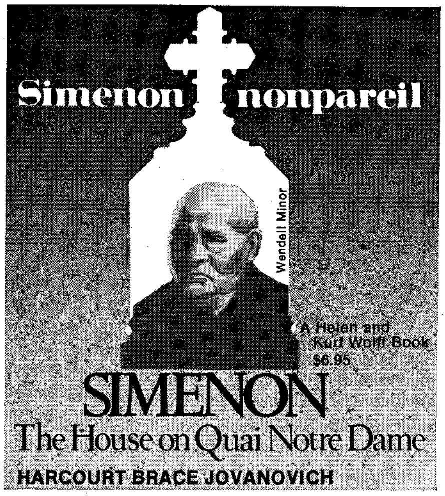
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them and not me? What meanings can we divine in all their sufferings? Are these Russian writers redeeming or edifying someone? Whom? Suffering, either felt or observed, strengthens some people's faith and destroys others'. So foreigners like us may—according to our natures or beliefs—pray for these men or remember them in the same way that we ourselves, in our own agonies, wish or will wish to be heard and loved, either by God or only by our fellow men. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SEE THE OLD LADY DECENTLY, by B. S. Johnson (Viking). In 1971, B. S. Johnson's mother died, and he resolved to write a trilogy of experimental novels on her life. "See the Old Lady Decently," which concerns her early years, up to his own birth, was to be the first volume. (The next two were to be titled "Buried Although" and "Amongst Those Left Are You," and the titles were to be read as one sentence across the spines of the books.) To judge from this book, Johnson, who committed suicide a few weeks after completing it, became interested in the historical and philosophical background of his mother's story, and found himself writing about the motherland (Great Britain) and motherhood. Mother, motherland, motherhood: these three themes are pursued in documents, imaginings, fragments, concrete poems—enough verbal games to fill a compact volume. There are frequent passages of a peculiar elliptical gibberish that is often evocative or amusing. ("Suddenly the and were illuminated by fairy, as well as some, and on the highest portion of the there was a display of.") The book is clever, playful, and spirited—qualities that make the writer's untimely death all the more difficult to understand.

NOTE: "A Dove of the East and Other Stories," by Mark Helprin, has been published by Knopf. Many of the stories originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE OXFORD BOOK OF LITERARY ANECDOTES, edited by James Sutherland (Oxford). Three hundred and fifty-one pages of literary candy, with nothing that is tedious or merely banal, nothing that can't be absorbed quickly and with pleasure, nothing that requires more than

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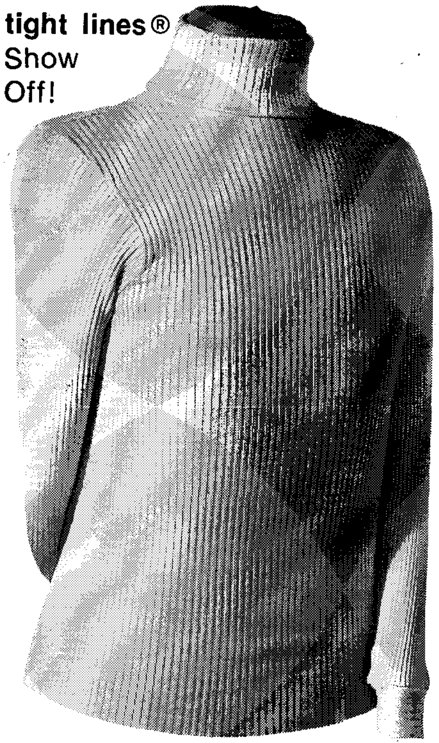

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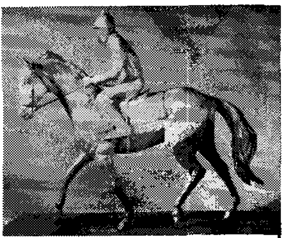

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a child's span of attention. Mr. Sutherland has roamed through biographies and memoirs of all the standard (and some substandard) British writers, selecting a chocolate-covered cherry of a story from one book, a spicy ginger curl from another, and a particularly chewy several-page piece of nougat from a third. The best anecdotes here are those that belong to what Edward Gibbon once described as an intermediate class of facts—namely, facts that reveal the motives of an action or a trait of character. (Gibbon mentioned two other classes, the most plentiful being facts that prove nothing but their own existence, and the rarest being facts that, prevailing throughout a system, "move its interior springs.") By collecting so many well-told squabbles, bons mots, and petty vanities, this book shows us, as vividly as a personal meeting, how very boastful, kind, contentious, eccentric, dedicated, vengeful, foolish, shy, and, in general, *various* the literary tribe can be.

HOMER AND THE HEROIC AGE, by J. V. Luce (Harper & Row). Ever since Schliemann's discoveries near the mouth of the Dardanelles more than a century ago, the idea has been growing that Homer might well have been telling the truth not only in his narrative of a great war but also in his particulars about the siege and the personages who acted out the drama—Ajax, Agamemnon, Achilles, Menelaus, and the rest. This book by a classics professor at Trinity College, Dublin, is a kind of conspectus of Homeric archeology—a review of what has been found in diggings since Schliemann's time, and an account of how these almost innumerable discoveries, from potsherds to whole towns, have been used to reconstruct a historical basis for the heroic Grecian legends. The book is bountifully illustrated with maps, drawings, and photographs.

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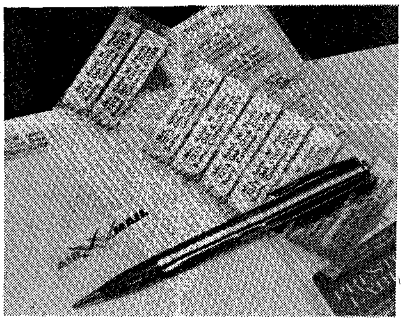

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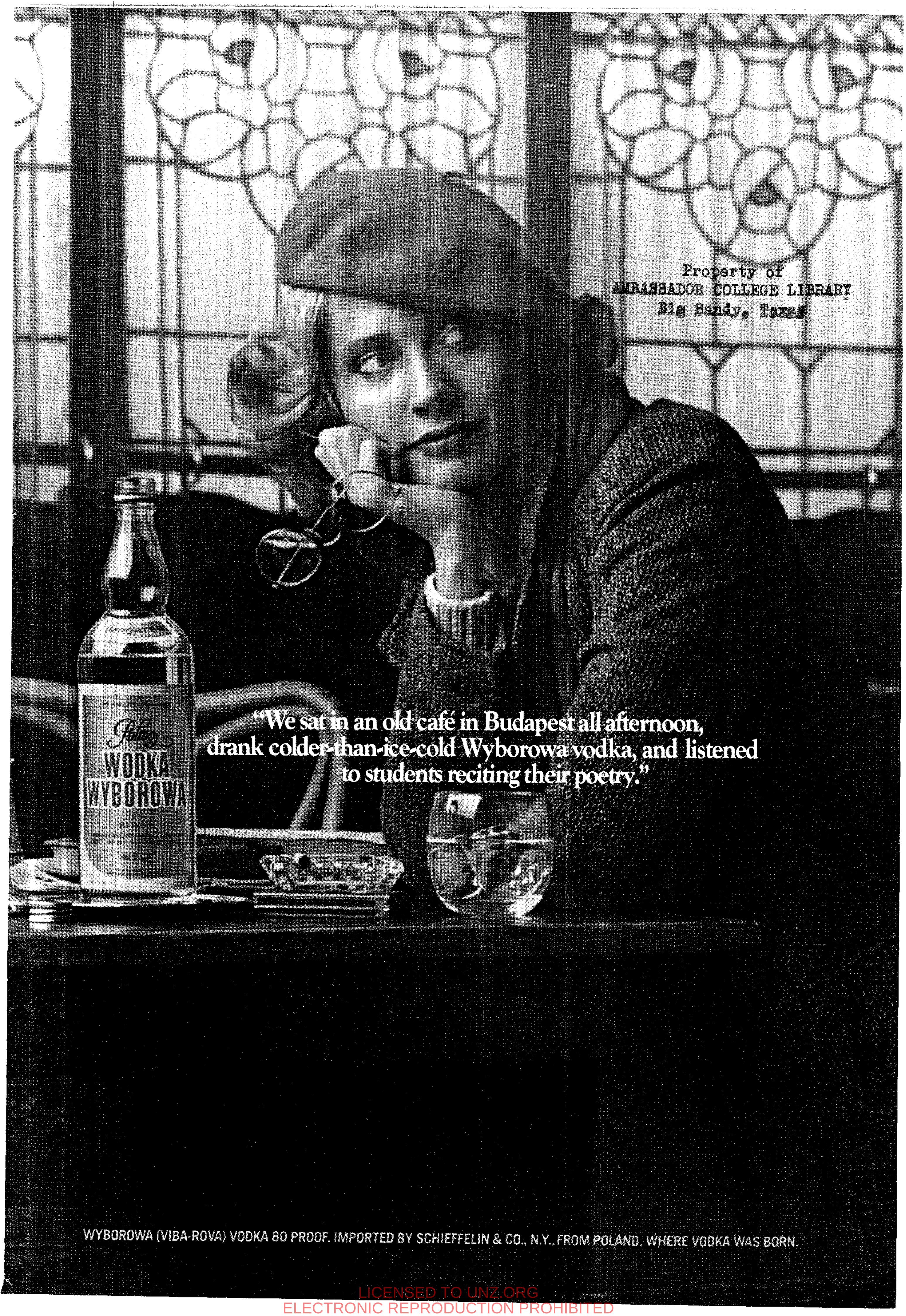
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